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January 1, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

OWEN P. WHITE OCTAVUS ROY COHEN E

MRS C A SWIGGETT CTP 986706 C BX 306 IOLA KANS 150138 10 26 3y

JAN. 1, 1938

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A SAFE DRIVER

. . . is one who obeys the law, drives carefully, makes sure that his car is always in good mechanical condition and keeps it *tire-safe.*

During the winter months the simple observance of these basic rules will enable you to help make driving safer. With the accidents that are occurring every day, you owe it to yourself and family to equip your car with the safest tires you can buy — Firestone TRIPLE-SAFE Tires. This three-way safety provides:

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2. PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Firestone Tires run up to 28 degrees cooler because every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

3. PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread give extra protection against punctures.

You can make your car *tire-safe* at your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store. Join the Firestone SAVE-A-LIFE Campaign today by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone TRIPLE-SAFE Tires—*the safest tires that money can buy!*

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Ab Jenkins broke 87 speed records on the salt beds at Bonneville, Utah, driving 3,774 miles in 24 hours, with speeds as high as 180 miles an hour on Firestone Tires. For 18 consecutive years Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the Indianapolis Race. Such records prove that Firestone Tires are the safest tires built.

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t Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings
tionwide N. B. C. Red Network

THE SIGN OF A SAFE DRIVER

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DRIVE WITHOUT FIRESTONE TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

Last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than **38,000 men, women and children** and a **million more** were injured!

More than **40,000 of these deaths and injuries** were caused directly by **punctures, blowouts and skidding due to smooth, worn, unsafe tires!**

Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts

JOIN THE FIRESTONE *Save a Life* CAMPAIGN TODAY! WITH

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TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

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CHECK VALUES among Low-priced Cars—in Comfort, Beauty, Economy! Prove for yourself Plymouth's Easier Driving—NOW!

GET THE MOST for your money! When you look at cars—see what you *actually get!*

ONE LOOK will show how outstanding this new Plymouth is...how roomy and beautiful.

ONE SHORT DRIVE will demonstrate Plymouth's remarkable ride . . . its luxurious big-car comfort and amazing safety features!

THE PRICE will delight you. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will be glad to tell you about Plymouth's easy payment terms. Be sure to see, drive, and compare this new Plymouth *—today!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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Delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes. Local, State taxes not included.

BUSINESS MODELS—Coupe, $645; 2-Door Sedan, $685; 4-Door Sedan, $730.

DE LUXE MODELS—Coupe, $730; Coupe with Rumble Seat, $770; Convertible Coupe, $850; 2-Door Sedan, $773; 2-Door Touring Sedan, $785; 4-Door Sedan, $803; 4-Door Touring Sedan, $815.

For delivered prices in your locality, see your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer.

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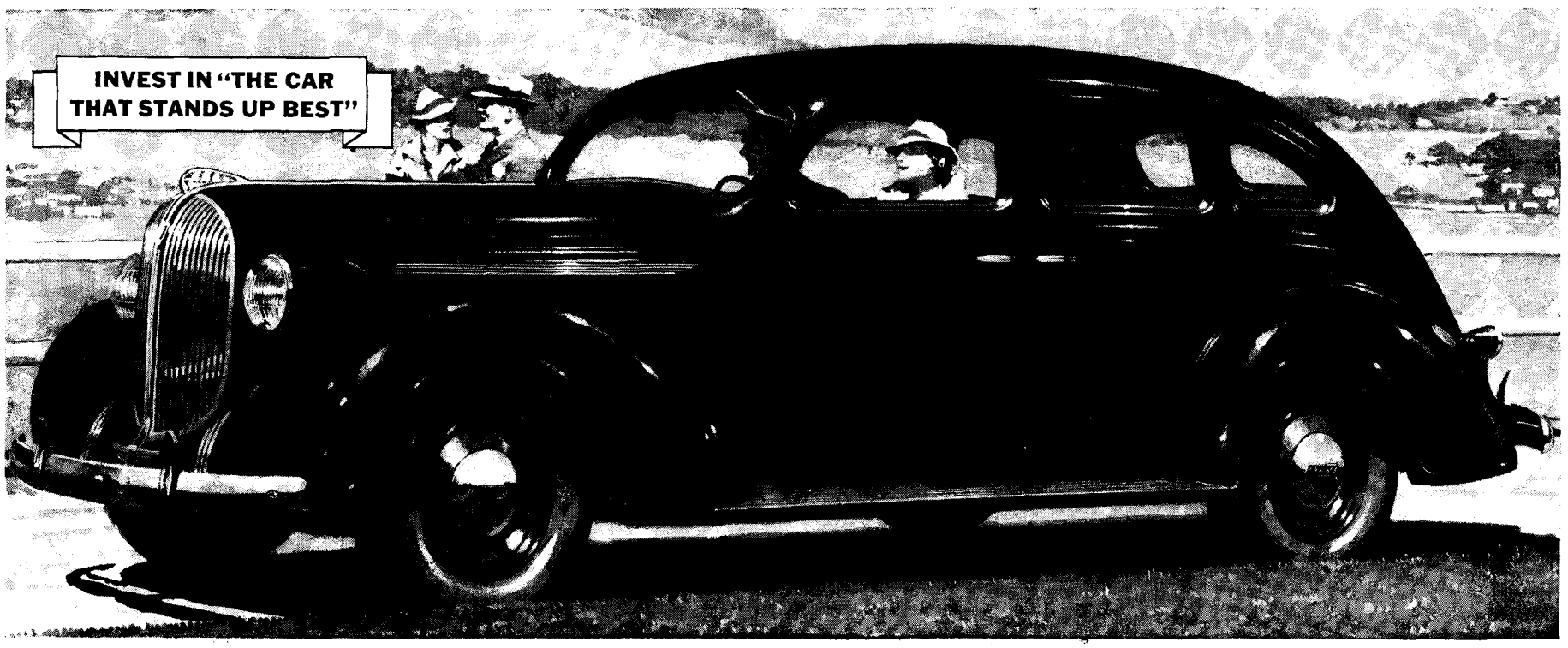

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Collier's

January 1, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

LAURA KINGHORN had definite ideas about the sort of man she would marry. He must be rich, titled and able to win admiration in any circle. Her mother agreed with these requirements—nothing was too good for her exquisite and perfect child. Laura's attitude toward her mother was less cordial. "Mother's a horror," she used to say. And everyone agreed with her.

To the Prince Charming, when he eventually appeared, Laura spoke more guardedly. "Mother's a pity," she said. And finally the Prince Charming so far forgot his perfect manners as to agree. In a brilliant short story Hugh Walpole tells about this lovely girl and her very remarkable mother.

THE anguished outcry of finance and industry against the Administration's tax policy has reached such a pitch that action is about to be taken. George Creel takes you behind the scenes to inspect the moving forces that control the battle. On one side you will find those who believe that taxes should be viewed solely from the standpoint of revenue; on the other, those who contend that taxes can and must be used as means to social ends. Where do you stand?

IT WAS called, appropriately enough, "Bat Out of Hell" and Sam wanted no part of it. Sam was a champion ski jumper and not by temperament a coward; but piloting this bobsled down the Lake Placid run seemed to him just a showy path to suicide. It was Sandra who persuaded him. It was Sandra who went along to handle the brakes or rather to see that they weren't used. What a girl! T. Morris Longstreth gives you a love story set in a cloud of splintered blue ice.

THE British Navy lost a prospective admiral when David Niven discovered that mathematics was Greek to him. It was a sore blow—to Mr. Niven. He consoled himself in Hollywood, and now many citizens feel that the admiral was well lost. Oddly enough, his associates agree, for Mr. Niven is a "Charming Young Man." Quentin Reynolds tells his story.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY is by D. L. Champion, and Hugh Wiley brings you another exciting episode in the life of his Chinese-American detective, James Lee. Additional contributions come from John Hawkins, Kyle Crichton, Jonathan Latimer, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others. You'll like them all.

This Week

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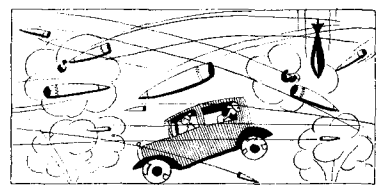
COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

THE darker horrors of war have been impressed upon us again. We've just received a letter from our Jim Marshall, who, as you know, has been dodging shot and shell in China—all for your entertainment and instruction. He says that things got so bad in Shanghai toward the end of that fragrant city's defiance of the Japanese that it became almost impossible to get a taxicab to the front. Li Tsu, Mr. Marshall's favorite taxi driver, told him that he was quite willing to continue carrying him into the thick of things daily as usual but that the marksmanship of the warriors on both sides was improving with so much practice and taxicabs cost money.



WE ARE also able to expose a plot against something. We're not quite sure what this plot is aimed at but rather than allow disaster to beat us to the punch we are quick to bathe it in the pitiless light of publicity. Mr. Nick Hayes of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, reports that the Duke of Windsor has not only determined to come to America but will apply for citizenship papers. Having won that great boon, the duke will then announce for Congress. His ultimate goal, says Mr. Hayes, is the Senate, being ineligible for the presidency. Thus we shall have the benefit of the statesmanship spurned by Mother England.

IN THE meantime we are pulling ourself together preparatory to attending the silver jubilee of the Polk County Possum Club at Mena, Arkansas. It is an adventure not to be entered upon lightly. One hundred possums—cooked ones, we hope—will be awaiting us, each having been inspected and passed by Mr. Leggy Jim Smith, who knows all there is to know about possums. Colonel Bob Berry of Mena has sent us the hitherto secret formula for fattening Polk County possums. At six A. M. each possum is fed warm water and mashed persimmons. At 9:30 A. M. the creature is given a bucket of persimmons and sour buttermilk. At 12:30 P. M. a lunch of whole persimmons is offered and at 3:30 the possum gets a mess of shredded persimmons. The final meal is at 6 P. M., when you give the animal a few persimmons. We are Mena-bound with only one regret: We don't like possum.

A PECULIARLY bitter letter has just arrived. The writer is a Mr. T. Bordany of San Diego, California, a gentleman who professes a passion for accuracy and finds us wanting. Mr. Bordany scourges us unmercifully for what he calls "your lies, which ain't mistakes but ignorance." If, Mr. Bordany insists, we cannot get our facts straight we should stop writing. And the man's right. We can't help being interested, however, in an error or two by Mr. Bordany. He addresses us as "Mr. William L. Beck." The name of this publication is, according to Mr. Bordany, "Colier Magazine." He was just a bit off, too, in our location. We are in New York, not Washington.

"KINDLY please no attention to my letter yesterday," pleads Mr. O. Jiminez of Saltillo, Mexico. "The reason is not so fearful as the harm she could do when recognized. Therefore leaving the matter where it is. Also the streetcar left me unfit to combat such strong force. In spite of being editor you are human being and should understand then."

SO, PAYING no attention to Mr. Jiminez's letter of yesterday, we hasten on to assure you that Mrs. W. N. McLaughlin of Cordoba, Canada, has resolved to buy nothing made in the United States until Mr. Roosevelt quits the presidency. "I am compelled to add the United States to my boycott list," says Mrs. McLaughlin. "I buy nothing made in Italy, Germany, Russia or Japan because I believe that the governments of those countries are dangerous to human rights and liberties. And now I add the United States—particularly Minnesota, whose tourists are very pestilential in my sight. I blame your President. Therefore, I write this notice, which I trust you will publish."

"NINETY per cent of the gentlemen sitting in Congress today," thinks Mrs. Frank T. Sams of Richmond, Virginia, "think that they are a combination of the best features of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. Sometimes I think they're mistaken."

MAYBE it's just imagination.

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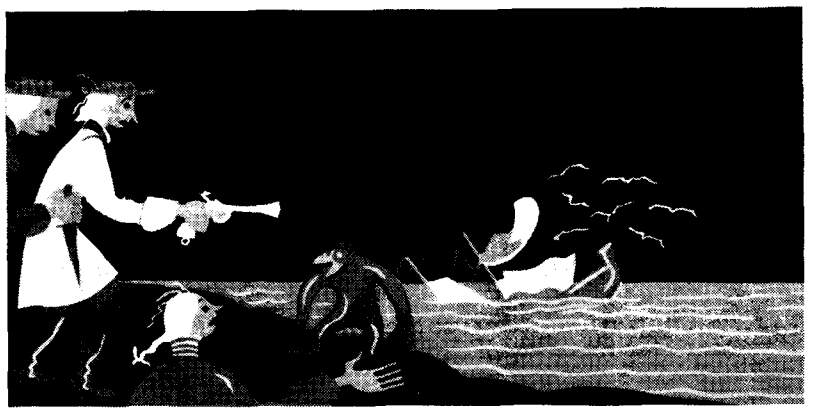
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a lone settler or traveler in the vast, uninhabited sections of Australia is sick, lost or in any other kind of serious trouble, he is permitted to cut a telegraph wire, an act which is a call for help. Linemen immediately ascertain, through electric instruments, where the cut was made, often hundreds of miles away, and set out at once with food, water and first-aid equipment.

One day during the general European war of 1701-1714, a ship was wrecked off the fishing village of West Hartlepool, England, and the sole survivor, an ape, was washed ashore. None of the villagers had ever before seen such a creature, so the monkey was tried by court-martial, found guilty and hanged—as a French spy.—*By Hugo Wilkinson, Vancouver, Canada.*



In a survey in which a cross section of the American people were asked to check their favorite foreign country, 74 per cent of the votes went to Great Britain, France and Germany. In a similar survey made in Great Britain, 80 per cent of the votes went to the United States, France and Germany, both in the order named.—*By Eric Rogers, London, England.*

England's Tithe War of 1934, in which her farmers vigorously rebelled against paying their annual tithe, or a tenth part of their crops and livestock for the support of the church, will long be remembered through several "hate monuments." A notable one, which stands on a farm in Suffolk County, marks the spot where a tithe-gatherer seized a number of pigs and cows which were valued at $3,500.

Many Mexican families still observe the old clock custom on New Year's Eve. On a table in the main room of the house, lighted candles surround a tiny casket, upon which stands a clock. On the stroke of midnight, the clock is stopped, placed in the casket and the casket is buried in the garden, symbolizing the passing of the old year.—*By Ellis Tietze, Salinas, California.*

One of the world's most highly paid occupations is testing new types of airplanes. Although most tests do not require more than an hour, an expert pilot under unusual conditions may receive as much as $10,000 for it.

Throughout Europe numerous stores that specialize in American-made products often display an American flag to publicize the fact. —*By L. Apon, Rotterdam, Netherlands.*

As citrous fruits, particularly oranges, exude a form of acid gas that is quite harmful to bananas, it is difficult to transport these two kinds of fruit successfully in the same ship at one time. Therefore, bananas are almost always shipped on "banana boats," which rarely carry any other cargo.

The Burmese, inveterate smokers, delight in puffing an "all-day cigarette." From one to two feet in length and two inches in diameter, these cigarettes are of sufficient size to serve an entire family, including the baby, from morning until night. In fact, they are usually so large and heavy up to noon that they may be used as weapons of defense.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

TOOTH POWDER + LIQUID = TOOTH PASTE

Listerine Tooth Paste is Powder in Modern... convenient... economical form

MAXIE LOOKS WISE... but he has no wisdom teeth, even though 26 of his 42 teeth are molars. Of the 32 adult teeth in humans, 12 are molars. The tooth farthest back on each side of both jaws is the third molar, or wisdom tooth. Save these teeth if you possibly can. Give them extra care by brushing thoroughly with Listerine Tooth Paste.

NOW! Try this dental cream which cleans your teeth like powder . . . because it actually *is* powder in the form of a creamy paste . . . the modern, convenient, *economical* form which is easy to put on the brush. Thus it does away with spilling down the drain as well as the mess on hands.

To give your teeth new brightness and glistening beauty, use Listerine Tooth Paste at least once a day. Note the prompt effects of the extra-active ingredients. And remember, they are absolutely safe even for a baby's enamel. There is no pumice, no grit, no soap, no harmful abrasives.

Besides, you'll like that refreshing, full-bodied flavor which makes your mouth feel so good every morning. Get a tube today at any drug counter. The regular size is 25¢. But your best buy is the big double-size tube, which contains more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste, for only 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE...

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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢

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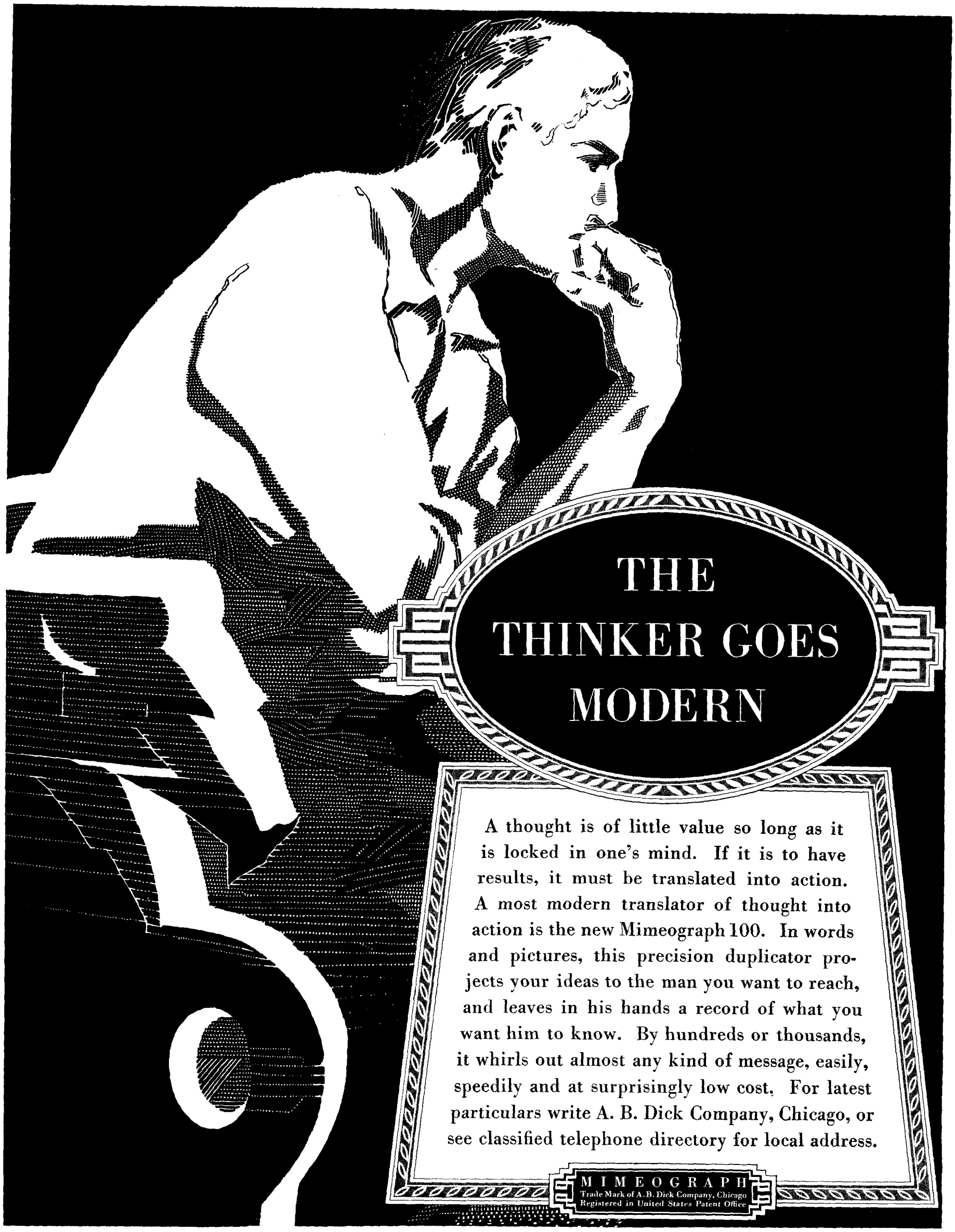
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She knew that he had been turned down. She knew that at two o'clock he would go and come back empty-handed. Until then she wouldn't speak of it

A Day in Town

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a man and a woman who knew how to meet life, no matter what it might bring to them

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

THEY reached Two Dance around ten that morning and turned into the big lot between the courthouse and the Cattle King Hotel. Most of the homesteaders camped here when they came to town, for after a slow ride across the sage flats, underneath so hot and so yellow a sun, the shade of the huge locust trees was a comfort. Joe Blount unhitched and watered the horses and tied them to a pole. He was a long and loose and deliberate man who had worked with his hands too many years to waste motion, and if he dallied more than usual over his chores now it was because he dreaded the thing ahead of him.

His wife sat on the wagon's seat, holding the baby. She had a pin in her mouth and she was talking around it to young Tom: "Stay away from the horses on the street and don't you go near the railroad tracks. Keep hold of May's hand. She's too little to be alone, you remember. Be sure to come back by noon."

Young Tom was seven and getting pretty thin from growth. The trip to town had him excited. He kept nodding his sun-bleached head, he kept tugging at little May's hand, and then both of them ran headlong for the street and turned the corner of the Cattle King, shrilly whooping as they disappeared.

Blount looked up at his wife. She was a composed woman and not one to bother people with talk and sometimes it was hard for a man to know what was in her mind. But he knew what was there now, for all their problems were less than this one and they had gone over it pretty thoroughly the last two-three months. He moved his fingers up to the pocket of his shirt and dropped them immediately away, searching the smoky horizon with his glance. He didn't expect to see anything over there, but it was better than meeting her eyes at this moment. He said in his patiently low voice: "Think we could make it less than three hundred?"

The baby moved its arms, its warm-wet fingers aimlessly brushing Hester Blount's cheeks. She said: "I don't see how. We kept figuring—and it never gets smaller. You know best, Joe."

"No," he murmured, "it never gets smaller. Well, three hundred. That's what I'll ask for." And yet, with the chore before him, he kept his place by the

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dropped wagon tongue. He put his hands in his pockets and drew a long breath and looked at the powdered earth below him with a sustained gravity, and was like this when Hester Blount spoke again. He noticed that she was pretty gentle with her words: "Why, now, Joe, you go on. It isn't like you were shiftless and hadn't tried. He knows you're a hard worker and he knows your word's good. You just go ahead."

"Guess we've both tried," he agreed. "And I guess he knows how it's been. We ain't alone." He went out toward the street, reminding himself of this. They weren't alone. All the people along Christmas Creek were burned out, so it wasn't as if he had failed because he didn't know how to farm. The thought comforted him a good deal; it restored a little of his pride. Crossing the street toward Dunmire's stable, he met Chess Roberts, with whom he had once punched cattle on the Hat outfit, and he stopped in great relief and palavered with Chess for a good ten minutes until, looking back, he saw his wife still seated on the wagon. That sight vaguely troubled him and he drawled to Chess, "Well, I'll see you later," and turned quite slowly toward the bank.

There was nothing in the bank's old-fashioned room to take a man's attention. Yet when he came into its hot, shaded silence Joe Blount removed his hat and felt ill at ease as he walked toward Lane McKercher. There was a pine desk here and on the wall a railroad map showing the counties of the Territory in colors. Over at the other side of the room stood the cage where McKercher's son waited on the trade.

McKERCHER was big and bony and gray and his eyes could cut. They were that penetrating, as everybody agreed. "Been a long time since you came to town. Sit down and have a talk," and his glance saw more about Joe Blount than the homesteader himself could ever tell. "How's Christmas Creek?"

Blount settled in the chair. He said, "Why, just fine," and laid his hands over the hat in his lap. Weather had darkened him and work had thinned him and gravity remained like a stain on his cheeks. He was, McKercher recalled, about thirty years old, had once worked as a puncher on Hat and had married a girl from a small ranch over in the Yellows. Thirty wasn't so old, yet the country was having its way with Joe Blount. When he dropped his head the skin around his neck formed a loose crease and his mouth had that half-severe expression which comes from too much trouble. This was what McKercher saw. This and the blue army shirt, washed and mended until it was as thin as cotton, and the man's long hard hands lying so loose before him.

McKercher said, "A little dry over your way?"

"Oh," said Blount, "a little. Yeah, a little bit dry."

The banker sat back and waited, and the silence ran on a long while. Blount moved around in the chair and lifted his hand and reversed the hat on his lap. His eyes touched McKercher and passed quickly on to the ceiling. He stirred again, not comfortable. One hand reached up to the pocket of his shirt, dropping quickly back.

"Something on your mind, Joe?"

"Why," said Blount, "Hester and I have figured it out pretty close. It would take about three hundred dollars until next crop. Don't see how it could be less. There'd be seed and salt for stock and grub to put in and I guess some clothes for the kids. Seems like a lot but we can't seem to figure it any smaller."

"A loan?" said McKercher.

"Why, yes," said Blount, relieved that the explaining was over.

"Now let's see. You've got another year to go before you get title to your place. So that's no security. How was your wheat?"

"Burnt out. No rain over there in April."

"How much stock?"

"Well, not much. Just two cows. I sold off last fall. The graze was pretty skinny." He looked at McKercher and said in the briefest way, "I got nothing to cover this loan. But I'm a pretty good worker."

McKercher turned his eyes toward the desk. There wasn't much to be seen behind the cropped gray whiskers of his face. According to the country this was why he wore them—so that a man could never tell what he figured. But his shoulders rose and dropped and he spoke regretfully: "There's no show for you on that ranch, Joe. Dry farming—it won't do. All you fellows are burned out. This country never was meant for it. It's cattle land and that's about all."

He let it go like that, and waited for the homesteader to come back with a better argument. Only, there was no argument. Joe Blount's lips changed a little and his hands flattened on the peak of his hat. He said in a slow, mild voice, "Well, I can see it your way all right," and got up. His hand strayed up to the shirt pocket again, and fell away—and McKercher, looking straight into the man's eyes, saw an expression there hard to define. The banker shook his head. Direct refusal was on his tongue and it wasn't like him to postpone it, which he did. "I'll think it over. Come back about two o'clock."

"Sure," said Blount, and turned across the room, his long frame swinging loosely, his knees springing as he walked, saving energy. After he had gone out of the place McKercher remembered the way the homesteader's hand had gone toward the shirt pocket. It was a gesture that remained in the banker's mind.

BLOUNT stopped outside the bank. Hester, at this moment, was passing down toward the dry-goods store with the baby in her arms. He waited until she had gone into the store and then walked on toward the lower end of town, not wanting her to see him just then. He knew McKercher would turn him down at two o'clock. He had heard it pretty plainly in the banker's tone, and he was thinking of all the things he had meant to explain to McKercher. He was telling McKercher that one or two bad years shouldn't count against a man. That the land on Christmas Creek would grow the best winter wheat in the world. That you had to take the dry with the wet. But he knew he'd never say any of this. The talk wasn't in him, and never had been. Young Tom and little May were across the street, standing in front of Swing's restaurant, seeing something that gripped their interest. Joe Blount looked at them from beneath the lowered brim of his hat; they were skinny with age and they needed some clothes. He went on by, coming against Chess Roberts near the saloon.

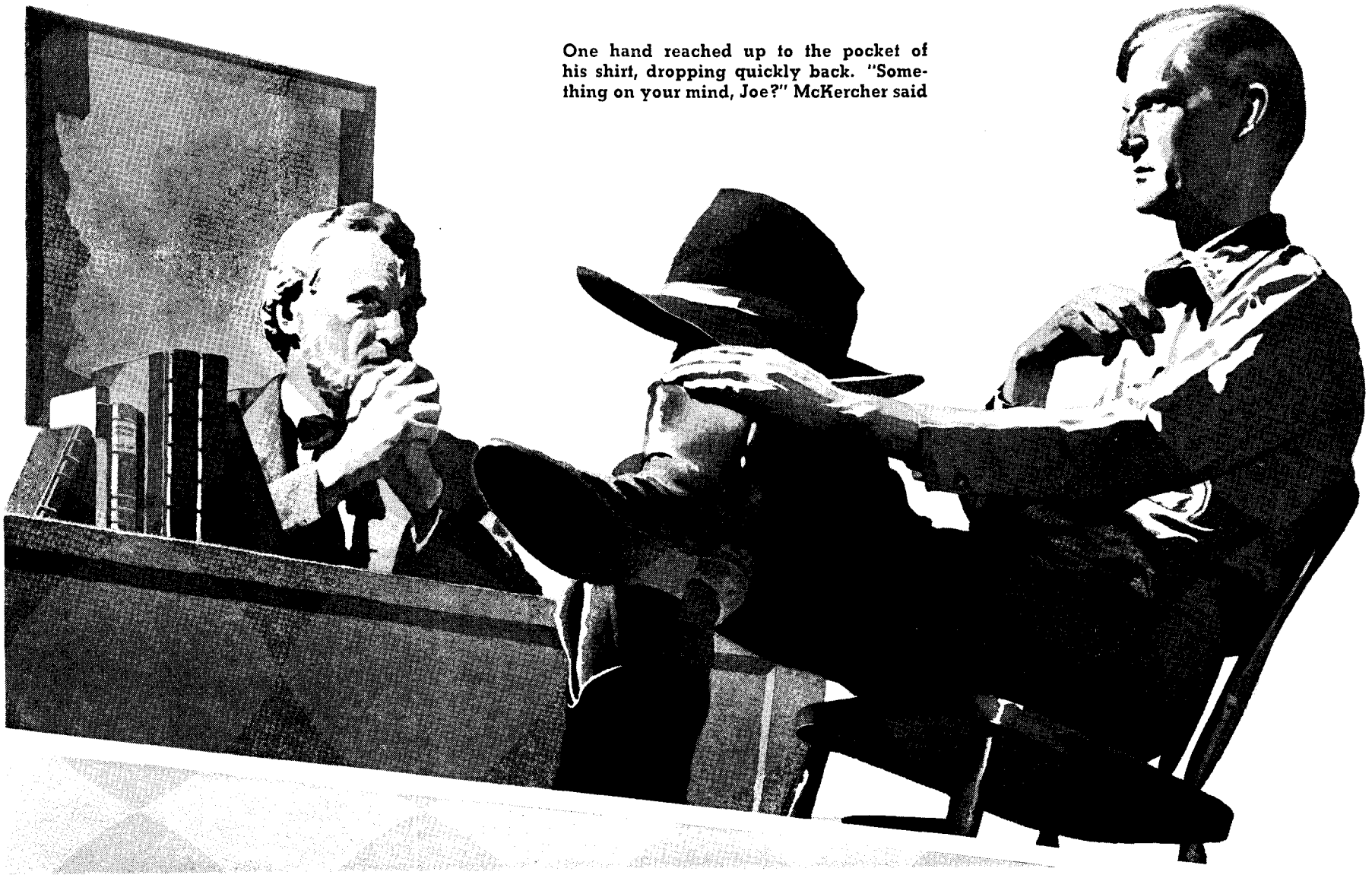
Chess said: "Well, we'll have a drink on this."

The smell of the saloon drifted out to Joe Blount, its odor of spilled whisky and tobacco smoke starting the saliva in his jaws, freshening a hunger. But Hester and the kids were on his mind and something told him it was unseemly, the way things were. He said: "Not right now, Chess. I got some chores to tend. What you doing?"

"You ain't heard? I'm riding for Hat again."

Blount said: "Kind of quiet over my way. Any jobs for a man on Hat?"

"Not now," said Chess. "We been layin' off summer help. A little bit tough *(Continued on page 36)*



One hand reached up to the pocket of his shirt, dropping quickly back. "Something on your mind, Joe?" McKercher said

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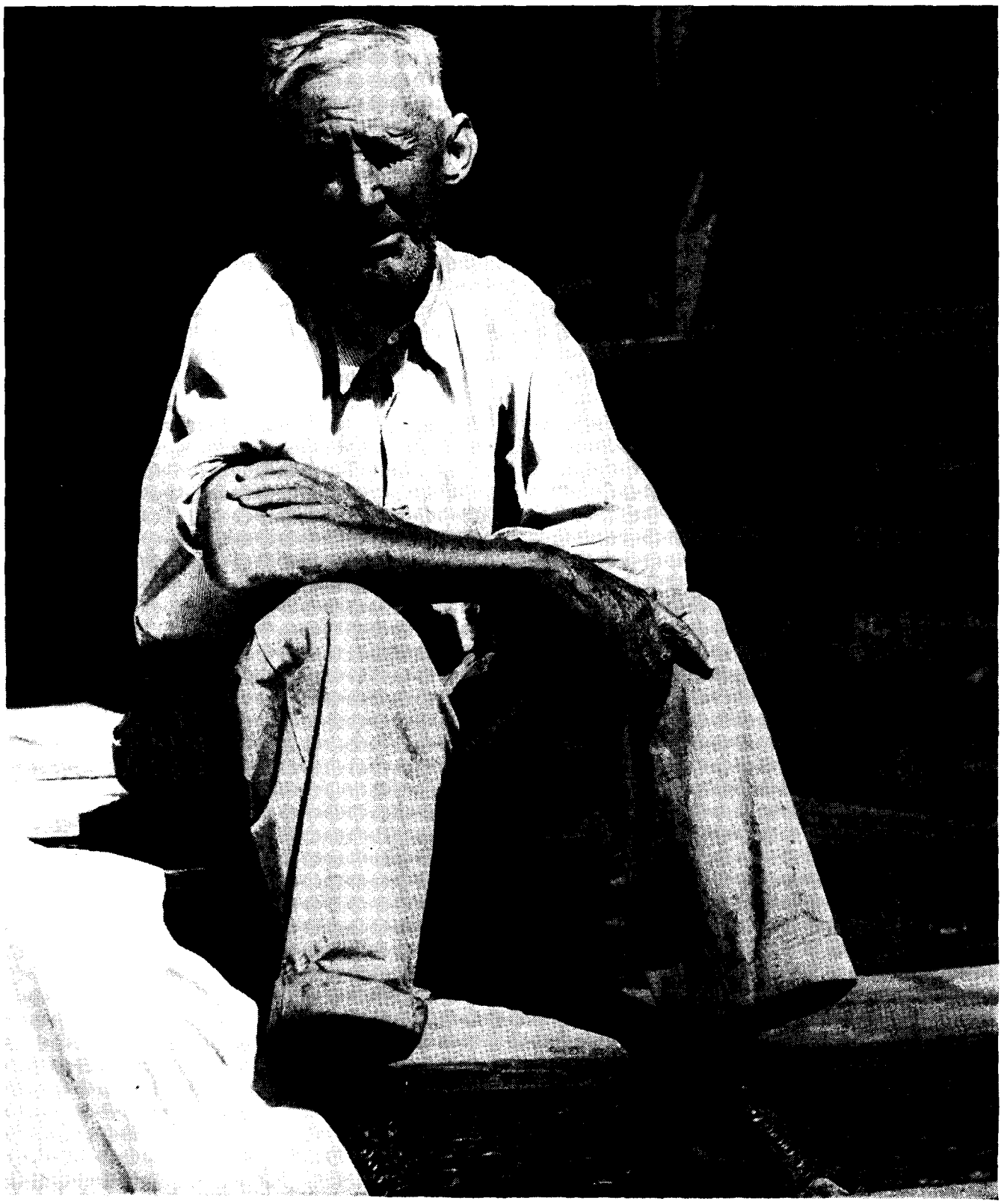
Devil in de COTTON

By Owen P. White

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



It was a garden spot but it *went to seed.* That's the story of large sections of the cotton country in Georgia and Alabama. Erosion got the soil and erosion, mental and physical, got the people. Now, after the second largest crop in history has been picked, Mr. White shows you conditions in the cabin and the cotton patch

DOWN in Greene County, Georgia, which was once one of the richest counties in the state but which now boasts that it is the poorest, away off on a side road, I came across Pote and Lily Sheldon. With the aid of nine of the fifteen children Lily has had, they were picking their small part of the second largest cotton crop this country has ever produced.

Pote, who can still pick cotton but is so full of de rheumatiz dat he kain't drive de mule no mo', is sixty-seven. Lily, who despite her fifteen babies still hopes for more, is only fifty-eight and hasn't a wrinkle in her face. They have been married for forty-two years, have share-cropped for some landowner in Greene County every year of that time, and today, except for their cheerful indifference to hunger and nakedness, own nothing of any value whatsoever. I never saw a more destitute family.

I went into their two-room cabin, with a small kitchen attached, wherein eleven people live, and was amazed at its emptiness. In the kitchen I saw two wooden benches, a rickety table, a crippled cookstove, and, as a total visible supply of food for the family, a part of a sack of corn meal and a small slab of fat-back, or grease meat. In the other two rooms were three old double beds on which were three thin cotton mattresses covered with torn, worn, cotton

Above: Pote and Lily Sheldon and part of their family. After 42 years of tenant farming, they are destitute. Right: Mr. Jones, who in 35 years has come to own a few chickens, a mule, a cow and a plow

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quilts. Also, in those two rooms, there was only one chair. No sheets, no pillowcases, no shoes and no clothing were to be seen anywhere in the house, although, hanging on the line outside I noticed a tiny pair of blue coveralls, and two or three towels made from fertilizer bags.

I called Pote and Lily, and their children, two entirely naked, in from the cotton patch and had a talk with them. This is their status. Their landlord supplies them with a small bag of meal and seventy-five cents' worth of fat meat a week, which is all they get to eat. They have no milk, coffee, tea, sugar or even sorghum syrup, and only such greens as they can, once in a while, gather from somebody's garden patch. Lily doesn't approve of that, though, " 'cause dat's stealin'," and so they don't eat many vegetables. Nevertheless, except for Pote's rheumatiz, and a little "chillin' " and "de ground itch" (malaria and hookworm) every now and then, the family health is generally good.

No Clothes to Wear

Its educational record, on the other hand, is pretty bad. Pote and Lily, of course, never went to school a day in their lives, and neither have any of their children, except one, a girl of fifteen, who made the first grade a few years ago but has never been able to go back to school since because she hasn't had any clothes to wear. Nor will she or any of the rest of the children have any to wear this year as Pote's share of the cotton that he and his entire family have raised will not sell for enough to get him out of debt to his landlord. That means, so Pote said, that during the winter his landlord, who is "sho' a good white man," will continue to furnish him with a sack of meal and a slab of fat meat every week, and that next spring he'll start in again to raise another cotton crop, and probably another baby.

The next cabin I went to was that of a Negro woman: a widow who supports herself and seven children by working as a share-cropper for a white man. She wasn't at home, but three of her children were, a boy of eight and two younger ones, and so I went inside. But I didn't stay long. This woman's cabin was just as bare as the one I had just left. But what got me was the patient look in the eyes of the little eight-year-old boy who was taking care of the two younger pickaninnies and also cooking the dinner for the family to eat when his mammy and the other four children got back from the cotton patch. And all he was cooking was corn bread. There was nothing to eat in that cabin but meal.

Following this, I stopped at the home of a white man, named Jones, whose condition, compared with that of the Negroes, is affluence itself. Mr. Jones is a brave, honest citizen, fifty-eight years old, but looking seventy-eight, who for thirty-five years has farmed the same piece of rented land. During that time, he told me, he had paid out enough in cotton rent to have bought a farm for himself a dozen times over, but hadn't ever done it. He didn't know just why; hadn't ever wanted to, he reckoned. In short, despite the fact that for the past ten years he has been plowing under and indulging in all the other forms of crop control that have been suggested to him, he actually owns nothing at this moment except some chickens, a mule, a cow, a plow, and a recently acquired tubercular infection in his right lung.

By the time of this writing Mr. Jones, after his thirty-five years of cotton farming, is probably a charity patient in a state hospital, as that is where both he and his doctor told me he would have to go. Incidentally, Mr. Jones is not an ignorant man. He reads the Atlanta Constitution every day, keeps up with the world, has a Negro share-cropper working for him, and yet, from seventy-five acres of land on which he has always planted cotton as his one cash crop, he has not been able to earn an average wage for himself of $25 a month.

What of the soil? Only a few miles from where Mr. Jones and the Negro share-croppers live we drove into what the county agent said are the "Badlands." That's not a libel. Fifty years ago this section contained large plantations which were then worked on the single cotton crop, share-cropper plan. One can tell that merely by looking, on the one hand, at the large plantation homes, some once very handsome, and on the other, at the numerous share-cropper cabins. All of these, mansions and shanties alike, and even a large cotton mill, totally abandoned, now stand up on bare ribs of red earth from which almost every vestige of topsoil has been washed away. Gullies also—one that I explored, for example, being forty feet deep and perhaps a mile long—cut through the area in all directions, thereby making it so sterile that in all that section only one family lives. And what it lives on nobody knows. Wild game and firewood, perhaps.

Now, of course, as a reporter, I am not trying to convey the impression that Greene County, with its poor land and poor people, represents a condition that prevails generally throughout Alabama and Georgia. Both states still contain tremendous acreages that are very fertile and are being farmed by happy, prosperous people. But, once upon a time, Greene County itself was like that, and so the question naturally arises as to how long it will be before many other counties in the two states, due to unchecked soil erosion and poor farm and home economy, will be in the same sad condition. And along with that question automatically comes the problem, which the Farm Security Administration is trying to solve, of handling poor people on poor land under a form of tenancy which will tend constantly to raise their living standards, rather than, as has been the case in the past, continually lower them.

Nor is this problem one that concerns only the South. It vitally affects the entire nation. As Mr. R. W. Hudgens, director of the Farm Security Administration for Georgia, Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, explained to me, year after year as land in the South grows poorer and as agricultural possibilities are lessened because of a constant falling off of the demand for cotton, more and more people of very low health, educational, moral and living standards leave the cotton belt and the hills surrounding it. They move to other sections of the country, where, due to no fault of their own but rather to their congenital inability to cope with a new environment, they only too frequently become either burdens or menaces to the communities in which they settle.

By-Products of Ignorance

Therefore, as Mr. Hudgens went on to tell me, the thing the FSA is trying to do is to give these people a training, an education that will fit them, or at least fit the children of the present generation, for a life other than that of the shanty and the cotton patch. Thus Mr. Hudgens, who has studied it for years, is convinced that "the problem is a much more complex one than merely a matter of land ownership."

It is more complex than that. The following figures, regarding the amount of poor land and the number of poor people in Alabama and Georgia, will perhaps prove startling. Three generations ago, remember, Alabama and Georgia were veritable garden spots

One of many examples of land erosion in Greene County, Georgia

wherein, due to the fertility of the soil, no industrious family ever wanted for food, whereas today, according to a survey made by the FSA, only 25,000 possible, new, family-size farms are available. That's all. Place against that figure these other figures and where do we come out? In the two states there now are, first, 56,500 farm families trying to subsist on submarginal lands, and second, 49,500 more families on farms too small to provide them with an adequate living.

Clearly then, no matter how they fix it, because not even the Washington crop-control experts can stretch land, approximately 78,000 farm families in Alabama and Georgia cannot be placed upon productive farms, of proper size, within their own states. This problem, one of poor soil primarily, is rendered even more perplexing when we consider the people with whom the FSA has to deal.

In 1935 the FSA had on its books as clients to whom it was rendering aid, in Alabama and Georgia, 26,259 farm families, averaging six persons each, whose net worth per family, including clothes, food on the pantry shelves, livestock, chickens, farm equipment and household furniture, was $3.03. The average education of these families, about seventy-five per cent of which are white and the rest Negroes, is to the third grade. Their health status is so bad as to be almost unbelievable. A compilation of data from thirteen Southern states shows that of 121,388 persons examined, twenty-eight per cent had hookworm. This survey included adults; when children alone were examined the figure rose to sixty-two per cent. Venereal diseases are also common. The exact extent of these diseases is not known, although a survey among Negroes, made in six states by the Rosenwald Fund, showed that out of 33,000 cases 20.5 per cent gave positive reactions. In these states the percentages varied from 40 per cent in one to nine in another. Malaria and pellagra likewise are very prevalent.

The average income of these people, liberally estimated in that no deduction was made for debts, was 11⅓ cents per person per day!

Frankly, the first thing that struck me was that the foregoing facts and figures couldn't be true. I couldn't believe that here in the United States we have any such farm misery as they represented, and so, as I have already said, I went out to look for it. I found it; it's there,

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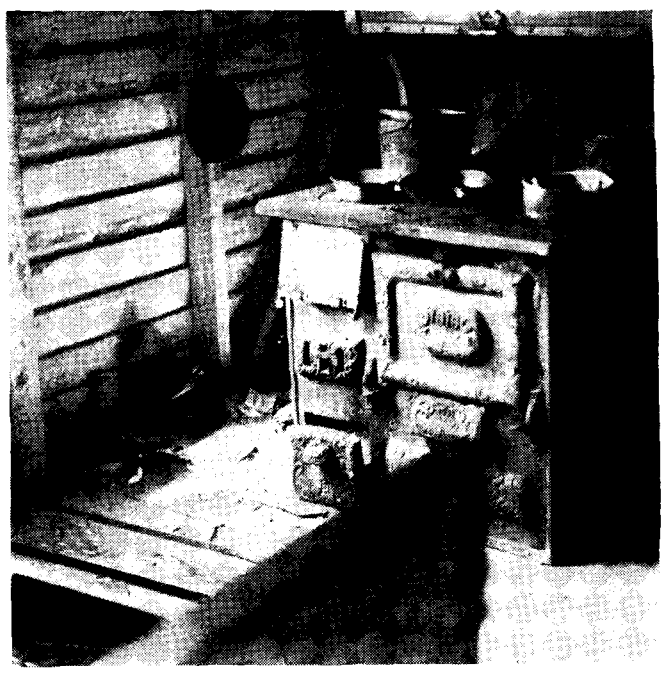

Above: A tenant farmer's wife and children. Below: A combined kitchen and bedroom in a tenant cabin. Below, right: Aaron's cotton house; his crops under FSA were so good the landlord raised the rent

inside the shacks and cabins of share-croppers, tenants, and even owners, in the shape of hunger, dirt, filth, ignorance and disease, all combined into such a concentrated medium for the destruction of human values as to be almost indescribable.

That five-headed medium is doing its work thoroughly. I saw its results in the degradation it has wrought. I saw people who are miserably sick and yet so ignorant that they don't know they are sick. I saw slatternly, barefooted, filthy, tobacco-chewing women; and scabby-headed babies who have never had a bath, except one maybe, since they were born; and adolescent boys and girls; and shifty-eyed, shiftless men, so tired all the time that they'd lie down on the ground to talk to me, all living, eight or ten of both sexes, crowded into one room. Add to this picture child marriage, or not even marriage maybe, with a birth rate three and one half times greater than the national average, and with practically every baby born infected with disease.

Briefly, the FSA program for rehabilitating its clients is as follows: To a landowner it will make a loan for repairing an old house, or building a new one, as well as for the purchase of livestock, fertilizer and farm equipment. To a tenant (but not to a share-cropper whose primary obligation is always to his landlord) loans are made for the last three purposes only. In neither case though—and it is this stipulation which is making the program a success—will any loan be made unless the borrower agrees to carry on all of his farming and household activities under the direction of Farm and Home Economics Supervisors.

New Hope and Happiness

This means that every client of the FSA has three items on his *must* list. He must plant a garden; he must can one hundred quarts of food for each member of his family; he must keep a flock of chickens; he must raise, if possible, enough food for his livestock, including a milk cow and brood sow as soon as he can pay for them. More important than anything else, he must farm his land in such a way as to prevent soil erosion and increase soil fertility.

That's the program, and how has it worked out? Let me see if I can illustrate it. Nine miles west of Monticello, in Jasper County, Georgia, I encountered the happiest woman I have ever seen. Sixteen years ago, when she was sixteen, that woman and her husband started life together in a tumble-down, share-cropper cabin that stood on a fifty-eight-acre farm that belonged to him. It was a tough life for a bride. To get enough to eat she had to plow, plant and pick cotton along with her husband, and then when her two little girls came—one is now nine and the other fourteen—they also, as soon as they were big enough, had to earn their keep by working in the field. Despite all this effort this family couldn't get ahead because it didn't know how to do anything except raise cotton.

Today all is changed for that family. A small house that cost $585—it's a palace to that mother and those two little girls—has been built for them by the FSA, which has also made them a small loan for equipment and fertilizer. Attached to this loan there is only one string, which is: "Do what the supervisors tell you to do and then if you don't pay out it will be our fault as much as yours." One cannot exaggerate the effect that this arrangement, together with the pride they take in the new house, has had on this family. Every member of it is rehabilitated. The little girls, who six months ago wouldn't have cared how they looked, wouldn't come out to talk to me until they had washed their faces and put on clean dresses; the father, who for ten years has had nothing to work with, took me around to show me how he was going to build a barn and a chicken-house with the lumber from the old shanty, while as for the mother, the plans she had made, and enthusiastically told me about, already call for plenty of schooling and a future for her little girls that will forever take them away from the cotton patch.

In Alabama and Georgia I saw dozens of other white farm families, both owners and tenants, who have had hope revived for them under this program, and also, of course, visited the cabins of many Negroes who are being helped. Comparatively considered, the rehabilitation plan works just as well with the blacks as with the whites, the principal difference being that as very few of the Negroes are landowners few loans can be made to them for bettering housing conditions.

Undoing the Damage

As an example of the rehabilitation of a Negro family, take the case of Aaron and Beatrice. For years this pair, who have had ten children, seven still living, have done nothing except move from one rented farm to another with a little heavier debt to pay off each year. Last spring, though, with the aid of a small rehabilitation loan for the purchase of a mule, a plow and some fertilizer, they located themselves on a good farm of about thirty acres which they at once began to clear for planting. They made a good job of it. Under the direction of the supervisor, Aaron first planted his garden and then laid out the rest of his land in a diversified crop of cotton, sweet potatoes, peanuts and corn. Everything did well, especially the garden, from which, by June 1st, Beatrice, as per her agreement with the "guvment," had put up 592 quarts of canned goods. Due to having farmed his land under expert supervision, and fertilized it properly, Aaron has made such big crops of everything that his landlord has already notified him that next year he will have to pay considerably more rent.

Clearly the answer to this rent-raising is leases of from three to five years, but these are hard to get because for a hundred and fifty years the policy of Southern landowners has been to make rental contracts, whether payable in cash or cotton, always on a yearly basis. However, to place all the blame for this unstable condition upon the landlords, as is generally done, is not fair. They could, of course, better the condition of many of their tenants by giving them longer leases, but, as the FSA is now finding out, they might, on the other hand, get themselves tied by contract to many a worthless, shiftless citizen.

In Alabama in 1935 some 13,500 families with a net worth in the beginning of $3.03 each received loans from the FSA averaging $225 per family. Today 12,000 of those families which still remain on the administration's books, although they owe $235 per family, have an average net worth of $362. Furthermore, where the average family cash income in 1935 was put at $91 per year, it is now placed, for 1937, at $460.

How has this result been accomplished? *Supervision* is the answer. Small sums have been advanced to every one of these 12,000 farmers, but if the spending of it had not been carefully watched by the supervisors of the FSA practically every penny of it would have quickly vanished into thin air, as did the millions for relief which were *given* to these same people until FSA came along to *lend* it to them instead. That means, as was pointed out to me by any number of FSA supervisors, that ninety per cent

(Continued on page 42)

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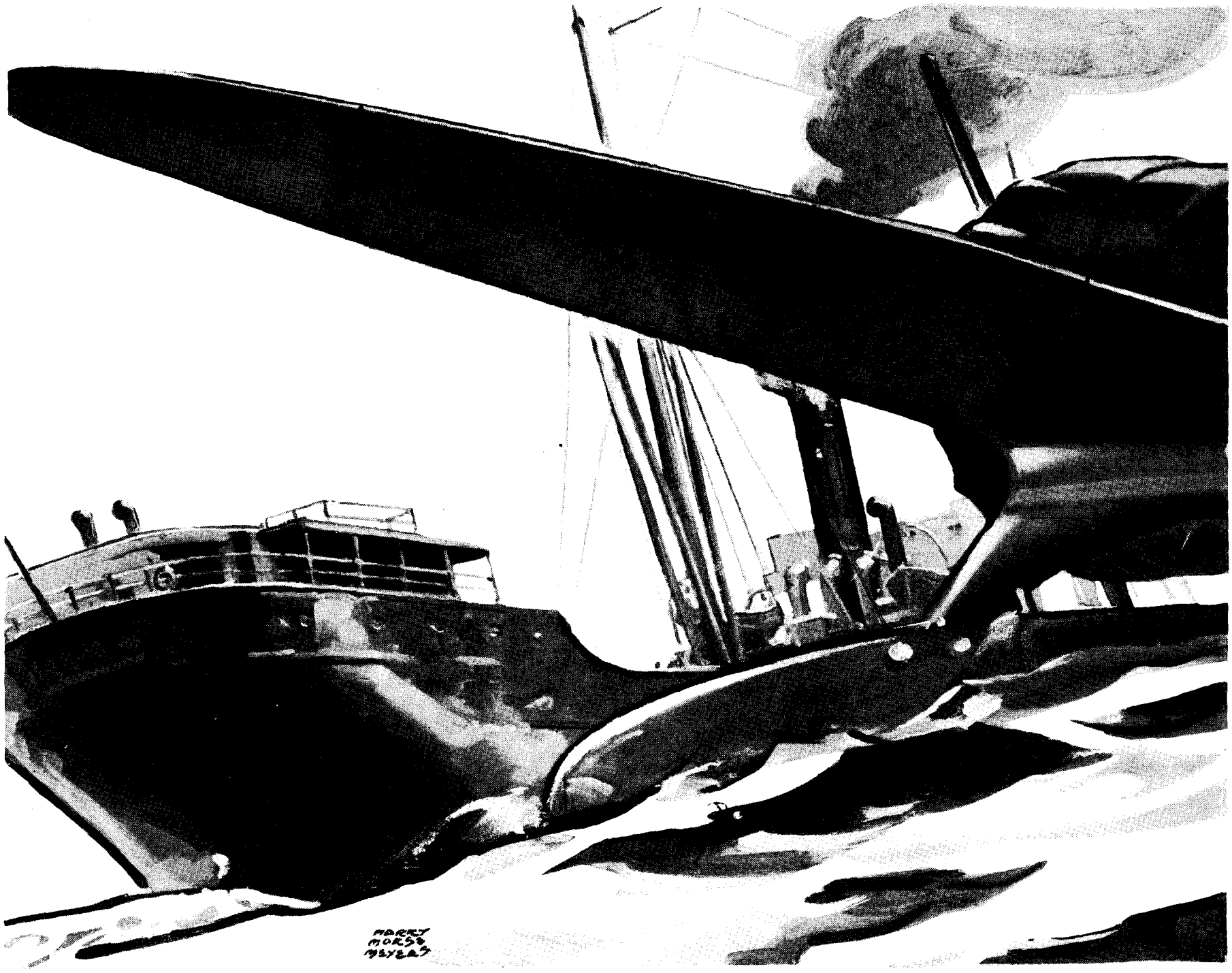

PULL-OUT

By Thomas Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THERE was a big, square mirror over Pirona's fireplace and, looking up in it, I could see the shiny black top of his head and the lights moving on it when he nodded to emphasize what he was saying to me. I sat there and let him talk for a while, taking little swallows out of the tall highball glass until it was empty. Then I set it down on the table.

"No," I said. "Thanks, Pirona, but it won't do. There's no use getting all excited about it."

"Listen," he said and he leaned forward so the lights moved over his hair again, "I know all about you, Steve; I made it my business to find out. You may be one hell of a good pilot but you can't get a transport job—not even if you was to take your pay in empty beer cans. I'm offerin' you a chance to pick up some easy dough."

"Yeah," I said, "with somebody around to step on my fingers when I reached for it. Somebody in a blue coat. No, thanks, Pirona."

"Ah, you're talkin' like a sap. I wouldn't get you in a jam, Steve. What's wrong with a little trip?"

"I don't know," I said. "But I guess you do." I finished the drink and stood up. "I'm kind of allergic to jails, Pirona," I told him.

He was leaning back in the chair and looking up at me. "I figured you were just the guy for me," he said. "I'll put out big dough for a guy with nerve, Steve."

"Thanks," I said; "thanks a lot, Pirona. But I'd still rather break my neck in a ship than get a crick in it looking through bars." I had my hat in my hand and I went over to the door. "I won't say anything about having seen you," I told him.

He didn't move to look at me. "No," he said; "no, I wouldn't."

Walking into the lobby of the cheap hotel I was staying at didn't brighten me up any but then I saw Jerry Baird sitting in one of the plush chairs and I felt better. He was a swell guy, Jerry. When he spotted me coming he bounced out of the chair like an autogiro.

"Well!" he said, "you old so-and-so! I just heard you were in town!"

"And damn' near on it," I told him. "How they with you, keed?"

"Fair enough." He was looking me up and down. "Yeah, I heard that, too. You got a national reputation last year, Steve. What are you working up to, a job in that Japanese suicide squadron? You ought to know you can't get away with that kind of flying and be on a transport pay roll."

"I found it out," I told him; "that's why I came out here. I thought maybe picture companies weren't so fussy. Only—they aren't making any flying pictures this season, it seems."

He was a big guy, Jerry, and it was funny to see how embarrassed he was. "Look," he said, "can I loan you some dough, Steve?"

"Thanks, Jerry," I told him; "I don't need any—yet. But I do need a job."

"YEAH. Well, there's a company out in Santa Monica called Maxwell. They got a new seaplane fighter they want tested right away. It's for some South American navy."

"Oh. Well, I've done test jobs before."

"Yeah." He waited a minute. "Maybe I shouldn't send you out there, Steve. They had one guy and he walked out in the middle of the tests. Maybe you'd be a sap to do it."

"Maybe I am a sap," I said. I remembered Pirona had said that too. "But I got reasons for being a sap, Jerry."

Maxwell was the guy I had to see and he came out of his office right away when I sent my name in. I guess he knew who I was. He was a big, red-faced guy with a big jaw and he made me think of an old-line Tammany ward boss.

"Well," he said, "glad to see you, Stevens. I suppose you're looking for this test job of ours."

"Something like that," I told him. "Anyway, I'll look *at* it. What are you paying for the job?"

He looked a little surprised at that. "Hmmm," he said; "well, to tell the truth, we've already paid one pilot to do most of it. We can't spend too much money on the rest."

"The rest is what counts, isn't it, Mr. Maxwell?" I asked him. "What would it be—the dives?"

Maxwell looked flustered. "Why," he said, "we found the other man unsatisfactory. As a matter of fact, about all you'll have to do will be the dives."

"That's all, is it?" I said. "Well, suppose I take a look at the ship."

They had her all bright and shining and she looked husky enough with those short, stubby wings. I

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"Right on the button, Pirona," he said. He lifted two suitcases and swung them up to me. I took them without thinking where I was going to put them

Throw away your girl's money in a crap game. Throw your own reputation after it. Get a gangster and a load of dope in your lap fifteen thousand feet in the air, fifty miles from land. Then try to figure how you'll find your way out. Test-pilot Stevens found an answer

walked around her and looked at what was holding those wings on; that was what I was interested in. Maxwell was right in back of me.

"Mighty pretty job, huh?" He was back on his heels with his thumbs hooked in his belt.

"Yeah," I told him, "mighty pretty. Can I see the mark-ups on her?"

Mark-ups are the plans with the engineering stuff, the stresses and strains on them. They're more important than what you can see just by looking.

"Mark-ups? Sure, they're back in the office." He was teetering back on his heels. "I'm in a hurry on this, Stevens; the buyers are up here now. How soon could you start?"

"Any time," I told him; "any time we get together on the dough, Mr. Maxwell."

"Oh, yes. Well—the specifications call for a seven-*g* pull-out. Think you can do that?"

"*I* can," I told him. "I've done nine on a Navy job." Those *g*'s are the way they measure how hard you can pull a ship out level from a power dive. Seven *g*'s mean that you come out fast enough to have a force of seven times your weight pushing you through the floor of the plane. It drains the blood down into your body and blinds you and generally makes you feel as though a brick building were falling on you but you get over it in a minute. I knew I could take it; I'd done it before. What I didn't know was if the ship could take it. The only way to tell that was to try.

"How much for the job?" I asked him again.

"Say—a thousand dollars? Of course we'll cover you with an insurance policy."

"LET'S say fifteen hundred, Mr. Maxwell," I told him, "and you can forget about the insurance policy."

"Well—" He looked like he was buying a horse. Then he brightened up. "Okay," he said, "come in and we'll fix up the contract." Even though I knew it was worth it I was surprised.

When I left the field I walked into the first drugstore I came to and called Sally. I had to call the studio where she was under contract and it was just luck that she happened to be in her dressing room. She sounded surprised when she said hello.

"Steve!" she said. Then she waited and we both said something at the same time and it didn't make any sense. "I didn't know you were out here," she said.

"No," I said, "funny, but it hasn't been in the papers. How are you, Sally?"

"Oh, fine—I guess." She waited and I couldn't think of anything to say then, either. I pushed my hat back on my head and ran my handkerchief over my forehead; it was hot in that booth.

Then I said, "Look, Sally, I've got that dough I owe you. Sorry I've been so long about giving it back."

"Steve—you know that isn't important. I don't need it—you don't even have to mention it."

"Yes, I do," I said; "you'd be surprised how I do, Sally." I had to wipe off my forehead again. "Gee," I said, "it's funny to hear your voice again, Sally."

She didn't say anything to that. "I saw you in a picture," I said. "I thought you were swell."

"Did you, Steve? Thanks." Her voice sounded muffled—as if she had gone away from the phone. "Do you want to see me tonight, Steve?"

"No," I said, "not tonight. I've got to see a guy about some business, Sally." I figured the earliest I could get the cash from Maxwell. "How about day after tomorrow?" I asked her.

"Oh." I could barely hear it.

"Sally," I said, "you know I—" Then I cut it short. I didn't have any right to talk to her that way. Not any more I didn't.

"I know what, Steve?" *(Continued on page 45)*

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With a swift underhand jerk, Boucher sent a water glass into the major's face. The glass struck his jaw, fell to the table

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

THREE threatening letters, signed "The Eye" and demanding fifty thousand dollars of young Penn Essex, give William Crane, detective, and his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, a serious problem to solve in Florida. Posing as house guests at Essex's beautiful country house, the two men learn that Count di Gregario—a Cuban with whom Essex's sister, Camelia, is infatuated—is in Miami. They have the count shadowed by two good men: Doc Williams and Eddie Burns. They keep an eye on Roland Tortoni, owner of The Blue Castle, night club and gambling house, to whom Essex (in financial difficulties because his income comes from a trust fund) owes twenty-five thousand dollars, which he cannot, or will not, pay.

Various persons visit Essex: Major Eastcomb, his confidential adviser; Tony Lamphier, who is in love with Camelia; Eve Boucher and her husband, Gregory; Sybil Langley, a bibulous actress; Dawn Day; and Imago Paraguay, a dancer. Together one evening, several of them motor to The Blue Castle. There, Major Eastcomb (who has hopes of marrying Camelia, and who hates di Gregario) encounters the Cuban, picks a quarrel with him, and is knocked unconscious by the quick-tempered Latin.

An hour or so later, as the party leaves the place, two bandits appear, stage a holdup, and dash away in a car, carrying Camelia Essex with them! Essex, Crane, O'Rourke and Lamphier dash after them, fire at them; but Essex, who is driving, is jolted to the floor by the car's gyrations. And the kidnapers escape.

The police soon find the getaway car (with bloodstains on the rear seat); at about the same time, both Essex and Crane discover threatening notes pinned to their pillows!

Captain Enright, of the bureau in Miami, and Slocum, of the sheriff's office, interrogate all witnesses. They are opposed to the payment of any ransom money. But Essex makes arrangements to have fifty thousand dollars put on call in a Miami bank.

Crane and O'Rourke pay a call on di Gregario. They are accompanied by Dawn Day and Imago Paraguay, who intimates that she "has something" on the Cuban and can handle him. The count, in his hotel room when the visitors arrive, strikes Crane with his fist. Whereupon, O'Rourke knocks him down. Later, when di Gregario can talk, he denies any knowledge of Camelia's whereabouts or the identity of her abductors. But he is obviously afraid of Imago—because, as she explains, he is a member of a Cuban *junta* and fears that she is a Cuban spy. . . . The visitors leave the count's room. "I'm sorry I struck you," the Cuban says to Crane. "That's all right," O'Rourke answers for his friend. "See you again."

V

THEY left the roadster in a parking lot and walked to the New York bar, where they were to meet Doc Williams. O'Rourke brooded about the count. "He talks funny," he said. "What's a viper?"

"A windshield viper?" Crane asked.

Men loafing in front of shops, street-corner loiterers in shirt sleeves, pedestrians stared at them as they went by, ran wistful eyes over Miss Day's curves, ogled Imago Paraguay's exotic face. The sun blanketed the street, made the cement hot under their feet.

"Come on," said O'Rourke.

"I guess it's a kind of snake." Crane guided Miss Day across the street. "He does talk like a guy in a melodrama."

Doc Williams and a popeyed man with a round face were at a large table in the back of the grill. Williams waved at them. The man wore a mottled gray-and-white Palm Beach suit, a navy blue shirt and a canary yellow necktie. His face was red and his collar was too tight, causing a tirelike bulge of flesh to circle his neck.

Crane presented Williams to the two women.

"And this is Mister Joseph Nelson," said Williams.

"Pleased t'meet ya," Mr. Nelson said, seizing a half-filled glass of gin and ginger ale and sliding along the leather cushion on his side of the booth. "Sit down. I'm in the laundry business."

He was, at the moment, very drunk.

"The Elite Laundry," said Mr. Nelson. "Finest in Miami. Yes, sir, or rather ma'am, as the case may be, the very finest. As I was just telling Mister . . . aah . . ."

"Williams," said Doc Williams.

"Mister Williams, here, there ain't a better man in the whole world to work for than old B. J. Though I guess you ladies don't know what the B. J. stands for, now do you?"

They didn't.

"Benjamin Jenks," said Mr. Nelson triumphantly. "Benjamin Jenks. See? B. J.: Benjamin Jenks. President of the Elite Laundry."

"What the hell is this?" demanded Crane of Williams.

"Yeah, Doc," asked O'Rourke; "what about Tortoni?"

"Tortoni?" said Mr. Nelson. "Tortoni? Ha! I'll tell you what about him."

"Tell 'em, Mr. Nelson," said Doc Williams. "Tell 'em what you told me." His button-black eyes gleamed with amusement.

"Well, I saw it this way . . ." Mr. Nelson paused to take a drink.

"Saw what?" asked Crane.

"What? I'm tryin' to tell you what," said Mr. Nelson.

"Let him tell it," said Doc Williams.

Mr. Nelson took a long breath. "Whitey works in the diaper division," he said.

Crane said, "I must be crazy."

"Let him tell it," said Doc Williams.

"Whitey's my friend," Mr. Nelson said. "We been working for Elite for more'n ten years. Old B. J. said . . ."

"Tell 'em about Tortoni," said Doc Williams.

"I am," said Mr. Nelson indignantly. "Whitey and me goes into this lunch-counter joint for a couple of sanniches and some java. I would 'a' had beer only B. J. don't like for his people to drink.

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Not that B. J.'s a dry. No, sir. Well, this Tortoni's sitting on the next stool but one from us. I don't know him from Adam, but Whitey said, 'You remember me, Mister Tortoni? A couple of years ago I sold you our towel service for the washroom at the Blue Castle. I bin promoted to the diaper division since then—tha's why I haven't been around t'see you.'

"I don't know why, but he didn't warm up at all. He said, 'I remember you all right.' He didn't warm up at all.

"Whitey said, 'Meet my pal, Joe Nelson.'

" 'It's a pleasure, Mister Tortoni,' I said, holding out my hand real friendly. 'I heard a lot about you.'

"Why, you'd think my arm was cut off at the elbow from the way he acted. He just sat there, not even lookin' at me. If he hadn't've been a friend of Whitey's I would have got mad.

"Well, after we got the sanniches, Whitey said, 'And how's the towel service going? Everything satisfact'ry, Mister Tortoni?'

"Now I ask you: ain't that a civil question? But wha'd he do? He just stared at Whitey like he never seen him before and started to get up from the counter.

" 'What makes you so oblivious?' I asked him. 'Is it your income tax, or are you composin' a poem, or is somebuddy after you?' I asked him.

"That's just what I asked him. I was sore, him being so upstage to Whitey. We're all citizens and can vote and ain't we all equal under the skin as the saying goes?

"But he didn't pay any attention. He had turned his back to me and was just startin' to walk away when it happened. The first thing I knew was when he stopped walking and stared at the door. I turned around to see what he was looking at and there was a guy in a green suit with a gun in his hand. There was another guy in back of this guy but I didn't get a good look at him. Well, this guy shot Tortoni two times in the stomach and then when he falls on the floor he shoots him through the top of his head, holding his pistol right up close to . . ."

"He killed him?" O'Rourke's mouth hung open. "Killed Tortoni?"

"That's what I bin trying to tell ya," said Mr. Nelson. "This guy in the green suit . . ."

"Imago!" cried Miss Day. "What's the matter?"

THE dancer's face looked as though it had been freshly dusted with rice powder. "Nothing," she said. "It is nothing."

"Here." Crane handed her Doc Williams' glass of whisky. "Drink this."

"Dead!" exclaimed O'Rourke.

Mr. Nelson said, "That's what I bin trying to tell you . . ."

"I am all right," said Imago.

"That's terrible," said O'Rourke.

"Terrible? I'll say that's terrible." said Mr. Nelson. "This guy in the green suit didn't pay any attention to Whitey or me. He bent over Tortoni and put a brand-new buffalo nickel in his hand and whispered, but loud enough so Whitey and me could hear, 'Use this on the slot machines in hell, wise guy.' That's what he said, me and Whitey could hear him. Then he and the other guy walked away. Yeah, I mean walked. They didn't run a step."

Crane's eyes met Doc Williams' over the table. He was recalling that Williams had told him Tortoni was trying to muscle in on the Miami slot-machine racket.

"Whitey turned as green as that guy's suit," said Mr. Nelson. "I seen Tortoni was dead. The counter man was trying to get the police on the phone. 'Why didn't they plug us?' I asked Whitey. 'We're witnesses.'

"Whitey said. 'And just a minute ago we was talking to him.'

"I said, 'Let's get out of here.' "

"Did you?" asked Crane.

"I hope to tell you, mister," said Mr. Nelson. "I said goodby to Whitey and went to a place a couple of blocks down the street for a drink. I was kinda sick to my stommick. And as I was telling some of the boys about what I seen this genlman, Mister . . . aah . . ."

"Williams," said Doc Williams.

"Mister Williams here said would I come down here and tell the story to you folks and I did."

"His story ought to be worth another drink," said Williams.

"It's worth a whole bottle," said Crane. "Waiter!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Nelson.

"One thing," said Crane. "We don't have to see Tortoni now. We can have lunch." He looked at the dancer. "That is, if Imago feels like eating."

"I am all right," Imago Paraguay said.

THEY lay on the warm sand, their heads resting on crossed arms; the sun hot on their bare backs and legs. In the east whipped-cream clouds floated on the blue Atlantic. The lazy breeze was heavy with the perfume of tropical blooms; soft with the rustle of palm fans; moist with traces of sea spray. It was late afternoon.

"This is good," said Crane.

"Picture of two great detectives at work," said O'Rourke. His voice, directed into the sand, was muffled.

"I'm thinking," said Crane.

"What about?"

"About a drink. Or maybe two drinks."

" 'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging,' " O'Rourke said.

Crane groaned.

"It wasn't my idea to learn all that stuff," O'Rourke said.

"I made a mistake."

O'Rourke pretended to be surprised.

"But now everybody knows we're detectives," Crane went on; "can't we forget it all?"

"I kinda like being able to say those things. It gives me class with the dames."

"Not with Imago."

"No, I guess not."

Crane's arms were beginning to get tired from the weight of his head. He turned over on his back, rested his head on his peppermint-striped beach robe.

O'Rourke said, "That Imago's certainly got di Gregario's number." He found a cigarette, lit it. "What is she?"

"She says she's part Spanish and part Mayan."

"What are Mayans?"

"High-grade Indians. They lived in Yucatan about a thousand years ago."

"Maybe she thinks she's Mayan," O'Rourke said, "but I'll bet somebody from China stayed at her family's house once."

"It's her make-up. She didn't look Chinese today."

"You could tell she wasn't from Dublin."

A big coast-guard amphibian, flying low and close to the shore, went over them on its way to Miami. It was going quite fast and it was very steady in the air. The two motors made a lot of noise.

"I suppose it's looking for Camelia," said O'Rourke.

"I still don't see how anybody's going to know the boat she's in even if they do see it."

"Do you think di Gregario's got her, Bill?"

"Why would he want to kidnap her?"

"The fifty grand."

"Yeah, that's so. But I think it would be too dangerous for him." He blew smoke at the sky. "She'd be bound to recognize him and tell when he let her go."

"Unless he killed her."

Two gulls circled over their heads. The birds' feet were pink against their white underbodies.

"I hadn't thought of that," Crane said.

O'Rourke pushed his cigarette into the sand. "Have you got anybody in mind?"

"No."

"What about Tortoni?"

"He wouldn't think of writing notes signed The Eye."

"Not before he snatched her, anyway." O'Rourke rested his chin on his right palm. "A professional wouldn't work that way."

FOR several minutes they lay in silence on the sand. Crane lay with his face toward the sky, his eyes closed. His half-smoked cigarette dangled from his mouth. O'Rourke poked holes in the sand with a disconsolate finger.

At last Crane said, "O'Rourke."

"What?"

"Did you ever drink usquebaugh?"

"No. Why?"

"I was just wondering how it tasted."

The breeze seemed to be freshening. It shook the palm leaves, beat them against one another, making a noise like someone folding a newspaper. Far out at sea smoke from a freighter lay like a log on the horizon.

"Did you notice the way Imago took Tortoni's death?" asked O'Rourke.

"Yeah."

"Could she have been a pal of that guy too?"

Crane rolled over on his side. "She knew him." He told O'Rourke of his encounter with Imago in Tortoni's office.

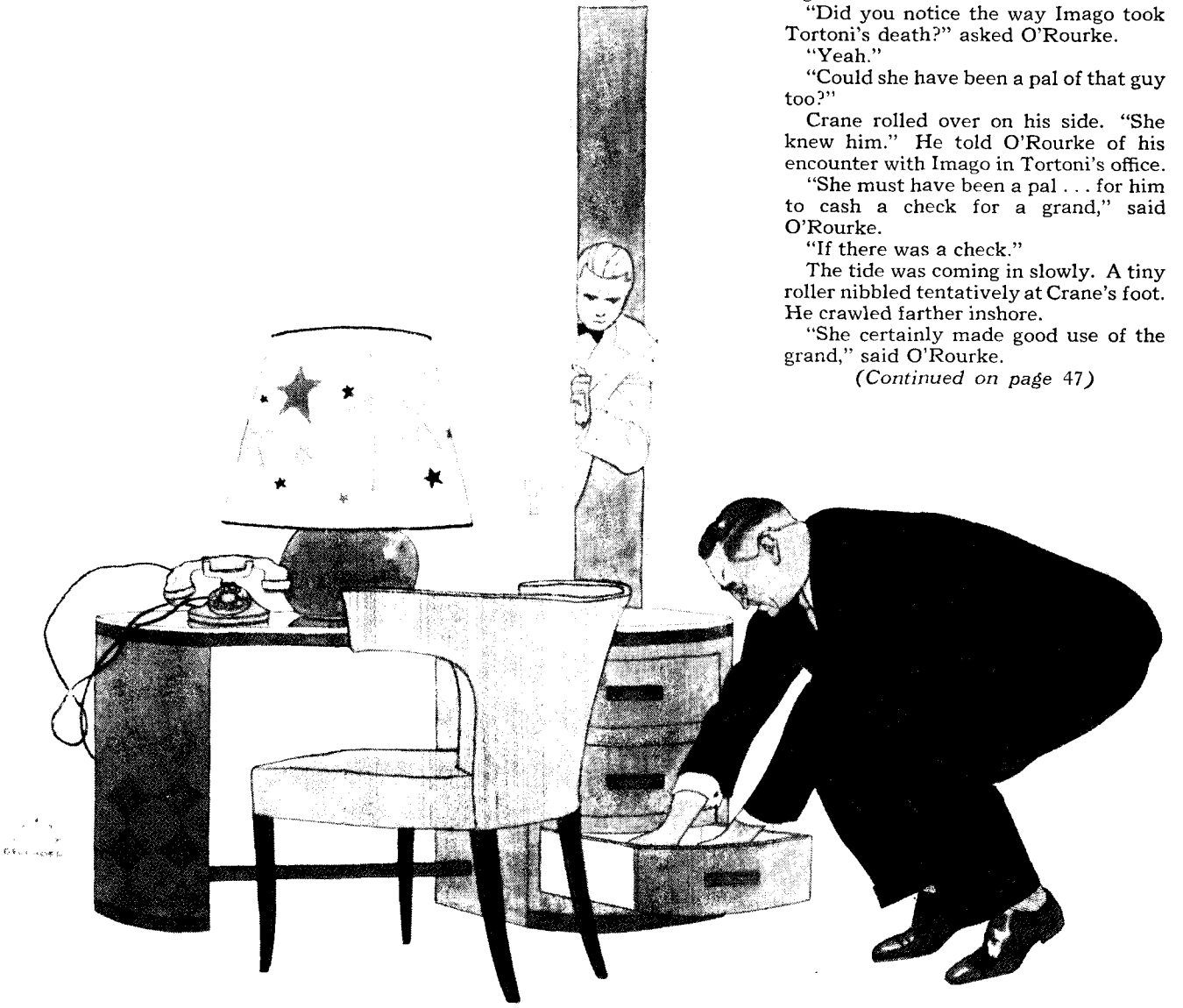
"She must have been a pal . . . for him to cash a check for a grand," said O'Rourke.

"If there was a check."

The tide was coming in slowly. A tiny roller nibbled tentatively at Crane's foot. He crawled farther inshore.

"She certainly made good use of the grand," said O'Rourke.

(Continued on page 47)



He bent in front of the desk, pulled open the third drawer and thrust an object in it

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MOUNTAIN MAN

An Alpine adventure which shows you that a mountain is as good a test of manhood as a battle

By Edwin Muller

IT WAS our own fault, of course. We could have planned our walking trip on routes that would have kept us miles out of trouble, where we would never have seen a soldier or heard a rifle shot. Nothing but curiosity brought us to the frontier of a nation at war.

The valley didn't look like war. The Vale of the Glaciers our French map called it. We dropped down upon it toward the tail end of a golden afternoon. It had been a grinding day, afoot since daybreak, over the Bonhomme and the Col des Fours, passes of nine thousand feet. Our rucksacks dragged at our shoulders; our feet weighed ten pounds apiece and we were glad when we turned the last corner and saw our inn within half an hour's walk.

"This is a place to loaf for a day or two," said Dick, and I nodded back.

It was a cozy little valley, snuggled down in a jumble of savage peaks. A place where you'd like to build a cottage and spend your old age. The pastures looked very green and soft and rose in gently sloping terraces above the stream. They were all atinkle with cowbells.

But above, the slopes grew steeper, breaking out in bare ledges and patches of snow, up and up to where they ended in the jagged rim of the sky line. The end of the valley was closed off by a single peak, a soaring, sharp-pointed pinnacle of bare granite. Down its flank flowed a mile-wide stream of ice, reaching from the highest snows right down into the pastures.

It was a first-rate glacier, good to look at, good to explore. That's what we'd come for. And yet—our eyes kept wandering off to the skyline on the right.

That was the frontier. Over on the other side of the ridge was Italy, where, that summer, soldiers were mobilizing in every village, where troop ships were sailing, their holds loaded with bombs and poison gas for civilizing the Ethiopians.

"There's the pass," said Dick, pointing to the lowest gap in the ridge. "The frontier guards will be just beyond."

We stared at it a while, then trudged along.

The Hotel Durand, when we came near to it, was only a little larger and less rude than the cowherds' huts that were the only other houses in the valley. And yet there was a comfortable air about it. On the level space in front of the door a table and benches were set out. Two people were sharing a bottle of white wine, a stout old woman, whose red cheeks looked as if they had been shined vigorously with a cloth, and an old man, weathered and grizzled, with eyes set in an intricate network of genial wrinkles. Darby and Joan.

They heard our hobnails on the path and jumped up to meet us, smiling.

"Therese," called madame shrilly, and a leathery serving maid appeared, wiping her hands on her blue cotton apron. "Hurry then, Therese, and carry in the gentlemen's sacks."

Monsieur, madame and Therese all escorted us to our room and, presently, downstairs, we heard the bustle and smelled the smells of dinner getting ready. There's a sort of welcome you get at some little mountain inns that can't be equaled by the grandest of grand hotels.

After the meal we went outside to sit with monsieur and madame and watch the last of the sunlight reddening the snows at the end of the valley. They talked of thirty or forty years ago.

"Pull," commanded the sergeant. "To hang in the rope too long is to die." Four inches—six inches. In the freezing air we were running with sweat. "Look," grunted Dick. A hand rose from the hole

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ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The ice held his weight. Then he saw Anton's face. In a few moments the two of them were crouched together. Anton was gasping back into his lungs the breath that the rope had squeezed out of them

Those were the days of mountaineering. You'd never have seen a summer afternoon then, madame gave us to understand rather severely, when there were only two guests in the inn. One got the picture of them straggling in toward dusk—undergraduates from Oxford, stout Germans who had walked all the way from the Black Forest, Frenchmen in training for some grand course up in the snows, Italians—all the nations.

"Sometimes in the evening," said madame with pride, "there would be spoken around this table five —six languages."

IT MUST have been good talk, too. This little valley was a hub of great mountain chains—the wild peaks of the Tarentaise stretching away to the south, to the north the mightier summits of the Pennine Alps and, just over the sky line, the vast dome and jagged satellites of Mont Blanc. They were the top flight of mountaineers, the men who stopped here on their training walks. A close-knit, cosmopolitan fraternity—striving with each other for the great prizes of the hills, but helping each other too, like sportsmen and comrades.

"No more are there such men," grumbled M. Durand. "Now—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians—each stays among his own mountains. Or, if those others come here, they come as if to a war, to snatch at one of our climbs and carry it back like a dog with a bone."

We shook our heads sadly. But then monsieur's face brightened.

"The sergeant comes," he said pointing up the hill, and his face crinkled into a welcoming smile.

He wasn't very martial-looking, this representative of the French army who was trudging downhill toward us. Not that there was any trace of weakness about him. His round barrel of a body, over which his tunic was comfortably unbuttoned, was still erect and muscular. His face was hard-weathered and his eyes were keen. But in them there wasn't that authoritative, straight-ahead but rather wooden expression of the professional soldier. Instead it was a look, alert, yet faraway—it's hard to describe but easy to recognize; you see it on the faces of Alpine guides, whether in Zermatt or Chamonix, Italy or Austria—the look of men that belong to the mountains.

He was obviously an old crony of the Durands. He bowed ceremoniously to madame, who hurried to set out another glass. But business came first.

"The gentlemen come to climb in the valley?" he asked, looking sharply at Dick and me.

Madame bridled at this.

"But of course," she clucked at him like an old hen. "Do you conceive then that they are spies or—or—"

Dick and I hastened to produce our passports. Then, duty attended to, the sergeant unbent and talk of the mountains was resumed. I was right, it appeared, as to his being a mountaineer. He was Sergeant Jean-Michel Fournier of Argentiere, of the famous Fournier family who have guided five generations of climbers in the massif of Mont Blanc.

I ASKED whether the peak at the end of the valley was worth climbing.

"An easy little mountain," said the sergeant. "But, for training, yes. On the glacier, in the icefalls you will amuse yourselves well. But have care, messieurs. Go always with the rope. This year there are many crevasses. Covered now with crust and new snow. I was among them today."

He was silent for a moment and glanced at the Durands.

"There, above the second icefall, I saw Sergeant Giulio and one of his men. Searching—"

I could see madame stiffen. She said something in patois that I didn't understand, something that sounded uncomplimentary.

"Who is Giulio?" I asked.

Madame grumbled on to herself, not looking at me:

"A bloodthirsty, murdering fellow. We are not safe in our beds."

"But no, Emilie—" began M. Durand, uneasily protesting. The sergeant, too, made deprecatory noises. Evidently this was a thorny subject among the three of them, one of those matters with which women should not concern themselves.

But madame was a hard one to muzzle.

"Next time," she continued, "he will shoot down upon us here. A murdering—"

"It is not certain," her husband broke in sharply, "that there were shots."

"And if there were," said the sergeant, "without doubt they were on the other side of the border. In no way concerning us."

"Who was shooting?" I asked. "And what was he shooting at?"

"MONSIEUR," began Madame Durand fiercely, and her men shrugged their inability to keep her under control, "there are those over there"—she pointed toward the rocky ridge of the frontier—"who do not love bloodshed. Honest lads, perhaps"—she nodded to herself—"who would rather till the farm for the mother than go off across the seas, murdering—"

"Madame Durand," the sergeant broke in desperately, "you do not understand. It is the war. I, too" —slapping his barrel of a chest—"I, too, if one should come escaping from the army of France, I would—"

"You would not, Jean-Michel," madame stopped him firmly. "You are not a murdering—"

I intervened.

"Who is Giulio?"

"Don't you see?" said Dick impatiently to me in English. "Giulio is Sergeant Fournier's opposite number. The Italian sergeant in charge over there across the frontier. And he takes pot shots at deserters, the ones we've heard about who've been trickling over the line."

Madame's wrath subsided without giving us further details of the lively doings up on the ridge. We sat for a while, watching the last lights fade from the peak and the shadows climb up from the valley floor to blot out the ridges.

"You know," said Dick as we were on our way to bed, "we ought to walk up there tomorrow and see what the murdering Giulio is like."

"And get potted at?"

"Nonsense. They aren't fighting us. I'm curious to see—"

It seems, regrettably, that I was curious too. Sunrise found us leaving the inn with the day's lunch in a rucksack. Madame waved us *au revoir*. We had let her believe that we were merely going up to the end of the valley to explore the snout of the glacier. We passed the sergeant at the door of his post, a neat stone hut with the tricolor hanging over the door and a well-tended garden at the side. He looked at us keenly.

"You march early, messieurs."

"A good day for the icefall," we said deceitfully, and he didn't question us.

When a bulge of pasture hid us from the inn and the hut we turned sharp right and began a zigzag upward. At the end of the second hour of climbing

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we were two thirds of the way to the rim of the valley. The inn and the hut were again in sight.

We were at the level of the glacier now and the whole glittering white sheet was spread out for us to see. It came down in a series of giant steps, first a level, snow-covered terrace, then a steep-tilted pitch where the strain of the descending ice had torn it into labyrinths of crevasses and ridges.

"We'll explore it tomorrow, won't we?"

"With a good, stout rope. Those easy-looking level stretches must be what the sergeant told us to look out for."

We turned uphill again. Another hour brought us to the low saddle that was the summit of the pass. Italy!

And there, as suddenly as if a curtain had been raised, a panorama in the grand manner unrolled before us. A deep valley, the Allee Blanche, fell away from our feet. Those were high and rugged mountains that bordered it on the right but they were insignificant compared with what was on the other side. Mont Blanc is worth seeing from any direction but nowhere, perhaps, does the monarch make a better appearance than here. He sends out before him an advance guard, a line of peaks each of which would dominate an ordinary Alpine district. Glaciers push their way down between them. Higher pinnacles rise behind. And highest of all, like a king carried aloft by his followers, is the swelling dome that overtops all Europe.

That sight should have held us for hours—would have in any other year. Instead, after a few minutes, we looked down the valley at a square, ugly house a short distance below. The flag of Italy flew above.

A jaunty figure in uniform advanced toward us, his rifle over his arm. At the corner of the enclosure two others stood, their guns ready.

We had caught up with the war.

Sergeant Giulio's looks were belligerent. His eyes had a touch of fire, his mustache was the kind that bristles and his walk was a swagger. Even before he spoke you could see that he had a well-developed sense of the dramatic—one of those Italians who seem always to be on the opera stage.

WHEN we had come close together he rapped out a short sentence that sounded like a command.

I smiled at him—a conciliating smile I tried to make it.

"*Buon Giorno,*" I said, that being the whole of my Italian.

But he shook his head impatiently and this time spoke in French.

"Your passports."

He frowned through them and almost pitched them back at us.

"It is forbidden to pass," he snapped out. His arm made a sweeping gesture in the direction from which we had come. "You must go back."

But I had been studying his face. It seemed to me that underneath his truculent air was just a suggestion of that look I had recognized in Sergeant Fournier. Perhaps this one, too, belonged to the mountains.

"Your Monte Bianco," I said, "it is superb."

He looked at me disdainfully still, but a shade more as if I were a human being. He condescended to nod.

"Might it be permitted," I continued, "that we stay here near the top of the pass for a little while to observe that superb mountain?"

"It is permitted," he said. "But not to go down the valley. If you do—" and again his look was threatening.

We were turning away.

"Have you passed a man," he asked abruptly, "a man with hair of yellow?"

We looked at him stupidly—shook our heads. Sergeant Giulio turned on his heel and went back into his house. As we were moving away Dick pointed to a soldier that we hadn't noticed. He was seated on top of a big rock with a pair of binoculars, slowly sweeping the valley.

ALL the rest of the morning we scrambled and explored among the rocks at the head of the valley. We took care to keep away from the neighborhood of the post and never to go below its level. Several times we saw Giulio's men stationed on high points, watching.

"Hope the yellow-haired lad has slipped by," said Dick.

We ate our lunch in the shade of a rock outcrop, watching the snows and crags of the great wall above us. Afterward we decided—a late decision—to try for a closer look at the glacier on our way home. We started for a point at the top of the ridge a mile or more to the right of the pass.

The shadows of the peaks were lengthening toward the east when we found the yellow-haired man.

We were following the frontier ridge, keeping a little down on the Italian side. The crest at that point is bare and without cover. On its sky line, less than half a mile behind us, we could see the figure of one of the Italian soldiers silhouetted so sharply against the sky that we could see the rifle slung on his shoulders. Just below the line of our route several clumps of big boulders broke the smoothness of the slope. As we were passing one of these Dick stopped abruptly.

"Wait a moment," he whispered.

He scrambled down the slope—looked behind one of the boulders—jerked back. Without a word he beckoned to me.

I glanced up at the soldier. He was moving slowly in the other direction. He couldn't be looking our way. I went down and joined Dick.

The man was crouched there behind the stone like an animal that rolls itself in a ball and hides in the grass. His eyes were those of an animal that has been hunted. We stared at each other, not moving, not saying a word.

Dick spoke to him in French, asked him who he was. He shook his head. Then something about him struck me as familiar—the narrow-brimmed hat, the short, high-waisted coat.

"You are Tyrolean," I said in my bad German.

He nodded once, his eyes still wary.

"But we're not Italian," said Dick, whose German is better than mine. "We won't give you up. You are of Cortina—Bozen—Predazzo—?"

At the last the other nodded violently and broke into a torrent of German that left me stranded.

Dick explained. The man was of a village in South Tyrol, the region that was transferred from Austria to Italy after the war. It's a land that has been Austrian in speech and customs for centuries—and still is. The inhabitants are less than enthusiastic for serving in the conscript armies of Italy. This young fellow—Anton was his first name, his last we didn't catch—belonged to one of the green and lovely valleys that lie under the fantastic peaks of the Dolomites.

"A guide?" I asked Dick.

"Will be as soon as he's earned his license—if he ever gets back."

WHEN the mobilization order reached his village he had run for it. The amazing thing was how he had come here, two thirds of the way across northern Italy. We got a confused story of furtive travel by night, dodging along the valleys that parallel the frontier, finding each mountain pass too well guarded.

But here he was. We looked at him and he looked at us. And now—God knows why, probably because Dick had been in his village—his blue eyes were trustful, like those of a dog who has found his master again.

"He's beaten them now if he only knows it," said Dick. "All he has to do is to hide here until it's dark enough to slip by the fellow up there on the ridge. He doesn't know that he's within half a mile of freedom."

So we told him. Explained where the line of the frontier ran and the lay of the valleys on the other side. He sat there, turning his eyes from one of us to the other, nodding his comprehension. When he had finished he shook our hands in turn, ceremoniously.

All this time we had kept close behind the boulder, out of sight of the man with the rifle up on the ridge. We hadn't thought to keep watch downhill.

Suddenly Anton stiffened, like a bird dog pointing a covey. We followed his eyes. Down the slope, three or four hundred yards away, there was a movement above some rocks. We shrank down flat on the ground. For minutes we lay still.

Anton's eyes were sharper than ours.

"He comes toward us," he said. The next moment he was on his feet, climbing the slope with long, steady strides.

It was unreasoned impulse that took us with him. No need for us to have run. Probably, if we had stood our ground and waited for the patrol, we would have had no trouble whatever. But we made the move—and after that we were fugitives, just as much as the deserter.

WE WERE no help to him. He was a man of the mountains and, if he had wanted, he could have climbed that slope three feet to our two. But he stayed with us, as if he were the guide and we were his party on a hard bit of climbing.

Presently something happened that helped our speed. From down the slope behind us there was a report, sharp and loud in the thin air.

I don't know how many shots were fired—probably not more than four or five. The range was long, the light was poor and I don't suppose we were ever in great peril. No doubt it was my imagination that heard something slap against a rock close to my head. I kept telling myself how calm I was—was very insistent to myself as to how calm I was.

We quartered upward to the right, aiming for the crest of the ridge.

"It'll bring us out on the glacier—and in the dark," said Dick.

"Then we'll have to cross it in the dark," I answered, looking back at where the rifle shots had come from.

When at last we reached the crest of the ridge there was just enough light left to see what lay ahead. We were at a great height above the floor of the Val des Glaciers. Here its entire width of a mile was filled from bank to bank by the frozen stream of the glacier. We had come to one of the level terraces. It stretched across to the far bank, a broad highway of unbroken white. From the other side we could see an easy way down through the rocks to the valley floor.

Anton stopped short and looked at us.

"Meine Herren," he said, and there was mild astonishment in his eyes, "we go upon the glacier at night, and without lantern, axes or rope?"

We said that we did and pointed back to the alternative of Sergeant Giulio and his men.

Anton shrugged:

"All happens as God wills," and he said no more.

We started across without giving ourselves any more time to think about it. We got an illusion of safety—it was such flat, innocent-looking snow. And by now we were quite certain that we had heard the slap of those bullets.

At the very start Anton waved us

(Continued on page 32)

"I'm glad yuh like it" RICHARD DECKER

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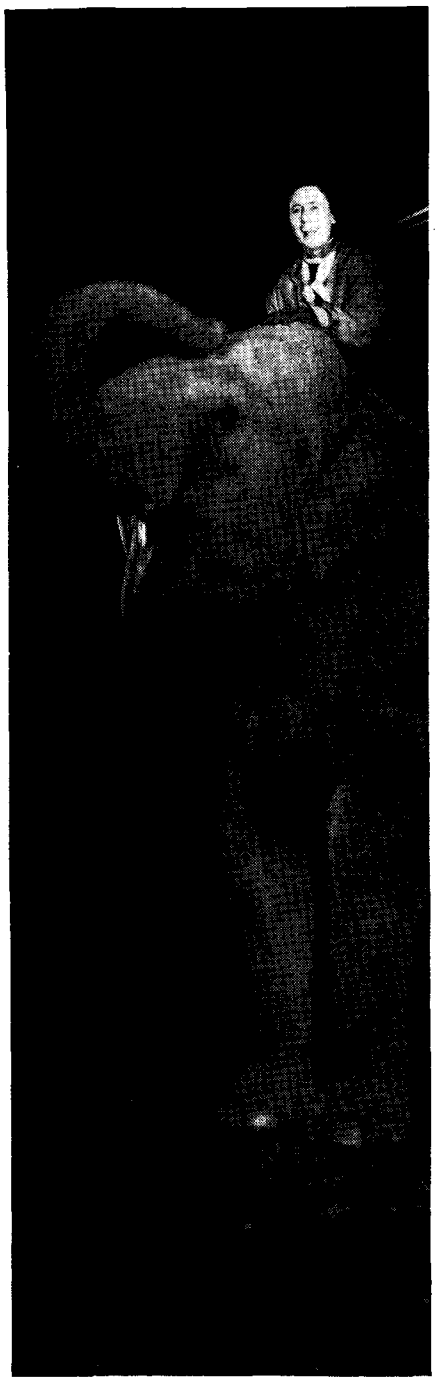
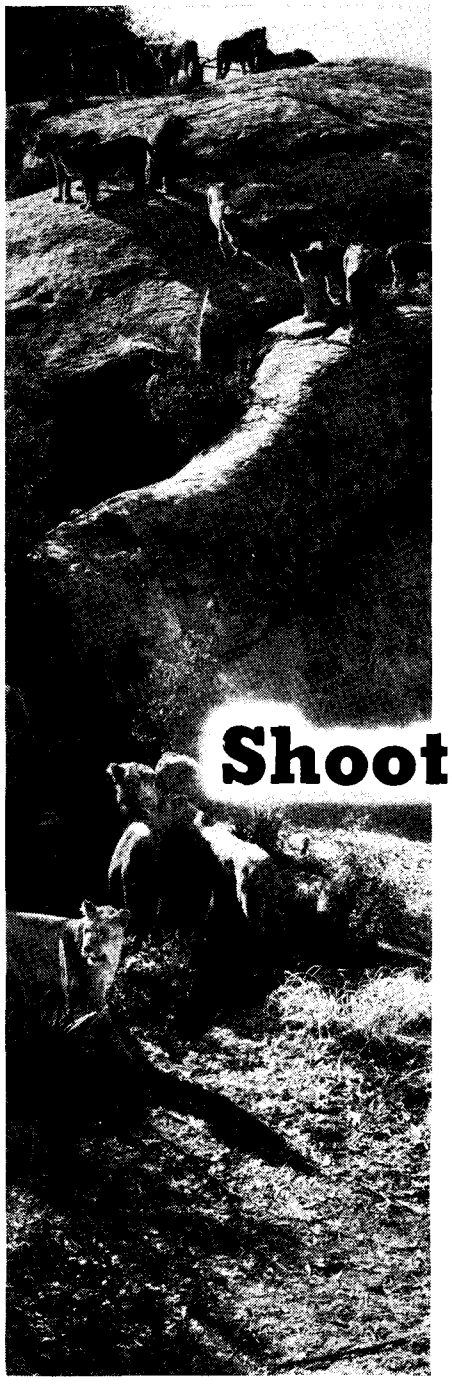
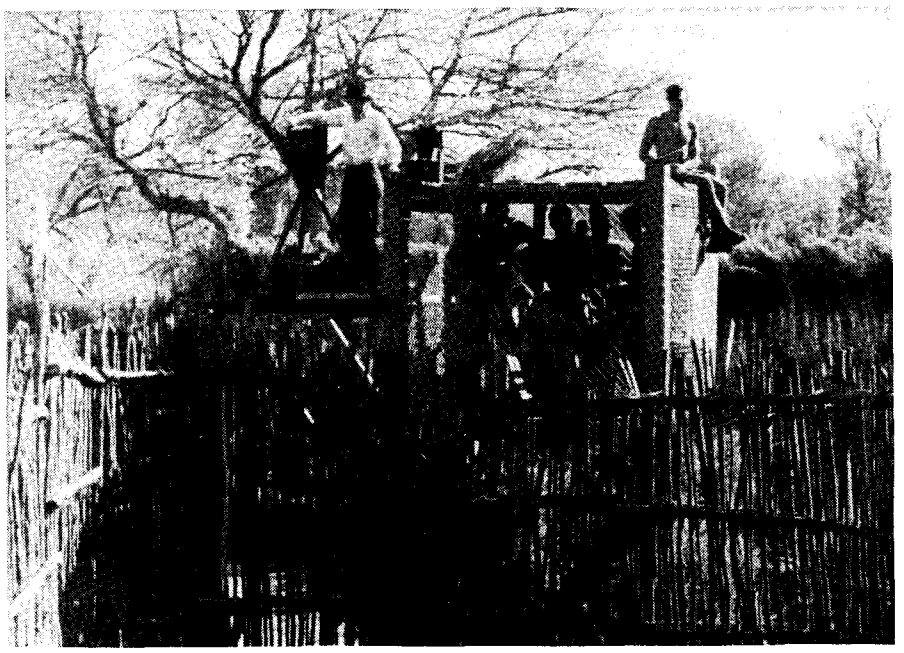


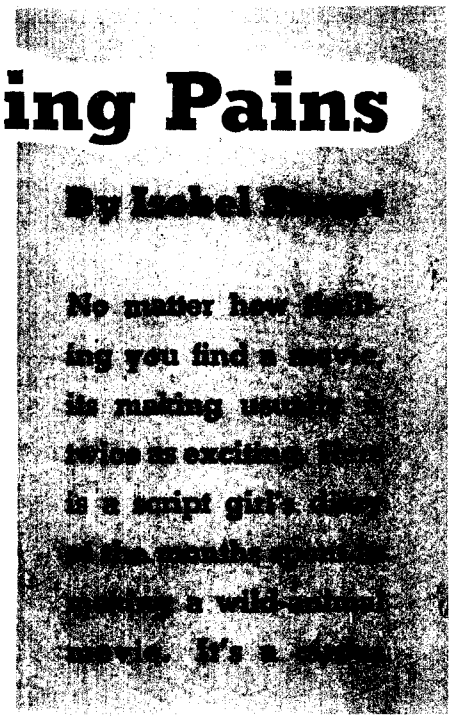




When the big cats are loose on the lot, the camera crew takes to cover

Shooting Pains

By Isobel Stuart



On the set for a jungle picture: Miss Stuart atop a friendly elephant. Right, a few of the lions that meant color—and calamity

SCRIPT girls have some interesting adventures and, with the passing of time, garner themselves a miscellaneous, although singularly useless, education.

No matter how many years they have been on the job it is never monotonous because each picture has some different element than its predecessor—a different director, different type of story, different cast and crew. I have worked on many types of pictures—parlor, bedroom and bath farces, murder-mystery dramas, musical comedies and horse operas (Westerns)—but the most interesting picture I ever found myself assigned to was a wild-animal picture. The story itself was a fantastic tale about a boy, lost in the African jungle as a child, reared by the lions to young manhood, captured by circus scouts and sent by them to join the circus.

The picture when finished was only moderately successful but those of us sitting behind the camera had more excitement in three months than the average person has in a lifetime. We worked from daylight until dark and sometimes from dark until daylight. We were dead tired most of the time, sunburned or frozen a good part of the time and scared to death all of the time.

After all of the difficulties we had, it was very discouraging when the picture was released to find that some of our most difficult and dangerous scenes were received by the audience with the calm assumption that they were done by trick photography or otherwise faked.

The greater part of the picture was made away from the studio at three main locations: Chatsworth, the studio ranch and the winter quarters of a circus. All of these locations were about thirty-five miles from the studio and we commuted, leaving the studio at six-thirty each morning.

Cameramen in Cages

We started the picture in the early part of October at the Chatsworth location, which was supposedly an African veldt. Whenever we worked with the animals our set was surrounded by a fourteen-foot fence. The director and cameramen, and sometimes the script girl, worked from small cages set inside this main fence. Each camera cage was about five feet square, tall enough so that a man could stand up in it. It was made of extra-heavy wire fencing with a door for men to enter or exit and with an aperture in front through which one or two cameras could shoot. This aperture was about a foot and a half wide and three feet long with a shutter over it which could be lowered from the inside in case any of the animals tried to come in.

On this picture I had little to do of my regular work, which is checking costumes, rehearsing dialogue and matching action—I didn't need to worry about them changing their costumes, and as far as I was concerned they could roar when they wished and do as they pleased.

Having fewer details to occupy my time I kept what I call "My Diary of Calamities." It shows some of the problems we confront in making a picture and helps to explain why so much money and time go into the finished product.

October 10th: We arrived at the Chatsworth location full of ambition and anxious to have our first taste of wild-animal life. We spent the morning planning the day's work and getting acquainted with the lioness that was to work in our first scene. In her little cage she looked harmless enough and we were all a little surprised at the precautions taken by the animal men.

About eleven o'clock we were ready for our first shot—the cameramen and director in their cages and the rest of us outside, pressing against the fence and waiting in hushed expectancy for Daisy the lioness to make her appearance. Her shifting cage was carefully screened from view and all we could hear were grunts and exclamations from the men getting her out of her cage. Just as the suspense was getting almost unendurable there was a shout from the men and a tan streak whizzed by. It was Daisy. Surprised by her sudden freedom, she didn't see the fence and crashed full into it—bounced back, landed on her feet and charged the first thing that caught her eye. It was the camera cage. The force of her charge tipped it far over and we held our breath waiting to see if it would fall. (The cage had no floor in it and if it had fallen on its side the men inside would have been at the mercy of this enraged beastie.)

For the time being the trainers were helpless and could only coo at her soothingly from a distance. After she wearied of charging the camera cage she went to the other side of the arena and skulked in the bushes and rocks. There she sat and snarled at anyone who attempted to dislodge her. At intervals she'd come tearing out of her hiding place, make a lunge or two at the camera cage and withdraw to sulk some more.

Along in the afternoon Daisy tired of the game she was playing and decided to see the outside world. Her first attempt to leap the fence was so nearly successful that we fled to the sound truck, which had steel walls and a snug door—it was a fine refuge but was so overcrowded that the steel walls were permanently bulged. After a while it became very hot inside the sound truck and we ventured out but were careful not to go too far away.

An Auspicious Beginning

This game of Daisy's kept up all afternoon and might have lasted for days but about five o'clock she tired of it and voluntarily retired to her own cage. The animal men later explained that Daisy was ordinarily as gentle as a kitten but she had bumped her nose as she left the cage and that, together with her first lunge into the fence, had thoroughly frightened and confused her.

As a result of our first day's work we had exactly nothing on the screen but we had had a valuable experience. In the future the camera cages were fastened down to the ground with large steel spikes.

October 13th: Until now we have been mere pikers, using only one lion. Today however we had twenty—fine, large male lions with great manes and deep voices. They are from the lion farm and their owner and trainer is proud of them. He is a little man and quite delicate-looking but with a terrific amount of courage. For some reason his fine lions got into a fight as soon as they were let into the arena—it was a

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howling mass of fur, teeth and claws but Louis just gave one shriek "My babies! My babies, they are killing each other!" He picked up a broom and waded right into the midst of those yowling lions—whaled them right and left with the broom, talking baby talk all the time. Whether it was the surprise of the attack or the baby talk, they stopped fighting and we were able to proceed with our work.

October 18th: About four o'clock we went back to the studio but our day wasn't over. It was Saturday, and Saturday night has long been considered by the studio as a good night to work late—because we can rest on Sunday. We had an early dinner and moved out to the New York Street—one of the permanent sets on the back lot of the studio. There we were to do some night scenes of a herd of elephants, stampeded by a circus fire, tearing down the street and upsetting a double-decked bus.

Everyone from the studio turned out to watch us. The elephants did their work seriously and were soon so excited that they began to boil; it was an awe-inspiring sound and we all started looking for good solid refuges. Never had a movie set seemed so flimsy and insecure. Most of our visitors left.

Later in the night we had a shot with a crowd of people running down the street ahead of the elephants. Many of the men lost their hats and it was interesting to see after the elephants passed that not one hat had been stepped on. It gave us more confidence and eventually we grew to be very fond of our elephants.

Just Like a Fire Drill

October 20th: We are now at the studio ranch. The set is very interesting: an African farm—the farmhouse, grass huts of the natives, cattle corral—well, nothing seems to be missing.

We are finally getting into a part of the picture where we must use actors. No leading man has been cast so far but we are doing scenes with minor character actors. A large battle with the supervisor as to whether a gentleman farmer in Africa wears riding breeches and boots or shorts—the supervisor won and he wears shorts—unfortunately this gentleman farmer has nubby knees.

Did a particularly difficult long shot of the circus men's safari. A long line of oxcarts, loaded with lions in primitive bamboo cages, driven by African natives—colored talent recruited from Central Avenue.

We are continually confronted by the unexpected: the oxen were afraid of the lion smell and when the director shouted "camera," which is the customary signal to start the action for a scene, our safari galloped off in all directions with the inexperienced colored drivers unwillingly accompanying it. It looked as though we were stymied, but while the cowboys were off rounding up the scattered oxen the "brains" decided to put dark make-up on the cowboys and let them drive the carts.

October 21st: The laboratory reported that the scene we did yesterday had a scratch on the negative film so we had to do it all over again today.

October 22d: The supervisor has seen the rushes and decided the African gentleman farmer should wear riding breeches instead of shorts. Retakes used up the entire day.

October 25th: Back on the New York Street tonight for the finish of the elephant stampede. The elephants were supposed to run into a double-decked bus and tip it over. The bus was filled with stunt men, some of them dressed as women. When the bus went over, one of the men was unable to leap clear because of his skirts and was caught by the bus. They rushed him to the hospital and found that his leg was broken. It was our first serious accident and we hope our last.

October 26th: The supervisor has decided to recast the gentleman farmer. In the retakes the new one wears shorts. We have made the scene so many times that now we do it with great speed—just like a fire drill. We lost only half a day this time. This scene, with its many retakes, has taken us altogether three and a half days. The location cost, including salaries, equipment, food for man and beast, etc., is about five thousand dollars a day—the scene will run perhaps a minute and a half in the complete picture.

While the Front Office Screams

November 4th: It has turned much colder and today the native talent shivered around bonfires—their leopard-skin costumes are too scanty to give much protection. In the afternoon a small riot broke out among them over a crap game but was quickly quelled by our assistant director, who sent the two instigators home and issued an order prohibiting gambling on the set.

November 10th: Working with lion cubs. They are only about eight weeks old and are soft and cuddly until they get fresh with their little claws, wrinkle their baby noses and let out young roars. They can really do a lot of damage in their own small way. One of them is especially tough and we have named him "Ginsberg." Our colored talent works with them and is already very cautious. Big Sol, who weighs two hundred pounds, is six feet two inches tall and a prize fighter by profession, trembles and turns pale whenever we put little Ginsberg in his arms for a scene. They have had several bouts already and each time little Ginsberg is the winner. Sol commences to look as though he'd fallen in a briar patch.

November 11th: Armistice Day—but not for us. A lioness really did get out. Instead of being too frightened to move I made it to the sound truck in just one agile leap. In spite of my speed I found many there ahead of me. There we sat and waited while the animal men hunted around in rocks and bushes. Nobody knew just where she was and warnings were sent out to neighboring ranches. Fortunately she chose to stay near the location instead of heading for the hills and the animal men found her within a short time. The lion men said the lions were too nervous to work any more today—we were all nervous too but they, being dumb brutes, got the afternoon off and we just moved to another location. We are now fifteen days behind schedule and the front office is screaming.

November 20th: Our first shot was of a lion going into a dressing tent. We did it once and the lion worked beautifully but the camera had mechanical difficulties and we didn't get anything on the film. We spent the rest of the afternoon and evening trying to get it again but the poor kitty was nervous and spent most of his time sitting on top of the camera cage. I had had the bad judgment to watch the scene from the camera cage and regretted it many times during the afternoon—in fact I regretted it every time I looked up and saw five hundred pounds of lion glaring down at me with only a bit of wire between us. From a worm's-eye view a lion's paw looks enormous. Besides suffering from my own individual fright I was almost trampled to death in the rush of brave men going nowhere every time he'd make a flying leap at us. As usual the trainers eventually coaxed him into his cage and we were able to get out of ours and stretch and say how we hadn't been a bit scared.

"A check for $10,000 from Aunt Lucy. Did we send her anything?"

GARRETT PRICE

Menagerie or Madhouse?

November 26th: Did our first work with tigers and they scared me plenty. We had a bad moment when one of them climbed the fence and sat on top meditating which way to jump.

We are now twenty-five impressive days behind schedule.

November 29th: I have decided definitely that I do not care for either lions or tigers. Today we worked with twenty lions—brought the whole act out of the blazing menagerie tent. One of the lions got tangled up in an electric cable and pulled over a big arc lamp. The globe exploded and the lions all went crazy—knocked over more lamps, caused more explosions and went crazier. They leaped at the fences and at each other. The trainers were helpless and we in the camera cages sat very still and wished we were somewhere else.

After many hours—at least fifteen minutes—the lamps were all smashed and the lions gradually calmed down enough for their trainers to herd them into their cages. The set is ruined and will have to be completely rebuilt.

As though we hadn't enough excitement for one day our driver on the way back to the studio didn't see a lowered railroad guard and drove right through it—we just cleared the track ahead of a freight train. Another day like this and I'll be a jittering imbecile.

December 1st: We did a lot of work today—it was a long day, from 6:30 A. M. until 2:30 the following morning. After dark we did a big fire scene—the blazing menagerie tent with animals and people pouring out. The wind was high and the fire got out of control almost immediately. A leopard cage and a monkey cage caught fire—the monkeys screamed and moaned like human beings—firemen ran into the scene and we were busy dodging pieces of burning canvas that whirled through the air, firehoses and loose horses, camels and seals. The firemen didn't see one camera and turned the hose full on it. The crew emerged shivering and yelling. It was all very exciting and everybody used the most awful language.

Willie Reverted to Type

December 2d: From now on we work nights and sleep days. Reached the location at three-thirty and spent the afternoon lining up long shots. They were all difficult major setups of the panic-stricken mob of people and animals running out of the blazing big top.

Everything went smoothly until after the midnight meal, then the script girl got in the way and caused a lot of excitement. We were doing the start of the elephant stampede (we'd already made the finish of it at the studio back in October—remember?) I was sitting on an eight-foot parallel (a platform), minding my own business and eating peanuts I'd swiped from the prop boy. Next to my parallel was a leopard cage. It was a temporary thing, with no top, which had been thrown together in a hurry to give one of the cameras an interesting foreground piece.

The elephants were lined up ready for the rush across the tent when a powder man accidentally set fire to all of his smoke pots at once. There was a great smudge and shooting of sparks and flames—the elephants really took off. They outran their trainers and came straight toward me and the leopard. The cage caught their attention, maybe the leopard said something he shouldn't have, anyway they started pushing his cage over in my direction, so that he could walk right up and join me. I realized the situation immediately and was very unhappy. Everyone started shouting at me:

"Jump, Izzie, jump!"

"Sit still, don't move!"

"Jump—jump!"

"Stay where you are—don't move!"

I realized that their advice was good but from where I sat it was hard to decide whether to jump down among the excited elephants and hope for the best or sit still like a zany and wait to receive the angry leopard. Before I was able to decide, the trainers arrived and I was saved for posterity.

December 4th: Today was Sunday

(Continued on page 43)

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His Young Wife

By John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A story of the only important thing that can happen to a man and his wife

WHEN John Hollis married a young girl he was probably the only one who was conscious of the difference in their ages. Sue was too young and impulsive to be conscious of anything like that and, anyway, in the beginning they were very happy together. There had been times, later on, when John had wondered if Sue would ever notice his age. Simple and meaningless things like the people they knew, the music they had danced to and the football games they remembered would remind him of their differences. "You dance like a cattle rancher, darling," she used to tell him and then she would go off and dance with younger men. But when the music had ended she would leave her partner and walk through the tables looking for him as if he were the only man in the smoky room. It had been like that, at least until she met Rickey. And then what had been an idle speculation and an apprehension for John became a literal and shaking fear. Skiing, he thought, had never given him a more headlong sense of terror and descent than he found in watching the happiness of Rickey and his young wife talking and smoking at the table in front of him.

The three were sitting at a table of the café in Belmont Park. Neither John nor Sue had ever seen a race until Rickey, through a casual business acquaintance, entered their lives. But after that you might have seen them at Belmont on any week end during the meet, and on weekdays, when John was working, Rickey drove Sue out there himself. Her absorption in horse racing and Rickey, John thought, seemed inseparable. Once, in the beginning, John had spoken to her about going to the races so often with Rickey. "But I'm young, darling," she had said. There was a trace of petulance in her voice. "And I've never had a good time. Mother never let me out of her sight until I married you and I want to do something exciting before I grow too old."

From where they sat they had a good view of the track. Rickey and Sue were at the front of the table with their backs turned to John and with an absorption in each other, he thought; with a happiness and a resentment of his presence that were as palpable as the smoke from their cigarettes. "Which is our horse?" Sue was asking. She was a young girl with white skin and yellow hair that seemed nearly brassy when the sun touched it.

"Top horse," Rickey said. "Bold Ransome. Isn't she a beauty?" He leaned across the table to point out his choice on her program. Their shoulders touched and John felt that anger and jealousy come up into his throat again. He watched them stand and adjust their glasses and follow their choice with a tenderness, he thought, that was like the tenderness of young parents. He was distracted a little from his anger by the marshal's bugle and he rose to watch the field walk down toward the barrier. The spring sun was strong and hot and the horses cast a long, running shadow on the turf as they passed.

THERE was no disturbance and a moment later there was that confused roar from the stands and they could see the field streaking down the backstretch and the dust coming up off the track like smoke. Rickey's horse was third and at the far turn she moved up to second. "Comeon, Bold Ransome," he was yelling. "Comeon, comeon, comeon, win for the hell of it. . . ." But at the second turn she went wild, running across the track to the outside rail and by the time they came down the home stretch she had lost her speed and her position. Rickey sank tiredly into his chair and passed his hand over his forehead as if he had a headache. "It's crazy," he said. "The whole thing's crazy." There was sincere worry and confusion in his voice. "I've never lost as much on a meet before," he said. "If I don't win pretty soon I won't be able to get to Saratoga. I won't have the gasoline." But his sadness was only momentary and before they had posted the winners he rammed his program into his pocket and stood. He was a young man but the intensity and anticipation of an incorrigible gambler had already begun to line his face. "I guess I'll go down and shop around," he said to Sue. "Want to come?" He still asked for her company in a casual way as if he were conscious of John's proprietary rights.

"Sure," she said. "Love to." She couldn't conceal the happiness in her voice. "Want to come, John?" she asked dutifully, turning to her husband. "Want to come and put some money on a horse?"

"No, darling," John said; "you know I never bet."

"I know," she said a little tiredly. Then she picked up her purse and her gloves and took Rickey's arm and they worked their way through the tables toward the betting ring. He might be tied to her by string, John thought, for the singular sense of loss, even of pain, that he felt when she walked away from him.

After they had gone he called a waiter and ordered a sandwich and some coffee. He was acutely conscious of the happiness his wife was enjoying without him and it was easy for him to imagine them going around the paddock like a couple of young kids, which was, after all, what they were. Stirring and sweetening his coffee, he thought about the growth and the nature of their love for each other that was gradually imperiling his world. He had first become conscious of it that night, he remembered, when he had come home from work and found them sitting together in the dark garden, singing the dance music they remembered, tunes like Star Dust and Limehouse Blues and After You've Gone. He had stood there at the door, listening to their thin voices and for an instant he had felt like an intruder. It wasn't the music he remembered. All he could remember was Dardanella, and they would have laughed at him if he had tried to sing that. And then there had been that other evening when they had given a party and Rickey had been there. After all the guests had left, he and Sue didn't dance around the living room as they used to and

"If it weren't for you," he said, "I don't know where I'd be tomorrow morning. I've lost money before but I've never lost it like this and if I didn't have you to think about I'd go crazy"

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"You mean it's mine? Oh, let me at 'em!" Rickey said, pushing his chair back

sing: "They've gone, they've gone, they've gone." Instead of that she had sat quietly in a chair, talking about Rickey, about the things he had said and done as if she missed him more than she enjoyed the presence of her husband, as if he had taken some part of her with him, as if that life when they had danced around and laughed and sung after their guests had gone was coming to a close.

After that she had begun to talk about Rickey all the time. She talked about his unhappy marriage and his divorce. She talked about his extravagant mother, who was spending all of his money so that his allowance was cut down to nearly nothing, and about how lonely his life must be going from hotel to hotel or staying in other people's houses. "Sympathy," John thought, "seems to be the nature of her affection, but it's as strong as any other attachment. If the worst comes to the worst, I wonder how they'll break the news to me." If it would be Rickey he could imagine him coming into the room and bracing his shoulders as he often did. "I'm through with the horses," he would have said. "I'm tired of all that and I want to settle down and Sue's the only person I want to settle down with. We're happy together. We love each other terribly. I know it isn't kind or considerate or honorable but I haven't seen enough of kindness or consideration or honor in my world to have taught me to sacrifice my only happiness for those principles." But if it were Sue, he knew, it would be something different. He might come into the bedroom some night and find her packing. "I'm sorry, darling," she would have said, "but I'm crazy about him." It would have been something as simple as that and then he would have let her go. And realizing how true and imminent his fears were, he struck the table and swore under his breath and felt his eyes smarting.

WHEN they came back he might not have been sitting at the table for the attention they paid him.

"That's our horse," Rickey said, turning his shoulder a little and pointing out a horse. "That's our horse, Number 8. The bay mare. Green silks." Our horse, John thought, our house, our car, our wife.

There was a big field that time and a long wait at the barrier and the crowd grew nervous. Then there was that confused roar and a woman near them began screaming: "Comeon, you Barfly! Comeon, you Barfly! Comeon, you Barfly! Comeon, you Barfly! . . ." But the crowd was generally still, still enough for them to hear the sweet drumming of hoofs on the backstretch. Then more people began to call out like the noise of a crowd coming nearer and nearer, street by street, and Rickey was shouting: "Tarvola, Tarvola, Tarvola," and bringing his fist down through the air again and again as if it held a crop. But his horse came in outside the money and before the roar in the stands had quieted he sat down and called a waiter and ordered a drink. "Look on a broken man, children," he said, lifting his drink. John noticed how his hand trembled. "Look on a man without a cent in the world. A man whose debts if they were placed from end to end would even surprise his father. I'm broke," he said seriously, "stone-broke, done up. It's never been like this before. I've lost money but I've never lost all of it."

"I'm sorry," Sue said, "terribly sorry." She spoke to him with the tenderness and understanding that John had thought of as the most beautiful thing in his experience until he saw it directed toward another.

"If I only had something to put on the next race . . ."

"Can I lend you something?" John asked.

"Would you mind?"

"Not at all. Would fifty be enough?"

"Wonderful. Would you put it on a horse for me? You might bring luck. On War-Bridge. At the best price."

"Sure," John said a little resentfully. He pushed his chair back and started toward the betting ring.

For a moment after he had gone, there was that sweetness they always felt when they were left alone.

"I'm low," Rickey said.

"It's rotten luck." Her voice was soft.

"If it weren't for you," he said, "I don't know where I'd be. Honestly, darling, if it weren't for you I don't know where I'd be tomorrow morning. I've lost money before but I've never lost it like this and if I didn't have you to think about I guess I'd go crazy. I guess I'm through with the horses. I guess it's no good. I guess I want to live *(Continued on page 46)*

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He couldn't quite place it, but, in theatrical vernacular, she registered. "No matter how she plays and sings, it's fun just looking at her," Eddie reflected

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN a night club in Miami fails, closes its doors, two young men—Eddie Lawson, a dancer, and his friend, Tiny Martin, a musician—find themselves jobless and almost penniless. While hitchhiking toward New York City, where they hope to have better luck, they stop at a small Southern town: Karnak. There, with less than a dollar in their pockets, they find a simple boardinghouse, take a room.

The salient feature of the boardinghouse is a girl—Linda Waring, niece of the owner. Linda is young, blond, beautiful; and full of the well-known Southern "charm." . . .

Meanwhile, in New York City and in Long Island's night spots, two men who had spent their boyhood together in a small Midwestern city—Morton L. Bemis, a lawyer, and Andrew North, a racketeer of the killer type—are making a night of it. Mr. North is much interested in Morton L. Bemis. Following a chance meeting in a restaurant-bar, Bemis has informed him that, just in from his home town, he is searching for a young man, Oscar Blunt, who is the owner—although he is not aware of it—of stock worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. Bemis has informed him, furthermore, that Oscar Blunt is a "hoofer" who has taken the name of Eddie Lawson; and that he, Morton L. Bemis, is the only person in the world who knows anything about the matter.

Yes, Mr. North is indeed interested in Mr. Bemis. But his interest, it would appear, is purely selfish; for, the tour of the roadhouses completed, he escorts Mr. Bemis (who is intoxicated) to a lonely spot, shoots him, throws the body into the sea.

Then, speeding toward New York, Mr. North says to himself, "There is now only one man in the world interested in Mr. Eddie Lawson. I shall be very happy to meet him."

II

TINY mopped his perspiring forehead and gazed with slightly jaundiced eyes at the lithe, lean figure of Eddie Lawson.

Eddie snapped off the portable phonograph and posed with hands on hips before a group of fourteen very young children. He wore ancient gray slacks and a white sports shirt which was open at the throat. The sun of a hot May afternoon streamed in through the windows of the Elks' Hall and played about a polished floor which was already considerably scarred by the marks of shoe taps.

Eddie grinned and the children grinned back. He said cheerfully, "Now watch me closely. Here's the way it goes:

"*East* side, *west* side, *all around* the *town,*
T*ata-tatata-ta*-ta-ta-*ta*
London *Bridge* is fall*ing* down . . .

"You've got to keep your balance, and you've all got to tap together. Now then—let's run through it once more. You, too, Jenny—you're doing much better. Remember, the show's only ten days off."

Grimly the youngsters set themselves and tensely they awaited the starting order from their maestro. Their little feet tapped irregularly, their slim bodies twisted with the awkwardness of extreme youth, but the total result was not entirely awful. Eddie beamed across the room at his mountainous friend.

"How about it, Tiny?" he inquired. "Aren't they a wow?"

"Wow!" murmured Tiny, utterly exhausted by Eddie's energy. "When'll you be through, Eddie?"

"Oh! About half an hour."

"Time's up now."

"I know. But they're just beginning to catch on."

"You've got a grown-up class at eight-thirty."

"Scram, Big Boy. I'm busy earning an honest living."

Tiny sighed and moved toward the door. He plodded down the narrow stairway and emerged on Court Street. Turning left, he made his way slowly and disconsolately toward Ernie Rudd's diner—but en route he saw things.

In front of Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, a group of high-school students had formed a circle in the middle of which a boy and girl were tapping while others whistled "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." In front of Lefty Bragan's poolroom, three little Negroes were dancing. One of the students yelled, "Hey, Tiny—look!"

"I'm looking, and I'd hear it even if I wasn't." There was a note of ineffable sadness in Mr. Martin's voice. "Can't you dance the Big Apple for a change?"

"We're practicing," explained someone, "for the revue."

"Revue, eh? It's graduated to that, has it?"

He mourned on down the street and turned into Mr. Rudd's slightly septic diner near the railroad tracks. Mr. Rudd, proprietor and chef of the informal lunchroom, was sitting back of the counter with his lips pursed as though he were about to commit a whistle.

"Don't!" ordered Tiny sharply.

"Don't what?"

"Don't whistle The Sidewalks of New York or Sweet Rosie O'Grady. If I hear either of those numbers one more time, I'll go nuts."

Rudd hoisted his long, angular body from its canvas-seated resting place and chuckled: "That Eddie Lawson—he sure is a card. Got the whole town tappin'."

"Motors with one cylinder missing beat out the waltz clog," grieved Tiny. "Two hamburgers, Ernie."

"With onions?"

"Plenty. And a bottle of Nectaro."

The hamburgers were slapped on the griddle, where they commenced to sizzle and to give forth a most enticing odor. Mr. Rudd was in a conversational mood: "Reckon Eddie ain't fixin' to leave heah soon, is he?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What you mean—afraid?"

"We-e-ell, we were headed for Broadway when we stopped here in the first place. And now—"

"Shuh! Tiny, what you kickin' about? Eddie's king of Karnak now, and he's makin' nice money with his dancin' classes. I never see a lad with the git-up-an'-git he has. And they say this revue he's puttin' on next week end for the United Charities is gonna be a knockout."

"I suppose so. Everybody's in it."

"You're leadin' the orchestra, ain't you?"

"Yeh. . . . You know, Ernie—I been trying to dope something out. Maybe you can help. What can a saxophone player do for a living when he ain't playing sax?"

ERNIE appeared to be bewildered. He said, "I dunno, Tiny—I sure don't. It's a problem I never gave no consideration to."

"Well, start thinking now. It's becoming serious."

Mr. Rudd served the hamburgers and the Nectaro. He asked, casually, "Where did all this dancin' thing start?"

"Hmph! First night here Eddie showed a couple of steps to a kid that lives at the Warings' house. His folks started dragging him around town and making him show off. Everybody went ga-ga about how nifty he was and wanted their own little cuties to do the same thing. Then they fell for Eddie the two weeks he was playing at the Hollywood, and then . . . well, you've heard of epidemics, haven't you?"

"Uh-huh," said Ernie, "I sho' have. But this is the first time one ever hit Karnak."

Tiny was still deep in conversation with Ernie Rudd when Eddie finished his children's class, dismissed them, and walked briskly toward the Warings' home. Men and women and children waved to him and called cheerful greetings, and for each he had a word, a wave of the hand and a flash of his broad, infectious grin.

Eddie Lawson was a very happy young man. For the first time in his life he was a personage. Of course, he

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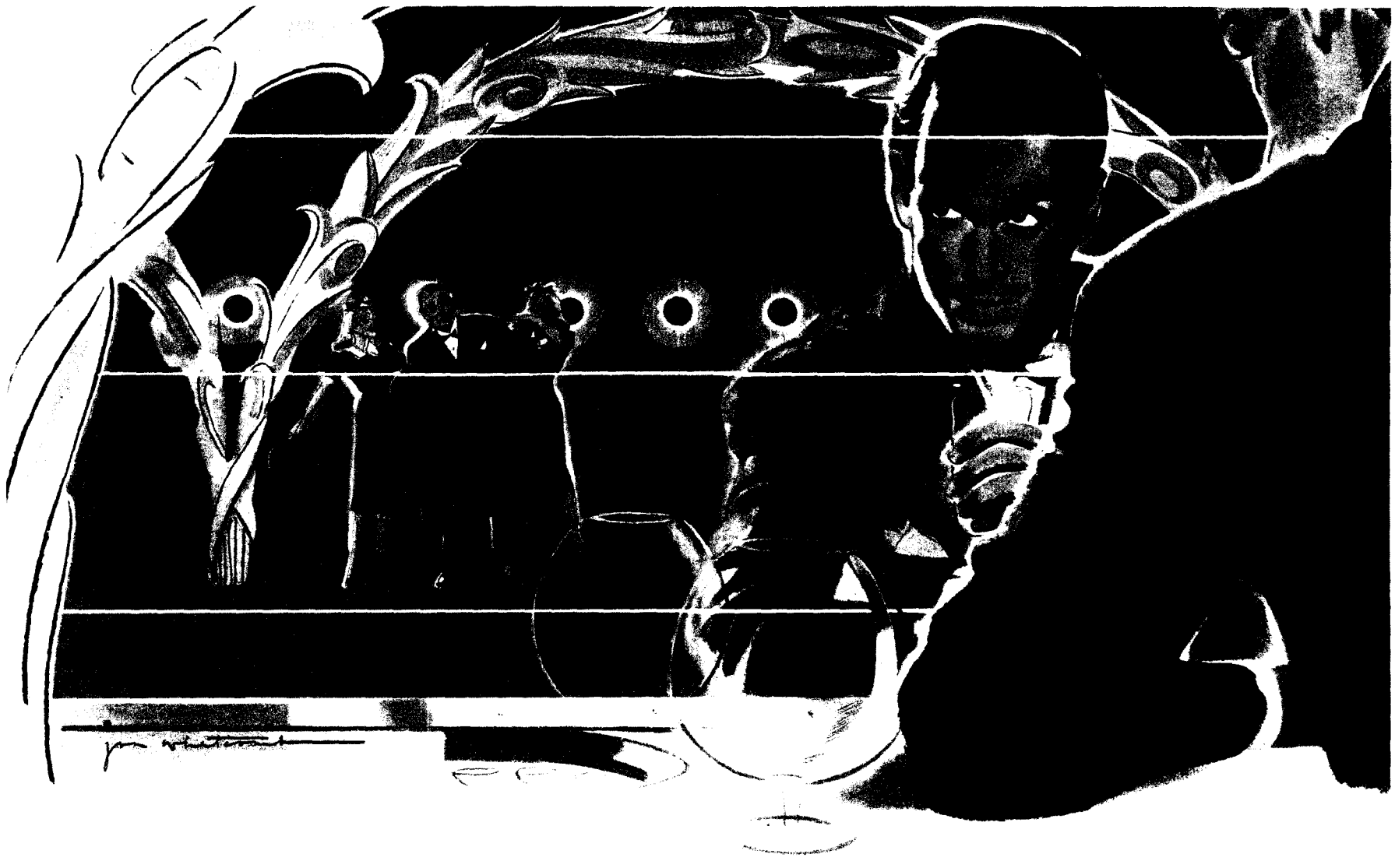

Andrew North walked upstairs to the main lobby. Two blond hat-check girls rushed forward

was thinking Broadway occasionally—but New York seemed farther and farther away, a trifle less of a magnet than it had been. Not that he wouldn't return eventually, but, shuh! it was nice to live in a little town like this, nice to have folks greet you on the street—"Hi! Eddie—how's the boy?" Nice to have mothers stop you and say, "Oh, Mr. Lawson—my little Lucy is doing so wonderfully. I'm sure your United Charities show is going to be simply marvelous."

The good ladies of Karnak had approached Eddie about directing their annual show. They insisted that he take a percentage of the gross for his trouble, and he had declined—asking them to figure the amount when the show was over, and to accept it as a contribution from himself and Tiny. They had loved that, of course.

For more than a month Eddie had been in Karnak. Cool spring had been followed by the first portentous blast of summer. But gardens were radiant with blossoms, the benevolent old trees gave welcome shade, and two young men had been taken to the hearts of the townspeople. The citizens looked up to them with friendly awe; they were content to listen for hours to stories of Broadway and of night clubs and vaudeville. They loved the vernacular which Eddie and Tiny used, and their way of insulting one another good-naturedly. And the entire populace was insane about tap dancing.

Eddie turned up the walk to the Waring home. Linda put down the magazine she had been reading and gestured toward the porch chair beside her. Eddie dropped into it and said, "Whew! It's hot."

"Having trouble with your children?"

"It's fun, Linda—no foolin'."

She looked up at him from under long lashes. "You *do* enjoy it, don't you, Eddie?"

"And how! It's my first small-town experience."

"But you won't be stayin' long, will you?"

He didn't detect the slight undercurrent of apprehension in her voice, nor see the sudden flush on her cheeks. He would, in fact, have been both surprised and startled to have learned that Linda liked him—more, much more, than she had ever liked any other young man. Somehow—happy or not happy—Eddie didn't rate small-town girls in his scheme of things. He was too essentially Broadway and show-world to regard any one of them—even Linda—as a definite personality. He liked her, of course, and he kidded along with her, and he chuckled over her contradictory shyness and rapierlike wit. But she was Karnak and he was Broadway, and he wasn't a philanderer, and, besides, she was a darned nice girl. So that was that—and even Tiny's warning, several times repeated, "Linda likes you. Plenty!" had met with only a light laugh and an honest response, "Be yourself, Tiny. You're seeing things."

EDDIE turned to her suddenly. He said, "Look, Linda—why aren't you in the show?"

She flushed again. "What could I do?"

"Play. Sing. Haven't I heard you fooling around the piano?"

"That's the trouble with this town, Eddie. It's too overrun with lady singers already."

"I know. But I want everybody in that show who can do anything. We'll pack the Masonic Temple and raise a lot of dough—"

"And I'd be worth a few more tickets?"

"Ever try any singing—in public?"

"Not since I left high school."

"Come on—be a good scout. How's for letting me see what you've got?"

She laughed briefly, lightly. "You're an honest lad, aren't you?"

"I could cut down a cherry tree. Let's go have an audition."

"I'd rather not."

His fingers closed around her trim little arm, and he didn't know that she trembled, or that her cheeks were white. She only said, "Don't shove, mister—don't shove."

He pulled her into the parlor, shut the door and sat her down on the piano bench. She was still trembling, and she said, "I'm scared. Honestly, I am."

Eddie laughed her words aside. He said, "I'll bet you've got something." He knew he was lying when he said it. "Now let's just pretend that this is Broadway. You're being auditioned. Forget I'm here. Be yourself—and shoot the works."

"I'm still frightened."

"Go to it, sister—go to it. I'se a-listenin'."

He knew he wouldn't be bored. Naturally, he was prepared for what she was about to do: to play with amateur adequacy and sing with mediocre efficiency. But he was never bored watching her. The gal had personality. He couldn't quite place it—but, in theatrical vernacular, she registered. Her tiny face was expressive, her figure enticing. "No matter *how* she plays and sings," reflected Eddie Lawson, "it's fun just looking at her."

She ran her fingers over the keys. And then, in a low, clear voice, she started to sing a popular number. She sang timidly, softly, appealingly.

It was a simple number—Eddie had heard it a thousand times—but as he listened he straightened intently. His lethargy vanished. He was seeing things that he could not believe.

Simple lyrics—yet this little country girl gave them a meaning entirely new. As she lost herself in the number, she was alternately demure and provocative, shy and bold, aloof and intimate. She gave the song an interpretation that was not inherent in it. She withheld herself—yet offered herself. She sang with eyes downcast, yet every once in a while she would raise them and look at Eddie—at her audience—in a manner which set him to tingling.

"Good Lord!" he said, not irreverently, "good Lord! . . ."

HE KNEW that she was no longer conscious of him as an individual named Eddie Lawson. She finished her first number and he said, harshly, "Go on! Another!" And as she played and sang that, enriching it with her bewildering, tantalizing, elusive personality, he half closed his eyes and visioned a great New York restaurant and a tiny, demure, virginal little girl sitting at a great piano in the glare of a spot . . . challenging, tantalizing, bewitching sophisticated nightclubbers who had seen many things in their lives, but never this.

Eddie Lawson had never been tops in show business. To himself he admitted that he probably never would be. But he knew talent when he saw it. And he was seeing it now.

He made her sing number after number. Something of his tenseness was imparted to her, and the last vestige of reserve dropped away. Little things that she had dared do only when she was alone she did now as she sang for this impersonal young man. She teased him, she coaxed him—and she told him that she was unobtainable. Perhaps.

(Continued on page 40)

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Official Business

By Arthur Mann

Bill Stewart has thrived for years on hard work and poor pay. In his baseball-hockey-football career as player, umpire and coach he has traveled a million miles and probably holds some sort of record for getting into arguments with people

BILL KLEM, dean of the baseball umpires, took the new decision-maker in hand before a game in Pittsburgh three years ago.

"Stewart," he said, "always call 'em as you see 'em—as you see 'em here." Klem tapped the left side of his chest which contains a heart alleged to be entwined by a growth of refrigerator coil. "Let that be your guide and, like me, you'll never have to worry about making a mistake. Another fault that young umpires must fight—don't duck the close ones by favoring the home team. Never be a 'homer.' All right, let's go to work."

The two National League umpires, oldest and newest, went to work in the Brooklyn-Pittsburgh game. Klem operated behind the plate. Stewart took the bases. It was just another ball game until, with a Pittsburgh runner on first, Klem called a balk on the pitcher, sending the runner to second.

Straightway the Brooklyn team, with their new manager, Casey Stengel, went at Klem's throat, yelling frantically that it was not a balk. They were questioning the decision of an umpire whose prime boast was that he had never called one wrong, according to the message from his heart. And yet they argued, as stubborn players will.

Getting nowhere fast with Klem, they charged down to William Joseph Anthony Stewart, who was on a spot between first and second base, wide-eyed and silent, because in cases like this the second umpire does not speak until spoken to. Besides, he had been on this enviable job less than a month. Yet when they asked for his opinion, he said:

"No balk!"

Pittsburgh fans cut loose with a vocal barrage. Stengel rested his case, but the Pirates came out with rebuttals. Bill Klem was speechless and could only glare, but he reversed himself for the first time on a ball field, and ordered the runner back to the bag. The game was tense to the finish.

Anything but a Yes-Man

There was a frigid silence in the umpires' dressing room as senior and junior official removed trappings and changed clothes. Klem defrosted the situation casually.

"You know, son," he sighed, "I was hoping you'd string along with me on that balk."

Stewart bristled throughout his five feet six inches of compactness and glared at the dean.

"It wasn't a balk, Mr. Klem," he said firmly, "because I saw the pitcher step from the rubber before the throw. And what's more, I'd like to have one thing understood right now. I took this National League job as an umpire, not as a yessing politician!"

That is a representative episode from the career of Bill Stewart as a baseball umpire. Now take one from his career as a referee in the National Hockey League.

The game was played in the Chicago Stadium and Clem Loughlin, manager of the Black Hawks, became fighting mad over a decision which Stewart had made. Loughlin lost control of his temper and his tongue. He was about to lose control of his fists when Stewart thumbed him right out of the game and into the dressing room for the balance of the evening.

Somebody hastened to Stewart with the whispered news that Frank Calder, president of the Hockey League, was in a near-by box.

"I'm running this game," he replied. "After it's over, Calder can fire me, if he wants to."

Instead of firing him, Calder eventually made Stewart referee in chief of the league, quite an honor for a non-Canadian. Last May, Major McLaughlin, owner of the Black Hawks, signed him to manage the Chicago team. That he replaced Clem Loughlin was, of course, merely coincidence. The major wanted this type of energy at the head of his hockey team.

Today interested parties are wondering what will happen to this scrapping official now that he is on the other side of the boards. What will happen when, for instance, a referee chases a couple of his Hawks into the penalty jug on a hairline decision?

Stewart says that he may fight back, just as hockey managers have battled him, but his belligerence will depend upon how cockeyed the referee's ruling happens to be. If the ruling is not astigmatic, Stewart vows that he will take it, just as managers had to when he was dishing it out.

The consensus, of course, is that he will run true to form and develop a teeny-weeny bit of bias and then a little more. Managers and players in ice hockey say that you just cannot be neutral on the bench or on the ice when you're fighting and sweating for victories that will mean better salaries, play-off money and glory, any more than you can give the neighbor's kid a break after the rough-and-tumble scrap with Junior on your lawn.

A Million Miles of Disputes

Whatever happens, though, will be interesting and exciting, unless the pendulum of Bill Stewart's episodic life suddenly swings the other way. Thus far he has never been able to duck crucial games in baseball or hockey, and never could anybody accuse him of ducking an occasional swing at his bald noggin. He usually swings first.

He reached the age of forty-two a few months ago and to date he has digested more fights, accidents, technical disputes and plain arguments (not including domestic) than you will find in the division of a miser's estate. And to catch up with all this action he has traveled more than a million miles in the United States and Canada.

Sounds like a belligerent, trouble-seeking tyrant, doesn't he? Well, he isn't. He is a sad-faced gent whose heavy-lidded, blue-gray eyes make him

(Continued on page 35)

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Jur[redacted]om

When a [redacted]owell she can do m[redacted]han all the pistols you[redacted]n a lifetime

NO PLACE to go here on Sunday. Just days come and go and we work in the corn, terbacker and cane. Sometimes on Sundays we pitch horseshoes. Sometimes we go to the creek, when it ain't muddy, for a swim. Sometimes we go to a cockfight. Sometimes we take the rifles out and shoot lizards and crows. We shoot at our pocketknives when we can't find lizards and crows. Just stick our pocketknives in the trees sometimes and shoot at one another's knives to break the handles. That's about all we have to do around here on Sundays—no Sabbath school any more.

Last Sunday I says to Ma: "Ma, I'm going to spruce up today and go out for a little walk. Might bring you back some huckleberries." And Ma says: "W'y, Pistil, I think you ought to get out and take it easy on Sunday. Boy, work the way you do through the week. Just plow corn and terbacker. Worm and sucker terbacker until you smell like a green twist of that stuff. Clothes are stiff with the glue."

And Ma—she got my white shirt off the clothesline upstairs. I got my low-cut shoes from behind the dresser and my blue-serge pants down off the rack. I tell you they may call me a bad-looking egg around here because I never dress up. But when you see me with a white shirt on my back and a pair of blue-serge pants on one of the prettiest pair of shanks in Kentucky—a hawk-billed cap on my head and low-cut shoes on my feet—w'y, old Hoss-Pistil Tackett's not so bad to look at.

Well, that's the way I dressed. I even put one of them string ties around my neck. Something Pa never did wear only the day he married Ma. Soon as the wedding was over Pa pulled it off and said he'd never have another one around his neck unless they slipped it around there when he was dead or when he got married again. I didn't look so bad when I looked in the dresser looking-glass. My face was tanned the color of September fodder—working out in the July corn, terbacker and cane. Just looked like brown-cooked bacon. I looked at myself when I started out to get Ma the huckleberries. And Ma says: "W'y, the huckleberries won't know you, Pistil." And Ma just laughed and laughed. Then she says to me: "Be careful about pizened snakes. You know they like huckleberries too, so I've heard. Look at that big rattler with fifteen rattles and four buttons your Pa killed last year. Look at the copperheads Amos Flint killed on that huckleberry hill last year." And I says to Ma: "See this old lad, don't you, Ma? Seven heads with this baby at one shooting if I have them all in a row." And I put my autermatic in my blue-serge pants pocket. Right on my hip. And I was off to the huckleberry hill—just three pints over from the house.

I met Ezra Gillum on the way. Great big rough-looking devil with a corkscrew black mustache. He was standing with one foot on a stump and his elbow on his knee and his face resting in his hand. He says to me: "Hoss-Pistil, where you going all dyked up like this? Good pants on and a white shirt and that string around your neck. Going to see some gal, I'll bet." And I says: "Nope. Not going to see no gal nor no widder woman. Going to get Ma some huckleberries." And Ezra twirled the ends of his mustache and just haw-hawed like a scared crow.

I SAYS: "What are you doing up here looking over this cornfield?" And Ezra says: "Just out here to see if it'll make forty gallon or a water barrel of Old Corn. That's the way I measure my cornfields." And he just haw-hawed. Then he says: "First time in all my born days I ever saw a pert-looking young man like you goin' out all dyked up to pick huckleberries. Must be a gal over there." And he just haw-hawed—louder than the wind flapping the broad-leafed terbacker.

Oh, but it was hot. Didn't bother me though. I was used to hot weather. I just clim the hill like a cat. Right to the top. One pint of the way. I looked over the hill—down in the holler. Boy, I just let myself go down that rocky path. Honest, I couldn't stop. Just felt like a bird out of a cage. I couldn't help it. That's the way of the Tacketts, Pa says. Says they are like mules. Work 'em all week until you think they'll be in bed on Sunday and they'll get out and kick up their heels like mules you work all week. They do the same thing. First thing there was another hilltop. Another pint of the way. Two pints gone now. Little beads of sweat about the color of kidney-soup beans stood out on my face. But I kept going. Shirt stuck to my shoulders a little. Just one more pint now—I got to the huckleberry patch. Boy, my wind's as good as any gamecock's. Pa says I'm cut out for a road runner with my snake hips and my long shanks—my eagle eyes with the hawk bill to shade them. Lord, I looked over at the huckleberry hill and I took a run right down the fox-hunter's path—right past the old firebrands where they'd had their fire. I just felt like all the hills belonged to me. I felt so free to be away from work. Just to get out and run around on Sunday and get a poke of huckleberries for Ma.

Ma can't get about like she used to could. Old, you know—and her jints a little stiff. Can't climb the hills like she used to. Boy, I just burned the wind down the hill and right upon the huckleberry pint. I was the third pint o' the way. I tell you—I wish you could 'a' seen the huckleberries. Just covered the whole hillside like hair covers a dog's back. July sun so hot—chestnut oak trees and white oak trees on the steep slope. Leaves all wilted and hanging in pods. Ragweeds growing under these oaks with their stems wilted. And the big gray rocks with the huckleberries just growing right up beside of them full of ripe juicy berries. Lord, but a huckleberry is sweet. No wonder Ma likes them. Sweet as sugar.

I pulled a brown sugar poke out'n my pocket. And I guess I put two huckleberries in my mouth for every one I put in the poke. But I just couldn't help it. I was hungry for huckleberries. I had to get my tummy full before I could do any more picking and putting in the poke. I picked up toward the top of the hill—right up under the sun's wilted leaves. Lord, but it was hot. Great waves of glimmering heat on the hill. Guess it was two o'clock in the evening. I just picked away—huckleberries for myself and for the poke. I had my old autermatic right under my belt—ready and the safety off—ready for the first rattle that warned me. I was going to warn him. Off would 'a' come his head.

I TRIED her out on a couple o' lizards. Off went their heads clean to their shoulders. They just quivered and fell off the logs without their heads. Boy, old Hulda spit fire and the smoke just poured from the barrel. I just hoped a rattlesnake would try to run me off the hill. Copperhead don't try to run nobody. Just wait for a body silent as a rock. Then they right up and pop you before you know it. But I got a eye for snakes. Had to watch for them all my life in the terbacker patch. When a stick flies up under my feet I jump. I'm just on the watch for snakes. Keep old Hulda right along for my pertection.

I picked on toward the top o' th' hill. On the top of three-pint hill now. Right up where I could look down on Pa's hills o' terbacker, corn and cane. Right up near heaven—high up—right up among the huckleberries too. Got my poke half full for Ma. Lizard pops his head up. I pull Hulda—just level down and

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"Is your Pa called Hoss-Pistil Tackett?" he asks. "And is your Grandpa called Old Hoss-Pistil Tackett?" "Well, as I remember, they are," I says. "I am called Young Hoss-Pistil Tackett at home"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

'pow.' Off goes the head. Kindly hurt me to see his blood run there. Would 'a' much ruther seen a snake's blood run there among the dry huckleberry vines. Just then I saw a girl on the next hill. She waved her hand. Boy, I put old smoking Hulda behind my belt. And I waved my hand. I says: "Yoohoo." And she waved again and says: "Yoo-hoo to you." And then I says: "You out hunting for huckleberries?" And she says: "Yes." And I says: "Come over to this pint where there's a lot o' 'em." And she says: "Don't know ye." And I says: "Come over and let's get acquainted." And she took right down the second pint that I'd come down—down the fox path and past the firebrands.

I just kindly walked down the hill to meet her. And when she walked up the path—w'y, was my face red! Believed she was the prettiest thing I ever saw in all the days and courses of my life. And I says: "I'm Pistil Tackett. I'm old Pistil Tackett's boy." And she says: "Glad to know you. I'm Beamy Powell. I'm old Tootle Powell's girl." Boy, you talk about a pretty girl! I just thought about what old Ezra told me when I saw him standing by that stump. Said I was too dressed up to pick huckleberries. Said I was out to see some gal. Guess he was just about right. And I says: "Honey, the huckleberries are plentiful here. Bushels o' 'em." And she says: "Pistil, I'm afraid of snakes." And I says: "Honey, ain't no use to be afraid of snakes." And I just pulled Hulda from under my belt and showed it to her. And I says: "Don't carry this for no man. Not since I got big enough to use my fist. Can't use my fist on snakes. Carry it for snakes and just to hear it crack and smell the gunpowder."

WELL, she pulled out her little poke and begin to pick huckleberries with her pretty little hands. And I says: "Honey, you got such pretty little hands I'm afraid you'll jab one down agin' a rock after huckleberries and break it. Let me give you a poke o' huckleberries." Lord, I just couldn't help it. I pulled out the poke o' huckleberries I had for poor old Ma and give 'em to her. And that pretty little smile—Lordy Lord—but it did make me want to cry. Something just melted in me. And she says: "You out here shooting the pretty little lizards that don't harm nobody. Do the farmers a lot of good catching insects." And I says: "Honey, if you say so I'll put old Hulda away and just use her when we see a snake. I aim to help you fill your poke with good sweet huckleberries."

I just wish you could 'a' seen her. Way up on this hill with me. Pretty as an elm tree in the spring. Just as straight and pretty with eyes blue as a April sky over a green meadow. Teeth white as blackberry bloom. Hair as golden as love vines on a old rail fence. Prettiest little hands I ever saw. W'y, both o' her hands wouldn't 'a' made one o' Ma's. I just picked huckleberries and put in her poke to beat the band. She would pick too. I tried to get her not to. And I just wondered what I'd tell Ma when I went in and didn't have no huckleberries. I couldn't slip back and pick her any after I took this pretty Beamy Powell off'n the hill. Sun going down now and we's gettin' the poke full.

I SAYS: "Honey, don't you reckon we'd better be moving along?" And she says: "I expect so. I live three pints to the west after you get to the second pint over there. That makes a pretty long ways. Four pints from here." And I says: "It's five pints from my home. I'm going to take you home, Honey, and mind the snakes off'n you. Don't guess your Pa will care, will he, for me to go in with you at about dark from huckleberrying on the hill?" And she says: "Pa's awful cranky but I don't guess he'll care." And I says: "Seems to me like I've heard my Pa speak of old Tootle Powell." "And it seems to me like I've heard my Pa speak of old Hoss-Pistil Tackett back up on Big Sandy. I've heard him say that country was as full of Tacketts as it was sassafras sprouts."

Well, we started down the hill. I carried her poke of huckleberries. Had the poke plum full. I carried them in one hand. I held her arm with the other. She locked her arm around my arm and put her little hand in my big hand. And I felt so ashamed. I just ached all over and felt sorry for the poor lizards I'd killed. I thought maybe they's in love too. I was in love—I could feel it. Oh, I didn't have to have Pa and Ma to tell me. I could tell myself that I was in love with Beamy. We walked down the path—under the tall chestnut oaks—the red oaks and the white oaks. Ragweeds hot and smelly. Lord, but what did I care for them being smelly and the day being hot. Had the prettiest girl in the world. I just couldn't keep from thinking about what Ezra told me. I don't know how fast we walked. I don't remember. I just remember the trees and the smelly ragweeds—the bugs, birds

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I was in love. I could feel it. I didn't have to have Pa and Ma to tell me

and bees flying agin' the green leaves overhead. I remember her warm hand in mine. Lord—I do remember that and the words she said to me. I remember going uphill and down—just seemed to me like one pint—but I guess it was four pints. We got there. We got to Tootle Powell's house—the place where Beamy lived. It was a great big house down in the holler.

"Now, you come right on in with me, Honey," says Beamy. "Come right in and meet the folks."

So I just ups and bolts right in with Beamy. I let go of her pretty little hand. So close to the house, you know, and I didn't know Tootle Powell. Right in at the end of the dogtrot. House built like about all the rest of the old-time mountain houses. Big dogtrot through the middle and a big log house on each side.

"Right this way," says Beamy to me. Fire just lit up in her meller blue eyes. "Come to the right. This is where the folks will be." She opened the door and there we stood before one of the biggest nest of youngins I ever saw in one house.

"Here's my huckleberries," says Beamy. And she handed the huckleberries to her Ma. "Ma, this is Pistil Tackett." And she says: "I'm glad to meet you, Pistil." And I says: "I'm glad to meet you too." She looked at me. I looked at her. Heck, my Ma was as good a looking Ma as Beamy's Ma was. And then to think—Beamy so pretty. Me just quick and devilish and red-faced.

"You brought back a new kind of huckleberry," says a big man as he come in at the door.

"Meet my Pa," says Beamy. "Pa, this is Pistil Tackett."

"Are you the Big Sandy Tacketts?" says Tootle Powell.

"Yes," I says. "We are the Big Sandy Tacketts."

"Is your Pa called Hoss-Pistil Tackett?" he asks. "And is your grandpa called Old Hoss-Pistil Tackett?"

"Well, as I remember, they are," I says. "I am called Young Hoss-Pistil Tackett at home."

"Chip off that old Tackett block, air ye? Live up there on Big Bruin?"

"Yes," I says.

LORD, I never saw such frowns in all my life. Tootle Powell was as big as the side of a barn. Great big devil with keen black eyes that just looked holes through you. Mean-looking as the old devil's eyes. Great big rough hands and hairy arms. Sleeves rolled up showing his big muscles. I'm not afraid of any sort of a man but I'll tell you this man made me kinda quiver. Just couldn't understand how two such ugly people could get such a good-looking girl as Beamy. But out of all the mess of youngins around they ought to have one good-looking one. But just to look them over it didn't look like there was a ugly one in the bunch.

Beamy's Ma seemed sorty plagued the way Tootle was acting. And she says: "Mr. Tackett, meet my children here. Ain't all here but meet the ones here." And I says: "I'll be proud to meet all o' 'em."

And I met Harry, Jane, Sue, Bill, Tom, Jerry, Henry, Jersey, Violet, Rose Bud and Silas. And then Beamy's Ma says: "Take Pistil in the back room and show him the albums—the old family albums. Show him all the pictures." And Beamy ups and starts in the room. I start with her.

Old Tootle Powell just set there with a big cloud hung over his face. And I thought: "Reckon it's because I've come in late with Beamy. Wonder if he wants Beamy to go with the boys? Wonder what is the matter with him."

Just as we got through the door and was back out in the dogtrot I heard old Tootle say: "Was that the kind of huckleberries she brought home? Was that the only kind that she could find—a Tackett? One of the lowest-down families on the Big Sandy—one of the meanest and snakelike. Oh, I ought to go out there and wring his neck like a chicken."

Well, I put my hand on old Hulda. I couldn't help it whose house it was in. When a Tackett smells danger he is right and ready. And a Tackett just ain't afraid. If he'd come out there to 'a' wrung my neck I just intended to feed him the hot lead.

"Pa's a little upset over you coming home with me," Beamy says. "Don't pay any attention to Pa. Just forget him, Honey."

And I says: "What makes him hate the Tacketts so? I just heard him say we's the meanest people on the Big Sandy."

And she says: "It's Pa's way o' looking at things."

WE OPENED the door and went in the back room. I tell you there wasn't a big bunch of youngins a-follering us either. We just had the room and the family albums to ourselves. And I says: "Wonder what they think of me. Not home yet. Might think a pizen snake got me off guard and bit me and left me sick on the hillside. I ought to be getting home. They'll be uneasy about me."

"You don't have to be in any hurry. You can't leave me, Honey." And Beamy just got up close to me. I tell you it melted my heart—though I did smell danger around that house, gunpowder, and I was ready to go even if the Tacketts ain't afraid.

I looked on the wall. The whole wall was a album. Lord, the first picture I saw on the wall was the upper-half of a black-bearded man with a pistil in his hand. His eye looked mean as a bulldog eye.

"That's Uncle Jerry Tootle Powell," says Beamy. "Pa was named after him."

And I says: "That's not the old Jerry Tootle Powell that used to be on Big Sandy, is it?"

And she says: "That's him."

Lord, I thought I'd faint. I just wanted to say but I couldn't: "He's the Powell that killed so many Tacketts. W'y he shot our people like rabbits. Always out gunning for us. And the Tacketts all had their eyes peeled for his scalp." Here I was in the den of Powells that made their brags they'd kill every Tackett on sight. Here I was right in the den. Just went out huckleberrying on the hill for Ma. Went out to get her some huckleberries and here's what I got. I got the prettiest little Powell a body ever laid two peepers on.

And then Beamy says: "What's the matter? Are you sick?" And I says: "Honey, I et something for my dinner that don't agree with my stummick. I'll get along all right in a matter of time. Just a pain shot under my short ribs." And Beamy looked at me with them pretty loving eyes.

LORD, if it hadn't been for her I'd 'a' took my pistil butt and mauled old Jerry Tootle Powell's picture into the wall. Up there with an old pistil cocked in a picture—just the way he shot my people. Just to think when me and poor old Pa go back on Big Sandy to visit Pa's people—all that's left of 'em—w'y, poor old Pa gets down on the graves and just weeps. He'll say: "Here's your Uncle Eif Tackett or your cousin Houndshell Tackett—killed by old Jerry Tootle Powell."

And the next picture was a tall man's picture standing by a pulpit with the Holy Bible in his hand. "That's Uncle Isaac Powell," says Beamy. "He's a preacher. We had a lot of pictures made

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Traveler's Aid

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

If you are going to get any good out of your trip you have to stay well. There are several things to think about which are automatically attended to when you are home. Dr. Heiser, who has spent his life traveling, tells you what to look out for

ALL America travels—to work by train, subway, elevated, streetcar and bus; to our vast and widely separated vacation lands in Pullman, plane and perhaps most of all in countless automobiles and trailers, winding, climbing, dipping to unknown towns and open spaces, to mountains, rivers and beaches. Ranging still farther afield, the tourist penetrates by steamer to the far ends of the earth—eastward to the Old World atmosphere of Europe and its cathedrals, shops, spas and Côte d'Azur; westward to the Orient, lured by travel agency visions of flat seas sliding by portholes, strange landscapes marching past car windows, moonlight filtering through palm trees on yellow sands and bazaars crowded with wares of the East.

Ask a person why he is taking a trip and the chances are he will answer, "I'm doing it for my health." He wants to recover from an illness; he wishes a rest or change for the nerves. It rarely occurs to him that the benefit may be small if he fails to take reasonable precautions. He has spent his time procuring the necessary funds and plotting out his ports of call, but unless he is going to Africa or Asia he thinks little of safeguards for his health.

The contributions of science, when applied, make travel safe. The two great enemies of the white man in the tropics used to be malaria and dysentery, with typhoid and cholera not far behind. But the Italians claim they had no diseases of abnormal proportions in their Abyssinian venture, and Castellani, the professor of tropical medicine who is credited with accomplishing this miracle, has been lecturing in the United States on how forced adherence to simple rules, such as sleeping under mosquito netting, eating cooked food, drinking boiled water, vaccinating against cholera and typhoid, brought it to pass.

You yourself may even traverse the once dreaded

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tsetse-fly belt of Africa with safety. Open corridors have been cut through the jungle where the fly will not venture, and even in the forest you may go unharmed if you will cover head and hands with netting. Further protection is assured by the recent development of a drug which apparently gives a three-month immunity against sleeping sickness.

Steamers that traverse the high seas are rigidly inspected lest any infectious disease break out. In order to discommode the travelers as little as possible the accredited doctor of a steamer approaching New York harbor is permitted to send a wireless to the quarantine authorities stating that all passengers and crew have been examined and no infectious disease is present. The liner then receives "radio pratique," which allows her to sail by the quarantine station at Rosebank straight to her pier.

Typhoid from Overseas

I have known ships' officers well, and as a rule they are indifferent to health matters and regard the quarantine doctor in much the same light as many women look upon a customs official. Not many weeks ago a passenger liner asked for and was granted radio pratique. The immigration doctor who went aboard at the pier happened to hear of some suspicious cases of sickness among the crew, twenty-nine of whom had been ill, many with temperatures of over 103. He reported this at once and within an hour an examination was going forward.

When the disease was shortly diagnosed as typhoid, the ship's doctor was asked, "Why did you not report this?"

"The ship was fumigated before leaving Hamburg; we thought the sickness was due to the fumes."

The quarantine officials sternly pointed out, "If that had been true, illness would have followed immediately; these men were being taken sick at three- or four-day intervals. The crew must have been exposed to infection before you left Hamburg."

The punishment was of the severest, and must have cost the line a great deal. The steamer left New York without a single passenger aboard, the doctor's name was removed from the accredited list, the ship itself was placed on the blacklist for an indeterminate period, and could no longer receive radio pratique. To protect the United States, every passenger, whoever and wherever he is, had to report to his local health authorities for inspection until the possible three-weeks incubation period had expired.

Be sure you are inoculated against typhoid if you go to a foreign country. Be sure also that your smallpox vaccination is still protective. If you have your children with you, diphtheria protection for them is essential. In cities where infantile paralysis is epidemic, it may now be possible to safeguard them by having their noses sprayed every few days with zinc sulphate. This must be done by a physician because only a trained hand can surely reach the olfactory nerve in the tortuous respiratory passages and do no harm in the process.

If you are wise you will include a first-aid kit in your baggage, containing cotton, bandages, gauze, antiseptics, and also a laxative. The old saying, "Trust in God and keep the bowels open" prevents much illness and discomfort. Remember that washing injuries or wounds thoroughly with soap and water will remove the danger of most infections. Unless the wound is deep, such as that produced by a nail, bullet or firecracker, tetanus is not likely, because the bacilli cannot grow where air is present.

Before you go to high altitudes, be sure they will not harm you. I remember some years ago traveling to the mountains of Peru. A fellow passenger, a lady, found herself in frightful distress from the *soroche,* the so-called mountain sickness. She gasped and gasped and gasped but there was no way to get her away for several days because the train ran only twice a week. A medical examination and cardiographic test would, in all likelihood, have indicated her heart was in no condition for the trip and she would have avoided years of chronic ill-health.

Heart strain, of course, may take other forms. Deck sports on steamers have now become so usual that everybody wants to participate. Elderly ladies, ponderous and adipose, play violently at shuffleboard. Some even attempt deck tennis in an effort, laudable but usually vain, to reduce weight. They ascribe the resultant indigestion to something they have eaten; the fact is they have overstrained their hearts.

Another foolish habit of people on shipboard is to stride vigorously up and down the deck after a heavy meal in the fond hope of preventing a gain in weight. Even should this be true, which it probably is not, the alleged benefit would be bought at an exorbitant price. It is a well-known physiological fact that the blood which should be available to help digestion is drawn away to the muscles used in walking, thereby delaying and impairing it.

Wherever crowds congregate there is danger of droplet infection, which we know is an important means of transmitting such diseases as colds, influenza and pneumonia. One of the simple precautions advisable for commuter and globe trotter alike is always to wash before eating. People are constantly sneezing, at the same time covering their noses, and then offering to shake infected hands with others, who may thus become innocent victims.

More and more is being done to make travelers comfortable. Air conditioning of railroad trains in America has made tremendous headway, although scientists have found definite limitations desirable from a health standpoint. If the variation between the temperature inside and outside is more than twelve degrees, certain individuals suffer severe distress and are affected with nausea, headache and pains in the back; the greater the temperature differential, the larger the number made ill.

All travelers, when choosing night accommodation, ought to insist not only on good plumbing but also on adequate ventilation and quiet. Sound sleep is essential to maintaining a good resistance to disease; no sleep can be fully effective when punctuated by roar of trucks, backfires, rattle of cans, and human voices.

Don't Be Seasick

Good ventilation is also beneficial to sufferers from seasickness. Passengers often engage inside rooms because they are reasonably sure the air will be constantly changed. I found it a great help to determine in advance of sailing the direction of the prevailing winds on my trip and to choose my cabin on that side. Keeping the feet somewhat higher than the head when lying down is another hint to keep in mind when the wind freshens.

I know of few things more conducive to comfort in travel and indirectly to health than properly fitting shoes. You remember how often you, as a sight-seer, after standing for hours in unaccustomed positions, concentrating attention on this and that, moving slowly from room to room, building to building, finally have emerged, feet dragging, listless-eyed, mentally dyspeptic. Inspecting hospitals used to affect me in much the same way. To a certain extent you may lessen the effect of this well-recognized condition of "museum tire" by avoiding high heels and curved lasts. Sacrifice vanity, if necessary, but try a shoe that laces tightly around the instep and leaves free the lower part of the foot, particularly the toes. Then, as you step forward, the thrust is distributed over a larger surface. The side of your foot and the toes do not catch the entire weight. Not only will you find yourself less fatigued; you will not get corns.

In mosquito country you can add much to your comfort by rubbing pyrethrum cream on the neck and around the wrists, legs and ankles before putting on your clothes. The mixture is colorless, odorless and will remain effective from two to three hours. But if you travel in places where malaria thrives, even though the hotel management may inform you no mosquito bar is needed, you would be well advised to use one anyway.

Even those who go bouncing and swaying over highroads and byroads in trailers should screen windows carefully when in the South. Their chief health problem, however, is sanitary. Unless they stop for the night at recognized places which provide them with pure water and toilet facilities, they may endanger themselves and others. For instance, I saw a vacant lot at Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, where eight to ten trailers had dumped their refuse water indiscriminately without regard to safe drainage, causing repugnant smells and menacing the health of the community, and this condition lasted for weeks and even months. Now towns are passing ordinances that trailers parking within their civic limits must be attached to a sewer or have sewage-disposal equipment. This will protect these particular communities, but the trailer travelers themselves should be sure sewage is properly taken care of wherever they spend the night and, just as important, should take precautions to use only water of known purity.

Not long ago a lady said to me: "I know the water here is pure because it hasn't any bad taste." Nothing could be more fallacious. Sometimes the unpleasant flavor may be due to protective chlorine. The point to remember is that crystal-clear, tasteless, odorless water may be abounding with millions of noxious bacteria.

We are so accustomed to drinking from the tap at home that we do not realize all water is not equally trustworthy. A safe rule when in foreign parts is to drink bottled or boiled water unless you have absolutely reliable evidence from health authorities who know —not the hotel people themselves—as to the purity of the general supply.

Where Milk is Dangerous

Every foreign waiter knows Americans want ice, ice, ice; Europeans themselves rarely use it. The artificial variety is usually dependable, but that taken from ponds and other natural sources is frequently contaminated. Thus in traveling it is important to know that the ice in your glass is pure, because the germs of certain forms of dysentery easily survive in this frigid medium and, although their growth may be temporarily inhibited, the ideal conditions you yourself supply may start them happily on their way again.

It often happens that people who would not touch a drop of possibly contaminated water are terribly careless about milk, and many localities still exist, even in America, where it is not pasteurized. Travelers should always bear in mind that raw milk is almost solely responsible for tubercular glands, bone diseases, septic sore throat epidemics, and for much typhoid and scarlet fever.

In the Great War the British exercised the most extreme precautions in their Mesopotamian campaign. One afternoon the British General Maude went to a social function. Orientals drink their tea straight; English and Europeans habitually add milk. The general's tea was not hot enough to sterilize the milk, probably contaminated by flies, and he was stricken with cholera and died. I well recall in Manila the case of an American family just arrived in which the nipple of their baby's bottle was contaminated with cholera carried by flies; the child was dead a few hours after feeding.

If cholera can be transmitted in this way, the same holds true of other intestinal-borne diseases such as dysentery. Flies are filthy things; they swarm around human excreta, dead animals and garbage, and then come to have dinner with you. Campers should be particularly careful to keep them away from food; in a few seconds milk may be contaminated.

(Continued on page 44)

"The Great Mysto, eh? What tricks do you know?"

GARDNER REA

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Listen to Reason

By Steve Fisher

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE KEPT trying to get closer, though he didn't want to frighten her, and now he sat down, pretending, in the way he did it, that he would not move again. He pushed his derby back and as he did this he was conscious that he was perspiring with nervousness.

"Listen," he said, "I just want to ask you a few questions, then I'll leave you alone. Now will you listen to me?"

"Please go away."

He had expected this, and now he looked at her, the drab little suit, the pale white of her face, and the soft blond hair that was touched with breeze. He went on hurriedly.

"It has to do with Larry Stevens. I've got to know where you were last night and all about it."

"Where I was, what I did, doesn't matter."

"It does," he insisted. "I'm a detective. I know how you feel, but I've got a job to think of too. I've got this thing to clean up." He edged over an inch or two. She hadn't even noticed.

"What do you mean—'this thing to clean up'?"

"About Larry Stevens," he said.

"What about him?"

"He's dead."

"*What?*"

He slid over a foot on that. "Dead. You heard me. Been murdered."

"I don't believe it."

He thrust out his jaw. "What kind of a gag is that, sister? You don't believe it. You killed him, didn't you?"

"No!"

"Then—"

Her eyes were shining. "I didn't run away last night because of that. I—"

"Look, baby, suppose you start at the beginning and make everything easier all the way around. We've got to get to the bottom of this, and denials like that won't do it."

"WELL," she said, "last night, I—"

"One thing at a time. How did you meet him in the first place?"

"In the hall of the rooming house," she replied. "It's more or less a theatrical place and people—well, they are more apt to fraternize."

"I see. You came to New York looking for a job and didn't find one. You met Larry Stevens; he gave you a line about going into an act—"

"It wasn't a line!"

"Wasn't it?" he bellowed, and he slid over another seven inches. "Maybe you didn't know he had a wife. Or maybe you did. You came here and tramped the streets from agency to agency and couldn't get a job. You couldn't get a place singing or acting; you couldn't even get on an amateur hour—"

"It wasn't because I'm not good," she said.

"No," he snapped, "you failed because you didn't have the guts to stick to it, because you couldn't stand starving, and like all the rest you had this silly notion about being too proud to go home. That's why you picked up with Larry Stevens in the first place."

"I—I didn't *pick up* with him!"

He laughed harshly. "Oh, you didn't! What was it then?"

She was crying now, and he was getting closer to her. "It—it was beautiful," she said, "the way we met. Just gradually. What I mean is, we saw each other lots before we really began talking, and then— Oh, he *isn't* dead! He can't be dead! He—"

"He fed you, didn't he? He kept the landlady from kicking you out."

She nodded, tears streaming down her cheeks. "We were going to have an act. A dancing act. Like—"

"Like Astaire and Rogers, I suppose."

"Well—"

"Aw, you make me sick!" he said. "You and Larry Stevens in an act. But I guess you believed it. That's why when his wife suddenly turned up in New York last night you waited until she had left his room, and then you went in and—"

"I didn't! I didn't! I had gone from the place by then."

"You had gone," he said sourly. "Oh, I see. Just where did you go? Can you tell me that?"

"Of course. Larry—well, Larry was the only thing in my life. I'd had so many heartbreaks, I'd gone so long searching for something, knowing that I couldn't make out alone, that when this happened—when this woman came in and announced that she was his wife, and he didn't deny it—well, I just wanted to get away. I walked all night. Through the park and to the library, and along 42d Street and— I don't know where I walked. All I know is that I got away as fast as I could."

He was making progress now, but there was no expression on his face. "You loved him, then?" he said, his voice heavy with sarcasm.

"I—ah—yes, I loved him. I loved Larry Stevens! He *can't* be—"

He bellowed: "If you loved him so precious much it's a pretty peculiar thing that you didn't hang around long enough to find out that that woman wasn't his wife now. That she *had* been his wife, but that they had been separated seven years and that he had legal separation papers made out, that he had even gone to the trouble of getting a divorce in addition . . ."

SHE stared at him incredulously. "You mean—"

"I mean she was nothing to him. He married her when he was a kid. Childhood escapade, only she was the kind of a woman that would keep on trying to make a man's life a mess, and when she found out he was in New York—"

"He *wasn't* married?"

"I should think," he said, "that you would have stayed long enough to find that out, if what you say is true about running out."

"Oh, it is true," she sobbed, "the fighting, the loud voices, those horrible voices, and people coming out of their rooms to stare. I couldn't stand it. He hadn't denied anything, though I see now he hadn't time to explain anything either, only I—*now he's dead!*"

"No, he isn't."

"*What?*"

"I said he isn't dead, kid. I lied to you. He's waiting for you inside the building."

"Then it was a—"

He saw that she was going to faint, and now he crawled across the remaining ledge of cement between himself and the girl and grabbed her, pushing her back. He held her there while two cops came walking out across the ledge and got her. "She's all right. She won't want to jump now," he said, and then he watched the cops hand her in to Larry Stevens. He pushed his derby back to the front of his head and looked down, ten stories, at the crowd on the street below.

Looking down had been a mistake because he had always had a deathly fear of altitude, and now, crawling back toward the window, he was shaking as though he had palsy.

CARL MUELLER

"I don't know where I walked. All I know is that I got away as fast as I could"

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Mountain Man

Continued from page 18

firmly back and took the lead, the position of danger. It was the gesture of the guide, the man of the mountains taking charge. In single file we tramped on in the darkness, crunching over the snow already frozen for the night. Anton led deliberately. Sometimes, for no reason that we could see, he would stop us, then lead around on a wide circuit. He had taken my walking stick and occasionally would probe with it for minutes at a time.

We looked back at the dark ridge we had left.

"I wonder if they've found the spot yet where we went on the glacier," I said.

"But this is French territory," said Dick. "They can't follow us here."

"You think not? Well, I'm betting that Sergeant Giulio is just the man to stage a little raid across the border."

We were nearly across. Ahead we could see just the outline of the rocks on the other side. Anton turned to speak to us. There was still enough light to see him plainly.

Then in an instant—he wasn't there. Vanished as if he had turned to a puff of smoke.

We rushed forward—like fools. There it was, a round, black hole in the white surface, so small that it seemed impossible that a man could have made it by his fall. We lay flat and peered over the edge. Blackness. We called, "Anton, Anton." No sound came back. Our shouts resounded as if in great empty vaults below.

Then his voice came up weirdly from the depths.

"Go back."

We didn't understand, stayed where we were. The voice came again, angry, commanding:

"Go back. You will fall."

We hadn't sense enough to realize the great danger we were in. We were standing (as we came to know later) as if on the glass roof of the great rotunda of a cathedral. A thin, brittle roof.

"Go back at once."

Instead we called to ask if he were hurt, whether he could get out—a foolish question.

THEN seeing that the only way to drive us back was to answer, he spoke quickly, urgently. He was wedged in a narrow part of the crevasse thirty feet below—he was not hurt—we must bring a rope—and now, at once, we must go back, go back.

Some sense of our danger came to us and we did move back. Five minutes later we were off the glacier.

It was a nightmare race down to the floor of the valley. The moon climbed above the ridge and we had its faint silver to guide us. But it was a deceitful guide, promised good footing where there were nasty pitfalls, went behind the clouds when we had most need of it.

Sometimes we had to stop for a panting rest. We were full of self-reproach. To have forced the poor fellow out on the glacier against his own judgment.

"The worst of it is," said Dick, "that, even if we get him out alive, we're only sending him back to jail or a firing squad."

"Why?"

"You heard what Sergeant Fournier said about deserters. He'll turn this one right back across the border."

"Maybe we can get a rope from the Durands without letting them know who it's for."

It was late when we reached the inn, but there was a light still burning. Monsieur and madame were looking anxiously up the path that we had taken in the morning. When they saw us they started a duet of joyful exclamation—checked when they observed our battered condition and heard our story.

It must have sounded a most confused and fishy sort of story. But they got one clear fact out of it. Somebody was in a crevasse up on the glacier. That was enough.

"The sergeant has the only rope," said Madame Durand, and instantly led the way up to his hut.

THE tale sounded even more fishy as we told it to Fournier. But in his mind, too, rescue seemed to be the only fact that stuck. Within ten minutes we were on our way back to the glacier, the sergeant, Dick and I.

Only once did the sergeant speak during the long return to the glacier. We had stopped for a moment's rest. Fournier's lantern showed us his keen eyes searching our faces.

"This man," he said, "is the deserter sought by Giulio?"

Dick and I looked at each other. Might as well tell the truth.

Sergeant Fournier listened to us attentively. He said nothing when I told of our pursuit by Giulio's men. He made no sign when I described the shooting. But when I told how Anton had taken the lead on the glacier, Fournier looked up.

"This man, this deserter, is of the mountains?"

"Yes," I said. "Of a guide family."

Fournier nodded to himself.

We came at last to the edge of the glacier. Before we started across the flat white surface Sergeant Fournier put out the lantern.

"What for?" we asked.

"There is enough moonlight to follow your tracks," he said. "Moreover, our lantern on the snow would show us certainly to Giulio and his men if they hunt tonight."

"You mean," I said with a glimmer of hope, "that you don't want the Italians to find this man? That, if we get him out, you'll let him go on down into France?"

I thought that in the faint light I could detect a shamefaced look on the sergeant's face.

"I have heard it said," he muttered, "that the Italian prisons are not health-giving places. And for a mountaineer—"

We could have hugged him.

When we came to the round black hole in the snow I looked closely for fresh tracks around it. None there. Then I peered through the darkness across the glacier. Nothing.

Sergeant Fournier's movements were quick and sure. At a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet from the hole he drove up to its head in the frozen snow one of the two ice axes he had brought. Around it he looped the rope. With one end held loose in his hand and the other tied around his waist and paid out by Dick and me he advanced cautiously toward the hole. The last ten feet he wormed along on his belly. He leaned over the edge—called out.

After a moment the answer came back from below. Fainter now, I thought.

"I don't mind saying I'm a little disappointed in you, O'Rourke!"

LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

THE sergeant tied the second ax to the loose end of the rope and lowered it into the hole. He lay there with his chin over the edge, gently swinging the line to and fro.

Suddenly the rope tautened.

"Pull," commanded Fournier.

Dick and I sat with our feet braced in the snow and heaved together. At first the only result was that the rope cut back from the hole through the hard crust of snow. Fournier came back and added his weight to ours.

Pull again. We gained a few inches that time. Again—then again. And now, between pulls, the tension on the rope eased. Anton was using the ax. We could hear its muffled clink, the tinkle of the ice chips falling.

He rose foot by foot, every inch of them hard-earned.

The worst part was at the end. By then Anton had risen to a point where he could no longer touch the walls, he could only hang in the rope that he had tied under his armpits. We must do the rest.

"Pull," commanded the sergeant. "To hang in the rope too long is to die."

Four inches—six inches. In the freezing air we were running with sweat.

"Look," grunted Dick.

A hand, an arm rose from the hole, groped—caught at the ragged edges of the ice—fell back.

"Hold," Fournier ordered.

He left the taut rope and, still tied by the waist, crept back to the edge of the hole. He reached down to hook his arm under Anton's. The ice began to crumble but still held his weight. Then we saw Anton's strained face. In a few moments the two of them were crouched together.

"Hola!"

The shout came like a pistol shot from behind us. There stood Giulio and one of his men, their rifles over their arms. For a moment we were a frozen tableau there on the snow.

THEN I heard a cry from the edge of the hole—suddenly choked off. I couldn't see clearly what had happened. Anton, startled, must have been about to topple back. I saw Sergeant Fournier's brawny arm sweep across him—throw him sprawling on the snow. But the movement threw Fournier off balance. The brittle snow broke away under his feet. He made a convulsive effort to regain his footing—missed it—dropped out of the world. His rope sprang taut and strained against the ax.

Dick and I were no more than spectators of what followed.

We saw that Anton was on his feet, poised lightly. He looked down at the hole, then across at Sergeant Giulio. He said something in Italian to the latter.

Giulio seemed to hesitate, but only for a moment. Then he dropped his rifle and sprang over to Anton's side. Together they caught hold of the rope that hung down into the blackness.

It was a harder undertaking than Anton's rescue—and more dangerous. The stalwart Fournier was a heavy weight to lift, and he hung as if he were dead.

Anton and Giulio worked cautiously but without wasting a move. They lay on the snow, spreading their bodies over every possible inch of surface. Their movements were as well co-ordinated as if they had been lifelong brothers in the mountains.

Sergeant Fournier's head appeared over the rim—then he was seated gasping on the snow.

"*Salut,* Fournier," said Giulio.

Only for a moment Giulio held that pose. Then he sprang back and there he stood again beside his man, their rifles ready.

"Oh, God," groaned Dick. "Why didn't I rush the other fellow? Now they'll take the poor devil away to prison."

Giulio looked once at us. Then he stood like a statue, extracting every ounce of drama from the scene.

He turned slowly toward Anton and waved his arm down the Val des Glaciers with the grandiloquent gesture of a tenor in the last act.

"Go in safety," he said. "Mountaineers do not kill one another."

And, beckoning to his man, he started jauntily toward the frontier.

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. . . . *like an* AVALANCHE

THE loss of the breadwinner often starts a train of misfortunes which can hit the whole family with the force of an avalanche.

The home is broken up; the children's education is cut short—hopes of college shattered. Without training or experience, the widow may suddenly be forced to depend on her own efforts to support her young children.

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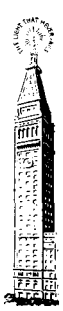

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How I Obtained a Liberal Education Without Ever Going to College

Thomas Lawton tells an Interesting Experience

"Who is that scholarly gentleman?"

I was standing with a friend at a reception before a dinner tendered to a famous visiting professor from an English University. I noted that our distinguished guest was engaged in a learned discussion with an apparently old and esteemed friend. I was so much impressed with the way that the second gentleman was holding his own in the discussion and the marked respect the visiting professor paid to his opinion that I turned to my friend and asked who he was.

"That is Benjamin Brown. I thought you knew him."

"He certainly talks well," I commented.

"If you think so now, wait and hear him speak at dinner. He is to deliver the welcoming address."

I did hear him and I was even more impressed by the extent of his knowledge. I was amazed by the breadth of his learning. *He seemed to be perfectly at home in any field of literature, philosophy, religion, politics and history.* Indeed he seemed to be *the ideal type of cultivated man.* Needless to say I sought him out after the dinner and congratulated him on his speech.

"You must have spent years in study at leading universities."

"Nothing of the sort," said he in his quiet, modest manner. "I have never had the privilege of matriculating at any university."

"It is unbelievable," I said.

"On the contrary," he went on, "there is nothing extraordinary in my training. You can acquire this same knowledge easily and pleasantly. Any average person even with little formal education can obtain the same results as I have.

"My own education," continued Mr. Brown, "was very meager. Circumstances forced me to leave school at an early age. Having had but the equivalent of one year in high school I always felt embarrassed in the company of my fellow men who had attended universities and who possessed the basic education which gave them *poise and social assurance.* I envied them. I felt that I was destined to be educationally handicapped and a low-wage man all my life. But fortunately one day I happened to hear from a friend of mine about the Course offered by the Eliot Foundation of Adult Education. I immediately sent for it. After it came I was not long in realizing that I had in this Course the means to overcome the educational deficiencies under which I had keenly suffered.

"For this Course has not only given me a wide grasp of cultural subjects, but it has enabled me to take a fresh hold on myself and my potentialities for success in life. I feel that I have put myself on an altogether different and equal plane with my fellow men. The inferiority complex which I so poignantly felt has gone forever."

"But, Mr. Brown," I interrupted, "what you say is all very well. But you have devoted years to study. How about me? I haven't time."

"Mr. Lawton," he replied, "this Course can be mastered in your spare time—*a few minutes each day will give you within an unbelievably short period an excellent grasp of the cultural subjects.* The Harvard Classics on which the Course is based are the selected masterpieces of the centuries chosen by Dr. Eliot, the greatest educator America has developed. You will find the Course so interesting that it will be a means of relaxation and recreation at the end of the day. I can prove my statements."

No proof, however, was necessary, for I wasted no time in obtaining the Course. When I sat down after supper with the first Session, all my skepticism, if I ever had any, disappeared, for the reading was so inspiring it was a revelation to me.

That was several months ago. I have found the Eliot Foundation Course to be priceless. To spend a few minutes each day in the presence of the greatest thinkers of all time is a rare privilege. *I am amazed at my progress.* I have acquired a broad knowledge of the cultural subjects which places me on an equal footing educationally with my more fortunate brethren.

Every man, no matter how limited has been his formal education, can obtain from this Course a liberal background and acquire the self-confidence which only such a training can give. It is the basis of all education. Possessing it, men are able to advance in their work, obtain a better social position and more enjoyment from life. *A liberal training often spells all the difference between failure and the highest pinnacle of achievement.*

I sincerely urge my readers to send for the Course at once. The cost is immaterial in comparison with the dividends of increased power, pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. The knowledge obtained from this Course will be directly reflected in increased earnings. It will give men and women the added equipment needed to reach their goals.

*THOMAS LAWTON

*A Composite of the actual experience of thousands of satisfied owners.

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We will be glad to mail you absolutely free and without any obligation on your part our handsome Prospectus describing in full detail this marvelous Course. It tells you how, like Mr. Lawton, you may derive the priceless benefits from its teachings, and the easy terms on which it may be purchased. *Send today* for your copy of the Prospectus. Please fill in your name and address on the coupon below and send it to us by return mail.

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Official Business

Continued from page 25

look as though he has been reversed on every decision. Across the top of his pate are brushed the last stubborn strands of his hair. The only suggestion of his calling is a long, determined chin.

His tastes are few and simple, and he stops at the smaller, secluded hotels. He carries a tiny radio set, a trunk that looks ready to fall apart and a trick chest protector which he himself fashioned out of a set of football shoulder pads and sponge rubber.

Somewhere back in his youth, which began at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and continued at Jamaica Plain, he had the idea of becoming a clerk and cost accountant. But he packed a lot of natural athletic ability, and he fell into starring at track and then baseball. When still in grammar school he was a strikeout artist. In a game against Edward Everett High, he retired the first two batters, who bunted, and then fanned the next sixteen.

Two days later he struck out twenty-one batters in a school game, with only one man reaching first in the nine innings. Later in the day he pitched against the American Hide and Leather Company team. The first batter tripled, but Bill struck out the next seventeen.

From then on his number was up for baseball. He traveled in search of will-o'-the-wisp success and his trail sounds like the neighbors telling about their two years in a trailer. Here it is:

Brockton, Massachusetts; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Montreal, Quebec; Chicago White Sox; Louisville, Kentucky; St. Joseph, Missouri; Syracuse, New York; Allentown, Pennsylvania; Nashua, New Hampshire; Waterbury, Connecticut; three teams in the Cape Cod League in 1929 where he hit for .386, and he wound up playing semipro baseball!

Coach, Player and Scout

Sandwiched among those assignments, which covered a period of sixteen years, were jobs as scout for the Boston Red Sox, baseball coach at Boston University, pioneer professional football with the old Providence Steam Rollers and a team in the Army.

The team in the Army was the high spot, because it closed with two contracts, one for marriage and the other to pitch his spitball delivery in the cause of the Chicago White Sox. He received his discharge in December of 1918 and spring training was two months away. Rather than break a record by remaining idle, he ferreted out two jobs. One was to sit in a chair and clerk for a company that manufactured machinery. The other was to take census.

Census-taking didn't pay as well as clerking, but it required long hours of beneficial walking in the winter air. He picked up a big registry book and started out to take the census of the Boston suburbs.

Somewhere on the job there was a freak accident. A woman opened the door suddenly and pushed Bill off a narrow second-story porch before he could even get her telephone number. His 190 pounds crashed to the ice-crusted earth fifteen feet below.

The right shoulder was wrenched, but not until the American League season opened did Bill learn that he could never bust 'em across the plate again with that terrific speed. Kid Gleason sent him to Louisville where he managed to win thirteen and lost only seven.

The next high spot in his itinerant career came during his work as baseball coach at Boston University. He tells it like this:

"A kid reported in 1921 and declared himself a third baseman. He was a real Mick with black hair and a jutting jaw. His word was good enough for me, so he went to third base.

"I don't know why he picked out third, unless it was because of his powerful throwing arm. He had so much power in those heaves across the diamond that we never knew when the ball was going into the grandstand behind first base. Finally, I broke the news easy by handing him a catcher's glove. I told him to get some trappings and work just as hard behind the plate. He did, I guess, because he turned out to be a swell catcher under the name of Mickey Cochrane."

As scout for the Boston Red Sox, Stewart dug up Danny MacFayden, who was a bespectacled pitcher on a high-school team. When he reached the end of the trail as a player in 1929, Stewart took a job as umpire in the Eastern League.

Now, as you can see, Bill Stewart never made much of a salary, and he was constantly reminding himself that a steady job like clerking and cost accounting would have panned out better than the sports business, which hadn't panned out very well at all. His limited summer salary was invariably gone when fall arrived. He was obliged to hustle out, referee football games, amateur and semipro hockey and even coach at Massachusetts Institute of Technology for seven years and double up over at Milton Academy.

"Get a bucket of water—Daddy's going to open his Christmas presents!"

BO BROWN

A Bare-Fisted Trail

Thus, every dollar of his income came the hard way. When he began the umpiring job in the Eastern League, his eye was trained on the top—the big leagues. It had to be that way now, because his son was growing up. The constant insecurity made him lower the industrial anchor in only two channels. He confined his activities to umpiring baseball games in the summer and refereeing hockey games in the winter. Buttressed with an unusually keen memory, he digested every rule of each game and the solution to every possible circumstance.

You can readily understand how he developed into a man of convictions and the courage thereof. You can understand how in a New York-Pennsylvania League game he didn't hesitate to call a third strike on a home batter with the bases full and the score tied. He did that again on the second batter, and again on a third. Each batter refused to swing at good balls. After the game was over fifty hoodlums went at him, but he blazed a bare-fisted trail to the clubhouse.

The Best-Behaved Team

And in hockey, which stretches from mid-November to the opening of the baseball season, they can't make him take any back steps. He watched a five-minute barrage of debris in Detroit two years ago and knew just how Joe Medwick felt in the World Series of a few months before. After the shower and noise had subsided, he went to the loudspeaker and challenged anybody to come down on the ice and throw something at him, preferably a fist.

A mob of 300 charged the dressing room in Montreal, and one knocked down the door-tender to gain entrance. Bill picked up the intruder and threw him bodily into the crowd. Then he stood at the end of a narrow alley and invited them to come along. In neither instance did anybody accept the offer.

"But hockey is tougher in every way," he hastens to explain. "It's tougher on the player, the official and, yes, even the spectators, because judgment plays a bigger part in rulings. The excitement and blood runs faster and hotter. Tempers break moorings very quickly. I took that into consideration, and have chased a player not so much for the penalty, which under less heated circumstances might be overlooked, but to save the player from himself and his stick.

"The New York Rangers were the best-behaved team that I handled as referee, but that was largely due to Lester Patrick. Ching Johnson was supposed to be a bad man on the ice, but I have blown my whistle for a Johnson penalty and have seen him skate over to the jug without a pointing finger to guide him. Once a young Ranger player received a penalty and cut loose at me with a terrific tongue-lashing.

" 'Quit that!' Patrick yelled to the kid. 'You're paid to play hockey, not abuse officials!'

"And that's the one thing I won't tolerate on the Black Hawks—abusing officials, no matter what the character or seeming injustice of the penalty. They have plenty of misery, being poorly paid and under a constant strain. That's why I once gave a player a penalty of fifty-three minutes. Refereeing is tough enough without having to hear vile, mouthy abuse."

Stewart isn't very precise in terming a referee's job tough. There is the traveling for unexpected itinerary changes, which are more frequent for the staff chief. But the great hazards are injuries and sickness, of which Bill has known two record-breaking sieges.

The sickness was a mere streptococcus infection just inside his nostril. He contracted the germ in New York, but decided to take treatment in Montreal. He did, five and a half days of it. He was operated on Wednesday noon and refereed the Montreal game on Thursday night.

Anticipating That Sea Trip

The accident came in a minor-league game, Boston playing in Providence. Eddie Burke of the Boston Cubs slipped and flew through the air. Bill saw him coming feet first. He put up his arms for protection and the end of a skate knifed into the tricep muscle of his left arm.

He went on to New York for the all-important Stanley Cup play-off game at Madison Square Garden. A couple of players happened to see the arm on the train and nearly fainted. It was twice normal size and blue from shoulder to wrist.

From ten o'clock the next morning until five at night the doctors worked on that arm. And yet he refereed the Stanley Cup game in the Garden. He was lucky, though. He kept the arm close to his side and none of the players body-checked him. It is sound today.

Why did he work under such adverse conditions?

Money! Hockey referees seldom get paid when they don't work a game, and even then the salaries are small. Their contracts carry no guarantee against idleness in case of protracted illness or accident. They are not even sure of a job for the next year. It is a tough life.

Which is why Bill Stewart demanded an iron-clad, two-year contract to manage the Chicago Black Hawks. He is secure now, for a while at least. With his hockey salary and his near-tops pay in major-league baseball, he is right where he figured he could be by hustling.

And take it from him, it was worth the twenty years of struggling, because it means he's sure to have that sea trip with the wife. But, of course, it won't take place until "Duke" finishes Harvard.

"I wouldn't feel right," Stewart confessed, "going away with a job like that unfinished."

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A Day in Town

Continued from page 8

this year, Joe. You havin' trouble on Christmas Creek?"

"Me? Not a bit, Chess. We get along. It's just that I like to keep workin'."

After Chess had gone, Joe Blount laid the point of his shoulder against the saloon wall and watched his two children walk hand in hand past the windows of the general store. Young Tom pointed and swung his sister around; and both of them had their faces against a window, staring in. Blount pulled his eyes away. It took the kids to do things that scraped a man's pride pretty hard, that made him feel his failure. Under the saloon's board awning lay shade, but sweat cracked through his forehead and he thought quickly of what he could do. Maybe Dunmire could use a man to break horses. Maybe he could get on hauling wood for the feed store. This was Saturday and the big ranch owners would be coming down the Two Dance grade pretty soon. Maybe there was a hole on one of those outfits. It was an hour until noon, and at noon he had to go back to Hester. He turned toward the feed store.

HESTER BLOUNT stood at the dry-goods counter of Vetten's store. Vetten came over, but she said, "I'm just trying to think." She laid the baby on the counter and watched it lift its feet straight in the air and aimlessly try to catch them with its hands; and she was thinking that the family needed a good many things. Underwear all around, and stockings and overalls. Little May had to have some material for a dress, and some ribbon. You couldn't let a girl grow up without a few pretty things, even out on Christmas Creek. It wasn't good for the girl. Copper-toed shoes for young Tom, and a pair for his father; and lighter buttoned ones for May. None of these would be less than two dollars and a half, and it was a crime the way it mounted up. And plenty of flannel for the baby.

She had not thought of herself until she saw the dark gray bolt of silk lying at the end of the counter, and when she saw it something happened to her heart. It wasn't good to be so poor that the sight of a piece of silk made you feel this way. She turned from it, ashamed of her thoughts—as though she had been guilty of extravagance. Maybe if she were young again and still pretty, and wanting to catch a man's eyes, it might not be so silly to think of clothes. But she was no longer young or pretty and she had her man. She could take out her love of nice things on little May, who was going to be a very attractive girl. As soon as Joe was sure of the three hundred dollars she'd come back here and get what they all had to have—and somehow squeeze out the few pennies for the dress material and the hair ribbon.

She stood here thinking of these things, and so many others—a tall and rather comely woman in her early thirties, dark-faced and carrying an even, sweet-lipped gravity while her eyes sought the dry-goods shelves and her hand unconsciously patted the baby's round middle.

A woman came bustling into the store and said in a loud, accented voice: "Why, Hester Blount, of all the people I never did expect to see!"

Hester said, "Now, isn't this a surprise!" and the two took each other's hands and fell into a quick half embrace. Ten years ago they had been girls together over in the Two Dance, Hester and this Lila Evenson who had married a town man. Lila was turning into a heavy woman and, like many heavy women, she loved white and wore it now, though it made her look big as a house. Above the tight collar of the dress, her skin was a flushed red and a second chin faintly trembled when she talked. Hester Blount stood motionless, listening to that outpour of words, feeling the quick search of Lila's eyes. Lila, she knew, would be taking everything in—her worn dress, her heavy shoes, and the lines of her face.

"AND another baby!" said Lila and bent over it and made a long gurgling sound. "What a lucky woman! That's three? But ain't it a problem, out there on Christmas Creek? Even in town here I worry so much over my one darling."

"No," said Hester, "we don't worry. How is your husband?"

"So well," said Lila. "You know, he's bought the drugstore from old Kerrin, who is getting old. He has done so well. We are lucky, as we keep telling ourselves. And that reminds me. You must come up to dinner. You really must come this minute."

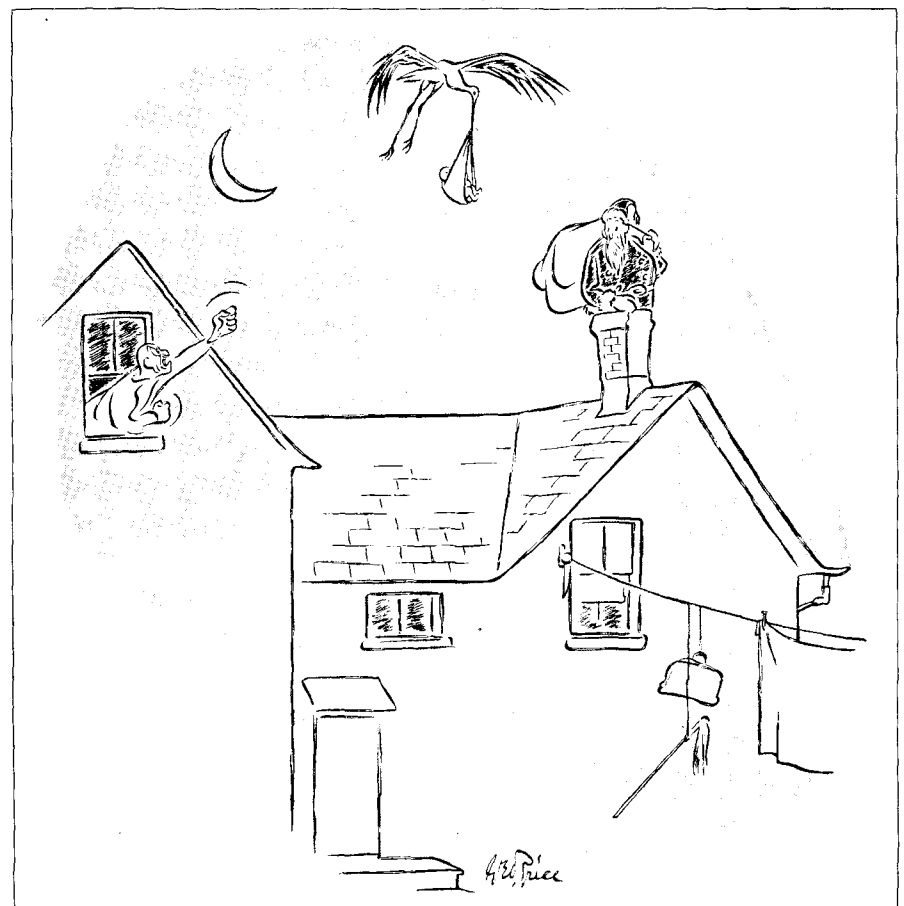
They had been brought up on adjoining ranches and had ridden to the same school and to the same dances. But that was so long ago, and so much had changed them. And Lila was always a girl to throw her fortunes in other people's faces. Hester said, gently, regretfully: "Now, isn't it too bad! We brought a big lunch in the wagon, thinking it would be easier. Joe has so many chores to do here."

"I have often wondered about you, away out there," said Lila. "Have you been well? It's been such a hard year for everybody. So many homesteaders going broke."

"We are well," said Hester slowly, a small, hard pride in her tone. "Everything's been fine."

"Now, that's nice," murmured Lila, her smile remaining fixed; but her eyes, Hester observed, were sharp and busy—and reading too much. Lila said, "Next time you must come and see us," and bobbed her head and went out of the store, her clothes rustling in this quiet. Hester's lips went sharp-shut and quick color burned on her cheeks. She took up the baby and turned into the street again and saw that Tom hadn't come yet to the wagon. The children were out of sight and there was nothing to do but wait. Hearing the far-off halloo of a train's whistle, she walked on under the board galleries to the depot.

Heat swirled around her and light flashed up from polished spots on the iron rails. Around her lay the full monotony of the desert, so familiar, so wide—and sometimes so hard to bear. Backed against the yellow depot wall, she watched the train rush forward, a high plume of white steam rising to the sky as it whistled to warn them. And then it rushed by, engine and cars, in a great smash of sound that stirred the baby in her arms. She saw men standing on the platforms. Women's faces showed in the car windows, serene and idly curious and not a part of Hester's world at all; and afterward the train was gone, leaving behind the heated smell of steel and smoke. When the quiet came back it was lonelier than before. She turned back to the wagon.



"One at a time, confound it—one at a time!" GEORGE PRICE

IT WAS then almost twelve. The children came up, hot and weary and full of excitement. Young Tom said: "The school is right in town. They don't have to walk at all. It's right next to the houses. Why don't they have to walk three miles like us?" And May said: "I saw a china doll with real clothes and painted eyelashes. Can I have a china doll?"

Hester changed the baby on the wagon seat. She said: "Walking is good for people, Tom. Why should you expect a doll now, May? Christmas is the time. Maybe Christmas we'll remember."

"Well, I'm hungry."

"Wait till your father comes," said Hester.

When he turned in from the street, later, she knew something was wrong. He was always a deliberate man, not much given to smiling. But he walked with his shoulders down and when he came up he said only: "I suppose we ought to eat." He didn't look directly at her. He had his own strong pride and she knew this wasn't like him—to stand by the wagon's wheel, so oddly watching his children. She reached under the seat for the box of sandwiches and the cups and the jug of cold coffee. She said: "What did he say, Joe?"

"Why, nothing yet. He said come back at two. He wanted to think about it."

She murmured, "It won't hurt us to wait," and laid out the sandwiches. They sat on the shaded ground and ate, the children with a quick, starved impatience, with an excited and aimless talk. Joe Blount looked at them carefully. "What was it you saw in the restaurant, sonny?"

"It smelled nice," said young May. "The smell came out the door."

Joe Blount cleared his throat. "Don't stop like that in front of the restaurant again."

"Can we go now? Can we go down by the depot?"

"You hold May's hand," said Blount, and watched them leave. He sat cross-legged before his wife, his big hands idle, his expression unstirred. The sandwich, which was salted bacon grease spread on Hester's potato bread, lay before him. "Ain't done enough this morning to be hungry," he said.

"I know."

THEY were never much at talking. And now there wasn't much to say. She knew that he had been turned down. She knew that at two o'clock he would go and come back empty-handed. Until then she wouldn't speak of it, and neither would he. And she was thinking with a woman's realism of what lay before them. They had nothing except this team and wagon and two cows standing unfed in the barn lot. Going back to Christmas Creek now would be going back only to pack up and leave. For they had delayed asking for this loan until the last sack of flour in the storehouse had been emptied.

He said: "I been thinking. Not much to do on the ranch this fall. I ought to get a little outside work."

"Maybe you should."

"Fact is, I've tried a few places. Kind of quiet. But I can look around some more."

She said, "I'll wait here."

He got up, a rangy, spare man who found it hard to be idle. He looked at her carefully and his voice didn't reveal anything: "If I were you I don't believe I'd order anything at the stores until I come back."

She watched the way he looked out into the smoky horizon, the way he held his shoulders. When he turned away, not meeting her eyes, her lips made a sweet line across her dark face, a softly maternal expression showing. She said, "Joe," and waited until he turned. "Joe, we'll always get along."

He went away again, around the corner of the Cattle King. She shifted her position on the wagon's seat, her hand gently patting the baby who was a little cross from the heat. One by one she went over the list of necessary things in her mind, and one by one erased them. It was hard to think of little May without a ribbon bow in her hair, without a good

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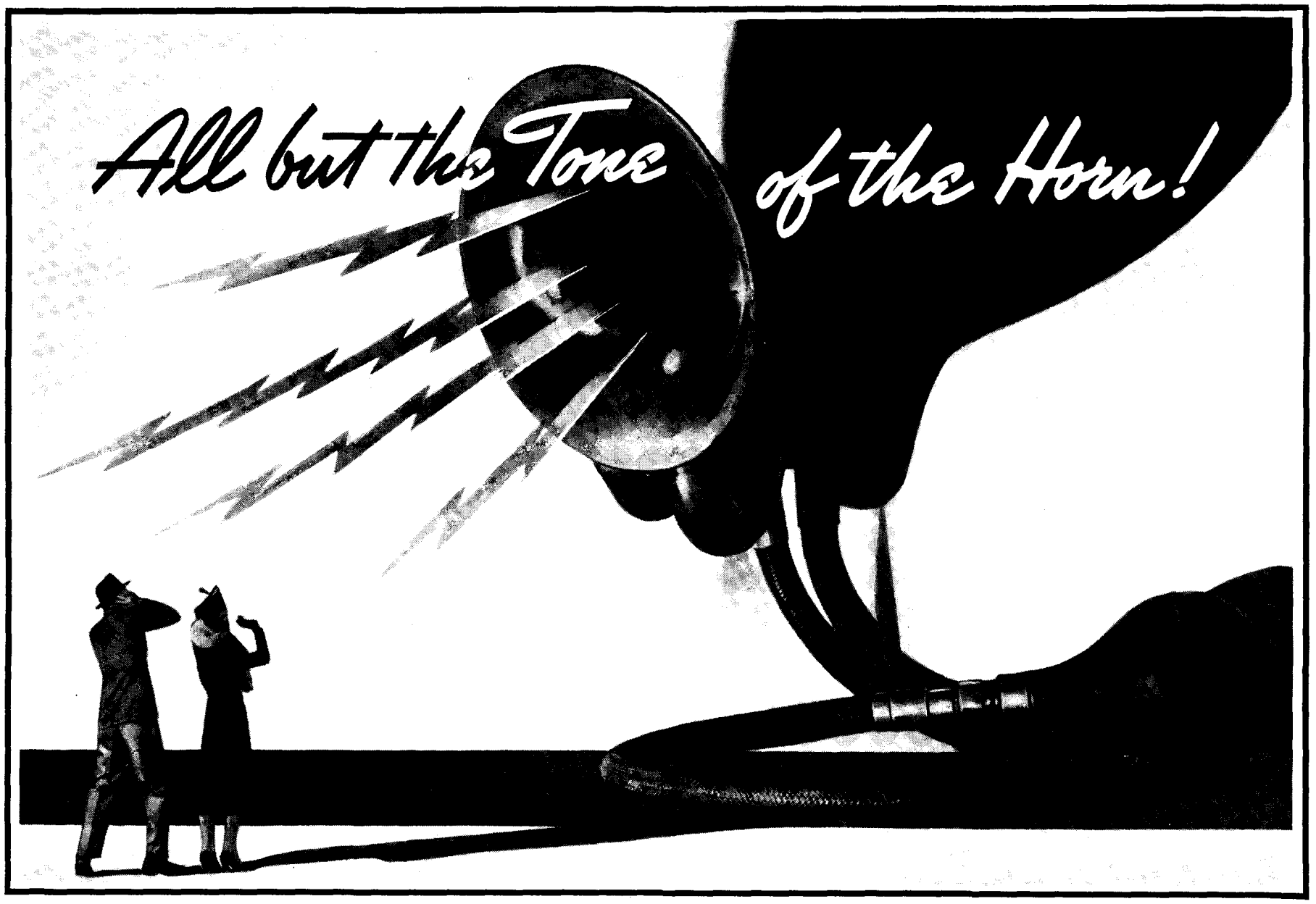

THERE is a research organization in Detroit with a very curious job. The job is to keep the automobile industry from making the kind of cars that people don't want. To do this job, the researchers find out the kind of cars that people do want.

Eight years and several million dollars have been spent in asking seven million people what they like and don't like in automobiles. The answers have disclosed some very significant facts about who buys cars—and *how!* For instance:

1. About 8,000,000 families, or one-third of the population, buy their cars *new*.

2. The new car buyer starts to think about his purchase nine weeks before he buys, seven weeks before he starts shopping.

3. He considers three cars, usually gets demonstrations in only two.

4. And since most cars made today are good cars, and good values, the buyer's decision usually rests on three or four minor features—such as the door handles, large speedometer face, tone of the horn, wide rear seat. As there are 128 such minor features which may determine the decision—the salesman has only a 10,688,000 to 1 chance of guessing the right four!

★ ★ ★

Obviously, automobile advertising has a more difficult job than ever before. It must reach the third family buying the new cars; must register with the prospective buyer early enough to persuade him to ask for a demonstration; and must sell as many as possible of the important 128 minor features. And just as obviously, such a set of advertising requirements demands magazine advertising—makes the national magazine a more important automobile medium than ever before!

The magazines do reach the better able-to-buy families who buy the new cars; and can reach them well in advance. Automobile advertising in magazines gets an attentive, interested, audience with the time and inclination to read.

But most of all, the 128 minor features require the best possible illustration of detail—color, surface, texture, accurate visualization. And no medium affords better presentation of these 128 features—or better reception than the magazines! No other advertising medium can better establish the all-important identification of a new model, or the dissemination of a new idea.

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dress. Boys could wear old clothes, as long as they were warm; but a girl, a pretty girl, needed the touch of niceness. It was hard to be poor.

COMING out of the bank at noon, Lane McKercher looked into the corral space and saw the Blounts eating their lunch under the locust tree. He turned down Arapahoe Street, walking through the comforting shade of the poplars to the big square house at the end of the lane. At dinner hour his boy took care of the bank, and so he ate his meal with the housekeeper in a dining room whose shades had been tightly drawn—the heavy midday meal of a man who had developed his hunger and his physique from early days on the range. Afterward he walked to the living-room couch and lay down with a paper over his face for the customary nap.

A single fly made a racket in the deep quiet, but it was not this that kept him from sleeping. In some obscure manner the shape of Joe Blount came before him—the long, patient and work-stiffened shape of a man whose eyes had been so blue and so calm in face of refusal. Well, there had been something behind those eyes for a moment, and then it had passed away, eluding McKercher's sharp glance.

They were mostly all patient ones and seldom speaking—these men that came off the deep desert. A hard life had made them that way, as McKercher knew, who had shared that life himself. Blount was no different than the others and many times McKercher had refused these others, without afterthoughts. It was some other thing that kept his mind on Blount. Not knowing why, he lay quietly on the couch, trying to find the reason.

The country, he told himself, was cattle country, and those who tried to dry-farm it were bound to fail. He had seen them fail, year after year. They took their wagons and their families out toward Christmas Creek, loaded high with plunder; and presently they came back with their wagons baked and their eyebrows bleached and nothing left. With their wives sitting in the wagons, old from work, with their children long and thin from lack of food. They had always failed and always would. Blount was a good man, but so were most of the rest. Why should he be thinking of Blount?

HE ROSE at one o'clock, feeling the heat and feeling his age; and washed his hands and face with good cold water. Lighting a cigar, he strolled back down Arapahoe and walked across the square toward the Cattle King. Mrs. Blount sat on the wagon's seat, holding a baby. The older youngsters, he noticed, were in the cool runway of Dunmire's stable. He went into the saloon, though not to drink.

"Nick," he said, "Joe Blount been in for a drink yet?"

The saloonkeeper looked up from an empty poker table. "No," he said.

McKercher went out, crossing to Billy Saxton's feed store. Deep in the big shed Billy Saxton weighed hay bales on his heavy scales. He stopped and sopped the sweat off his forehead, and smiled. "Bankin'," he stated, "is easier."

"Maybe it is," said Lane McKercher. "You know Joe Blount well?"

"Why, he's all right. Used to ride for Hat. Old man Dale liked him. He was in here a while back."

"To buy feed?"

"No, he wanted to haul wood for me."

McKercher went back up the street toward the bank. Jim Benbow was coming down the road from the Two Dance hills, kicking a long streamer of dust behind. Sun struck the windows on the north side of town, setting up a brilliant explosion of light. Joe Blount came out of the stable and turned over toward the Cattle King, waiting for Benbow.

In the bank, McKercher said to his son, "All right, you go eat," and sat down at his pine desk. Benbow put his head through the front door, calling: "I'll need five thousand this week, Mac—until the stock check comes in."

"All right."

He sat quite still at the desk, stern with himself because he could not recall why he kept thinking of Joe Blount. Men were everything to Lane McKercher, who watched them pass along this street year in and year out, who studied them with his sharp eyes and made his judgments concerning them. If there was something in a man, it had to come out. And what was it in Joe Blount he couldn't name? The echoes of the big clock on the wall rattled around the droning silence of the bank like the echo of feet striking the floor; it was then a quarter of two, and he knew he had to refuse Blount a second time. He could not understand why he had not made the first turndown final.

"Two single orders of hyenas and one double order of elephants without trunks"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Blount met Jim Benbow on the corner of the Cattle King, directly after Hat's owner had left the bank. He shook Benbow's hand, warmed and pleased by the tall cattleman's smile of recognition. Benbow said: "Been a long time since I saw you. How's Christmas Creek, Joe?"

"Fine—just fine. You're lookin' good. You don't get old."

"Well, let's go have a little smile on that."

"Why, thanks, no. I was wonderin'. It's pretty quiet on my place right now. Not much to do till spring. You need a man?"

Benbow shook his head. "Not a thing doing, Joe. Sorry."

"Of course—of course," murmured Blount. "I didn't figure there would be."

HE STOOD against the Cattle King's low porch rail after Benbow had gone down the street, his glance lifted and fixed on the smoky light of the desert beyond town. Shade lay around him but sweat began to creep below his hatbrim. He was closely and quickly thinking of places that might be open for a man, and knew there were none in town and none on the range. This was the slack season of the year. The children were over in front of the grocery store, stopped by its door, hand in hand, and their round, dark cheeks lifted and still. Blount swung his shoulders around, cutting them out of his sight.

SUDDEN BEN DRURY came out of the courthouse and passed Blount, removing his cigar and speaking, and replacing the cigar again. Its smell was like acid biting at Blount's jaw corners, and suddenly he faced the bank with the odd and terrible despair of a man who has reached the end of hope, and a strange thought came to him, which was that the doors of that bank were wide open and money lay on the counter inside for the taking.

He stood very still, his head down, and after a while he thought: "An unseemly thing for a man to hold in his head." It was two o'clock then and he turned over the square, going toward the bank with his legs springing as he walked and all his muscles loose. In the quietness of the room his boots dragged up odd sound. He stood by Lane McKercher's desk, waiting without any show of expression; he knew what McKercher would say.

McKercher said, slowly and with an odd trace of irritation: "Joe, you're wasting your time on Christmas Creek. And you'd waste the loan."

Blount said, mildly and courteously: "I can understand your view. Don't blame you for not loanin' without security." He looked over McKercher's head, his glance going through the window to the far strip of horizon. "Kind of difficult to give up a thing," he mused. "I figured to get away from ridin' for other folks and ride for myself. Well, that was why we went to Christmas Creek. Maybe a place the kids could have later. Man wants his children to have somethin' better than he had."

"Not on Christmas Creek," said McKercher. He watched Joe Blount with a closer and sharper interest, bothered by a feeling he could not name. Bothered by it and turned impatient by it.

"Maybe, maybe not," said Blount. "Bad luck don't last forever." Then he said, "Well, I shouldn't be talkin'. I thank you for your time." He put on his hat, and his big hand moved up across his shirt, to the pocket there—and dropped away. He turned toward the door.

"Hold on," said Lane. "Hold on a minute." He waited till Blount came back to the desk. He opened the desk's drawer and pulled out a can of cigars, holding them up. "Smoke?"

There was a long delay, and it was strange to see the way Joe Blount looked at the cigars, with his lips closely together. He said, his voice dragging on the words, "I guess not, but thanks."

Lane McKercher looked down at the desk, his expression breaking out of its maintained strictness. The things in a man had to come out, and he knew now why Joe Blount had stayed so long in his mind. It made him look up. "I have been considering this. It won't ever be a matter of luck on Christmas Creek. It's a matter of water. When I passed the feed store today I noticed a secondhand windmill in the back. It will do. You get hold of Plummer Bodry and find out his price for driving you a well. I never stake a man unless I stake him right. We will figure the three hundred and whatever it takes to put up a tank and windmill. When you buy your supplies today, just say you've got credit here."

"Why, now—" began Joe Blount in his slow, soft voice, "I—"

But Lane McKercher said to his son, just coming back from lunch, "I want you to bring your ledger over here." He kept on talking and Joe Blount, feeling himself pushed out, turned and left the bank.

McKercher's son came over. "Made that loan after all. Why?"

McKercher said only, "He's a good man, Bob." But he knew the real reason. A man that smoked always carried his tobacco in his shirt pocket. Blount had kept reaching, out of habit, for something that wasn't there. Well, a man like Blount loved this one small comfort and never went without it unless actually destitute. But Blount wouldn't admit it, and had been too proud to take a free cigar. Men were everything—and the qualities in them came out sooner or later, as with Blount. A windmill and water was a good risk with a fellow like that.

HESTER watched him cross the square and come toward her, walking slowly, with his shoulders squared. She patted the baby's back and gently rocked it, and wondered at the change. When he came up he said, casually, "I'll hitch and drive around to the store, so we can load the stuff you buy."

She watched him carefully, so curious to know how it had happened. But she only said: "We'll get along."

He was smiling then, he who seldom smiled. "I guess you need a few things for yourself. We can spare something for that."

"Only a dress and some ribbon, for May. A girl needs something nice." She paused, and afterward added, because she knew how real his need was, "Joe, you buy yourself some tobacco."

He let out a long, long breath. "I believe I will," he said. They stood this way, both gently smiling. They needed no talk to explain anything to each other. They had been through so much these last few years. Hardship and trouble had drawn them so close together that words were unnecessary. So they were silent, remembering so much, and understanding so much, and still smiling. Presently he turned to hitch up.

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East of Broadway

Continued from page 24

That was it. She gave that impression . . . that there was always a chance: that there was a streak of devil beneath a veneer of angel.

Once every few years something new flashes across the horizon of the show world: a new trick, a new manner, a new personality. The public is first interested and then fascinated. The person becomes a headliner—toasted and sought after. And Eddie Lawson, wise in the ways of show business, knew that a miracle was happening: that a miracle had already occurred.

He didn't know that she had stopped singing. He didn't know that there was the stillness of death in the musty old parlor. He knew only that he was trembling like a leaf, and what he did was instinctive—it was show business—his years of training. It was his natural outlet for an enthusiasm that could not be expressed in words.

He crossed the room in three long strides. His strong arms swept her up from the piano bench, held her tight against him—and he kissed her full on the lips.

He was conscious of a tiny figure tight against his; of wide violet eyes which were suddenly hot. He heard himself saying—"You're terrific, Linda—terrific!"

He knew that she tore herself from him. He was vaguely conscious of the fact that he had frightened her—though he couldn't understand why. His kiss had been a professional one—for that one long moment he had thought of her as being of the show world, too.

So he was astonished when she backed away, white and shaken, and as she gasped: "Oh! Eddie—you shouldn't! You shouldn't have done that!"

TINY MARTIN raised his eyes from the newspaper and surveyed the figure of his friend.

"Hey, Eddie," he said, "did you know that you were 'a master of the terpsichorean art' in addition to being a 'directoral genius,' 'an impresario par excellence' and 'a singer with a flutelike voice'?"

"Flutelike," grinned Eddie Lawson. "Doesn't that guy know the difference between a flute and an oboe?"

"Obviously not." Tiny rustled the Karnak paper. "This review would be something for Variety to reprint. I'm afraid, though, that the guy who wrote it got stumped with Linda. He says nice things, of course—but he ran out of nice, big, two-dollar words."

"Perfect compliment. When that palooka forgets his dictionary, something has been accomplished." Eddie smiled reminiscently. "She *was* a knockout, wasn't she?"

"Yeh."

"Such enthusiasm."

Tiny chose his words with care. "Sure, she was good. Awful good. But she was over their heads."

"Whose heads isn't she over? Answer that one, Mr. Martin, if you please."

"Meaning Broadway?"

"Meaning Broadway—of course."

Tiny heaved a very vast sigh. "I thought you were playing around with that idea, Eddie."

"And what's wrong with it? Look here, large fellow—all our great vaudeville and radio artists started somewhere; all of them came up from obscurity."

"You talk like an agent."

"I'm getting in practice—that's all."

"You're not really serious?"

"Why not? She's got something that New York is hungry for—something new and fresh and piquant. Have you ever noticed, Tiny—how demurely she sings, how modestly—and yet her knack of making you tingle?"

"Maybe," answered Tiny. "Have you?"

"What do *you* think, wise guy? *I* believe Linda can go places."

"With you?"

"With smart handling and her natural ability. All she needs is to get floorwise."

TINY asked soberly, "You're kinda set on this, aren't you, Eddie?"

"Hundred per cent, or more."

"Then I quit arguing. It just sounds screwy, that's all. And so far as I'm concerned, anything that gets us back to Broadway in a hurry appeals to me."

"Homesick?"

"Oh! I like this place all right, but for a lad who was born in Brooklyn and has a Broadway soul—Karnak isn't exactly exciting. Now you—you're a hick. You lived fourteen years in a small town."

"My first fourteen years."

"I know, but you got it in your blood. Let's beat it, Eddie. What do you say?"

"What's on your mind, Tiny?"

"Well, it's getting along toward June. Maybe I can land a job with some orchestra. And you might find a spot in the country somewhere—one of those roadhouses that happens to want a cheap master of ceremonies. You're pretty well heeled—"

"We'll hit New York with more than two hundred dollars. That's heavy sugar for me. But about Linda—"

"I knew it. She's got you counting daisies."

"She's a wow, Mr. Martin—she's terrific, really. Isn't it natural that—"

"She likes you."

"Why not? I'm a good guy—or am I?"

"You're okay. But that isn't what I mean. She likes you plenty."

"Hazelnerts! Fat men are always romantic."

"Kid about it all you like—I'm serious."

"So am I—but not that way, Tiny. This is business."

"Yeh," said Tiny, "I've heard *that* before, too."

"You'll admit she's got what it takes, won't you?"

"I guess so."

"And Broadway will never know it unless she shows 'em, will it?" continued Eddie.

"Logical—if goofy."

"And she'll never get to New York except with us."

"You win, Eddie. And the worst of it is that she'll convince easy. It's in her blood."

Eddie chuckled. "It'll be fun seeing the big town again. And there'll be some folks, anyway, who will be glad to see us back."

"Shrovesbury, you may ask the help in to see the tree"

LEONARD DOVE

The huge marquee sign flashed its message to all Broadway:

CASINO DE BROADWAY
Proudly Presents
VERNON GREGG REVUE OF 1938
Dancing—Gorgeous Girls—Dining

ELEVEN at night, and the place was commencing to fill for the second time that evening. Tables were plentiful and jammed close together. New Yorkers and out-of-towners tipped headwaiters to obtain ringside tables. Little cards on each table extolled the virtues of the performance that was to start at midnight, and explained that there was a two-dollar minimum charge which could be applied against food or beverages.

A name band was tuning up on the rostrum after having rested from ten to eleven. They were preparing for the long, hot session which would last tonight—as on every other night—until three-thirty or four in the morning. The Casino de Broadway was staggeringly successful. It was yokel bait and of interest to native Gothamites as well. The music was good, the show nude and spectacular, the headliners were excellent and the food and drinks not too hopelessly bad. It operated on the theory of mass patronage, and the theory had clicked. Rival places had opened during the five years the Casino de Broadway had been in existence, and they were all doing a turn-away business. But this particular spot was the pioneer, and it alone could feature Vernon Gregg.

Vernon Gregg was master of ceremonies. He had an easy, confident manner which bordered on insolence, and the patrons loved it. He had been in the m. c. spot when the Casino de Broadway first opened—and he was still there. He was an institution, and his name had become known throughout the show world. He had an instinct for what the cash customers liked, and while he was not popular with those who knew him most intimately—being regarded as a thoroughly unpleasant and egotistical person—the casual patrons of the place adored him.

A TAXI stopped on Broadway and a man alighted: a short, stocky man with pink cheeks, small agate eyes and soft hands. He tipped the driver and slipped a quarter to the uniformed doorman, who bowed and smiled and said, respectfully, "Good evening, Mr. North."

Andrew North walked upstairs to the main lobby. Two blond hat-check girls rushed forward, and the one who was fortunate enough to reach him first also smiled warmly and said, "Good evening, Mr. North."

"'Lo, sugar."

"Haven't seen you for a long time, Mr. North. Been out of town?"

"No. Just taking it easy."

The headwaiter came forward. "Ringside, of course, Mr. North—as usual?"

"Doesn't matter." The hard eyes looked around the garish bar. "Vernon Gregg come in yet?"

"Yes. He's having a sandwich right over yonder. Shall I call him?"

"Never mind. I'll go over."

Vernon Gregg smiled a welcome. He was pleased to be singled out by so prominent a Broadway figure as the unsavory Andrew North. He invited his guest to have a seat and a drink, and he said, "Well, it's been a long time."

"Haven't been stepping out much."

"Staying for the show?"

"I don't know. How's things, Vernon?"

"Capacity." Gregg smiled. "What's on your mind, Andrew?"

North never evaded a direct question. He said, "Looking for someone."

"Who?"

"Eddie Lawson. Remember him?"

Gregg's smile was not particularly pleasant. He said, "Sure, I remember him. We were vaudeville partners for three years."

"Friendly?"

"He hates my insides."

North thought, "I don't blame him," but all he said was, "Why?"

"He thinks I gypped him out of this spot when the place first opened."

"Did you?"

"Not exactly."

"And he believes he deserves to be where you are today—is that it?"

"Something like that. But he's wrong. Eddie hasn't got what it takes."

"What has he got?"

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"He is small time from heels to head. Fairly good hoofer, but nothing else. M. c.'s in those stringy little night clubs east of Broadway—when he can land 'em. Not the good ones—just the take-'em-and-trim-'em joints."

"Has he got dough?"

"That's a laugh. He usually doesn't know where the next meal is coming from."

"Where is he now?"

"How would I know? I haven't seen the guy for five years. I tell you, he hates me."

"Then you don't know if he's in New York?"

"Certainly not. Meaning I don't know. Why are you so interested?"

Andrew North smiled thinly. "Friend of mine owns a joint, and he's looking for a cheap master of ceremonies. I remembered seeing Eddie Lawson and thought I might give him a break."

North moved toward the door.

"I wonder," Vernon Gregg asked himself, "why a big shot like Andrew North should be so interested in a punk like Eddie Lawson?"

LINDA said, "You're not the best driver in the world, are you, Eddie?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Why, I don't know—except I was figurin' that the road is crooked or else your driving is."

"Can I help it if the car George Greckel loaned me doesn't run straight?"

"I reckon you cain't, Eddie. I sho' do. But if you really want to talk to me, we'd better stop somewhere."

"Where?"

They were moving slowly along the shell road which wound through Four Holes Swamp. To the right and left of them was marshland. The innumerable pools of water were black as onyx, and on occasional tiny islands there were splashes of vivid floral color.

"Turn off yonder," advised Linda. "But slow."

Eddie negotiated the turn and halted his car on a little bluff overlooking a sluggish, reddish river which crept eastward. It was lined with willow and cypress and everywhere there was the overtone of gray moss.

"This is the Catbill River," explained Linda.

"Can you imagine that. All my life I haven't been hearing about it—and now here I am."

He looked down at her. She seemed tinier and prettier than ever in a simple summer dress of white with its sailor collar piped in blue. He asked abruptly, "How old are you, Linda?"

"Twenty."

"Wouldn't you like to go to New York and become a success?"

"Well, Eddie—I would, sho' 'nough. But it isn't right likely. New York is more discriminatin' than Karnak."

He spoke gruffly. "I never waste time on duds. I'm telling you, I *know*. You'd slay 'em."

"That'd be terrible, wouldn't it?"

"Won't you be serious?"

"Ev'ybody asks me that, Eddie—but it sort of seems like I never am. Not really, that is."

"Well, now's a good time to try, because I'm going back to New York and I want to take you with me."

She looked up at him from under long lashes. "You sho' are impulsive, aren't you?"

"I'm sensible. And I know what I can do with you—"

"Maybe you're a mind-reader."

"Quit kidding. And grab this: I think you've got the stuff to go places in a big way. What it is you've got—I don't know—but I've been in show business all my life, and I know that Certain Something when I see it. I want to take you to New York—handle you—and put you over. What's the answer?"

She was silent for a moment, staring down at the slow-moving surface of the Catbill River. Then she touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. "I'm bein' serious now, Eddie. Truly. I don't reckon it'd be right sensible for me to do what you suggest."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I know myself pretty well. I wouldn't interest New York very much, and so you'd just have a heap of bother and no results."

"That's what you think." He was masking eagerness with gruffness. "I'll take the chance. Gosh! Linda, think of it: Broadway, big restaurants, Fifth Avenue, cabarets, night clubs, interesting people, music, gaiety—"

"You sho' talk mighty intriguin', Eddie."

"Wouldn't you *like* to?"

"I reckon I would. I reckon I've always sort of dreamed about things like that—just to myself, of co'se, because folks would think I was pretty crazy. You keep telling me I'm cute . . . but I'm not stupid, Eddie. Honest, I'm not. And maybe I'd rather keep on foolin' myself than to go to New York and learn the truth."

"Picklefeathers!" He grabbed her hands and held them tight. "Take a chance, kid. You don't know what it'd mean. Give it a riffle—and if it don't work, you haven't lost anything. Wouldn't you love it?"

She looked at him long and steadily. She said, with an undercurrent of meaning which he did not catch—"I'd love it, Eddie. I sho' would."

He clamped his foot on the starter and swung the car backward in a sharp lurch that brought a gasp from her. She said, "It'd be heaps mo' fun gettin' to New York without a lot of scars, Eddie."

"Okay, kid. I'll creep." He was overflowing with boyish enthusiasm. "It's a break for me, see, Linda? I've got friends on Broadway—I know everybody. I can go to town for you: teach you all I know about show business and spring you on a panting public."

"Panting or gasping?"

"Panting. Yearning. For something new. For that Certain Something you've got."

SHE smiled—ever so little. "I reckon I don't register with you at all, except as somebody you think has got talent. Isn't that the truth?"

"Naaaah! You're a nice kid."

"Oh! Thank you, suh. You say the sweetest things."

"So? Now get this, too, Linda. This is business, see. We're good friends and we like each other, but just because I'll be your manager, we aren't expected to fall for each other."

"And you only do what's expected, don't you, Eddie?"

"You're safe with me, if that's what's worrying you."

"It sho' was worrying me, Eddie. And I'm afraid I am."

"Meaning what?"

"Skip it, Mistuh Lawson." She looked everywhere but at him. "Even folks from New York are sometimes awful stupid, don't you think? Or do you?"

They skirted the edges of Four Holes Swamp; they came out on higher ground and rode between more or less well-tended farms, past the gates of two great plantations, past Negro settlements distinctive for their amazing squalor, past vast acres of healthy cotton and stalwart corn, and they came to Karnak, bumping across the railroad tracks and continuing past the square to the Waring home.

Linda's aunt and uncle were at home. Eddie yelled for Tiny Martin, who reluctantly aroused himself from a hard session of doing nothing, and joined them in the parlor.

Eddie talked enthusiastically and well. He explained that Linda had a great future in New York—with proper handling; he painted a vivid picture of the success that was certain to reward her efforts; he turned the full force of his personality on Mr. and Mrs. Waring . . . but while he talked, Tiny Martin watched Linda.

She sat in a corner, almost completely swallowed up by a huge wing chair. One foot was curled beneath her, and her fingers were interlocked . . . and since Linda never moved her eyes from Eddie Lawson's face, Tiny had ample opportunity to figure things out for himself.

"Not so good," he told himself grimly. "She's overboard."

Hitherto Mr. Martin had admired Eddie's misogynistic tendencies. Eddie had been impervious to women, within bounds of reason. And to Mr. Martin—who had had two or three rather disastrous experiences—this was a virtue not to be underrated.

EDDIE, of course, was impersonal. To him, Linda was an act, a potential wow, eleven large electric letters over a marquee; a nice, sweet kid and all that . . . but a performer: nothing more nor less. Unfortunately, reflected the astute Tiny, Linda did not regard things the same way. It was Mr. Martin's belief—and he reflected that he would cheerfully bet dollars to doughnuts on it—that Linda was less interested in a show business career than in the man who offered so enthusiastically to sponsor her. It was a situation which Tiny described to himself as poison, and he was relieved when he heard Mrs. Waring saying, "But Eddie—that's impossible."

"Impossible?" Eddie was all excited. "I'm telling you, she'll panic 'em. She's got something new: something New York hasn't ever had. I'm not guessing—I *know!*"

"I don't mean that. I mean Linda can't run off to New York with two strange men—even such nice boys as you and Tiny."

"Oh!" Eddie deflated. He said, "I guess it's no use explaining that this is business."

"We understand." It was David Waring speaking. "But I'm afraid the rest of Karnak wouldn't."

Eddie turned helplessly to Tiny. He asked, "Can you imagine that?" and Tiny said, "Uh-huh—I sure can."

"You're a fine help."

"Well, you asked me, didn't you?"

Eddie argued. He begged and pleaded and cajoled. Mr. and Mrs. Waring stated and re-stated that they understood, but that it simply could not be. Linda might make good and she might not. If she didn't, she'd be coming back to Karnak—and they knew what that would mean. "There's kindly folks in Karnak," explained Mr. Waring, "but there's gossipy ones, too. There'd be a heap of talk about Linda . . . and some downright mean treatment when she came back."

"But she wouldn't come back. Or when she did, it'd be triumphantly."

"That's maybe," stated Mr. Waring firmly. "What I'm saying is a certainty. Sorry, Eddie—but it just can't happen that way."

They talked for another hour. Linda said nothing, and Tiny watched Eddie crumble before the inexorable logic of Linda's aunt and uncle. He was sorry for Eddie. He saw Eddie wilt, mentally and physically. And he admired the valiant grin with which Eddie accepted his defeat. He spread his hands and said, "Okay, folks. You're in the driver's seat, and what you say goes. But gosh! I'm sorry—for myself and for Linda."

He dragged himself upstairs and sprawled on the bed. Tiny looked down at him commiseratingly. "Tough break, Eddie."

"Rotten."

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"Let's beat it. The sooner you get the whole idea out of your head, the happier you'll be."

"Yeah? I'm telling you it'll haunt me. Like a ghost. Booooo! And I'll wake screaming."

"I'll take a separate room. Come on, Eddie. You're licked—so accept it."

"I know. . . . But when I think. . . . Ah, hell! Tiny, there must be *some* answer. Stuff like hers comes once in a lifetime. I can't just hop a rattler and desert it."

"What else *can* you do?"

"I don't know. I'm thinking. . . ." Eddie turned over on his side and pillowed his head on his arm. Mr. Martin prepared to shave. Five minutes later he jumped three feet as Eddie hopped to the floor and yelled, "I got it!" Tiny said, "You got what?" and Eddie answered, "It's in the bag." He leaped to the door, swung it open and called, "Linda! Hey, Linda!"

She was in the pantry, and she came out to meet the excited Eddie who raced downstairs. She had a tiny green rubber apron over her white dress, and her eyes were just a wee mite pinkish, though Eddie Lawson didn't notice.

EDDIE grabbed her by the arm and dragged her into the parlor. His grin was broader than usual, his brown eyes danced, his whole body was alive. He said, "You'd really like to go, wouldn't you, Linda?"

"Why, sho'ly, Eddie. Sho'ly I would."

"Well, you can! I've got the grandest idea. . . . Now look: your aunt and uncle think it wouldn't be right for us to go off together, don't they? There'd be a heap of gossip and scandal."

"Yes, Eddie. Even heah in Karnak, they know somethin' about the facts of life."

"Fine! Swell! The more they know the better." He took her by the shoulders and looked down into her violet eyes. "Here's the hunch, Linda. You and I are going to get married!"

He saw her eyes open wide. He saw the quick flush that stained her cheeks and the pallor that followed. He saw, but he didn't understand.

"Married — see?" he bubbled on. "Then there can't possibly be any scandal. We give 'em the works. We'll let the whole town watch. Then we go to New York . . . but we don't tell anybody we're married, see? You're Miss Linda Waring—and I'm your agent. That's all. No monkey business. And no gossip back here in Karnak, either." He exhaled proudly. "Isn't that a wow idea, Linda? I'm asking you."

Linda was silent for a long, long time. For almost ten seconds. Then she said, in a voice which was scarcely audible: "You're asking me to marry you, Eddie?"

"Sure. Why not? I'm free and so are you. It's the only way they'll let you go to New York with me. And I promise that the thing'll be—what-you-call it . . . ?"

"Platonic?"

"Sure. I'll never bother you—"

She said, "I believe you."

"And you'll do it, Linda?"

She didn't look at him as she nodded. "Yes. Do you know why?"

"Of course I know why. It's the only way we can put you over."

"I thought you'd say that, Eddie. But there's another reason, too."

"What?"

"Because — if you went away — I reckon Karnak would seem mighty lonely."

Eddie shook her. "Quit it!" he barked. "This isn't any time to cry."

"Isn't it?" Her lips trembled. "I reckon you don't understand girls very well, Eddie. They're entitled to get *some* emotion out of becomin' engaged."

(To be continued next week)

Devil in de Cotton

Continued from page 11

of the farmers they are helping, even if they had the money to do it, couldn't help themselves unless somebody bossed the job for them.

Coffee County, way down in the southeastern corner of Alabama, is typical of many others in the cotton belt. It contains 4,200 farm families, averaging six persons each. More than sixty per cent of the children have hookworm. In addition, the adults are badly afflicted with chronic malaria, pellagra, tuberculosis and syphilis. Still the folks in Coffee County managed to get along pretty well —in the subsistence manner in which such folks can get along—until the wave of post-war prosperity that hit the country suddenly aroused their ambition to such an extent that nearly all of them, by affixing cross marks and fingerprints to the deadly documents, mortgaged their farms to the Federal Land Bank. Those mortgages broke those people, for, without supervision, they either invested the money foolishly in more land than they could handle and in unsuitable improvements, or else blew it in on automobiles, moonshine liquor and such other forms of amusements as their section of the country afforded. This was tragic, for when prices went down practically the entire county, in the course of a few years, became the property of the Federal Land Bank, with most of the former farm owners on relief, until Rehabilitation came along, bought up the foreclosed farms and went to work, under its present program, on them and on the farmers also.

Growth of a Gully

Now to say that rehabilitation is universally successful in Coffee County would be untrue. It isn't, and it can never be, either in Coffee County or anywhere else, because no matter how good the land, there are still a great many tenant farmers who are just too ill and too ignorant, or too trifling and too lazy, for any supervisor to do anything with. I saw a good many of this class, more whites than Negroes, however, in both Alabama and Georgia. As they provide a separate problem, which is general throughout the entire South, the discussion of them will be deferred to a later article.

As regards the large majority of its farmers, Coffee County provides some striking illustrations of what can be done on poor soil with poor men who have been given only a little cash but a lot of supervision. One case, that of a man around sixty with two well-grown sons, stands out clearly in my memory. All his life, in Coffee County, this man had farmed, and even with his two sons to help him had never gotten anywhere. He didn't know just why, but he hadn't.

Lots of times, he told me, it had occurred to him, when he was renting or share-cropping, that there ought to be some way to stop his land from washing away on him, but he didn't know how to do it and so he didn't try. Years dragged on; times got worse and this man and his family went on down and down in living standards until finally they were living in a house that was falling apart, on a 360-acre Federal Land Bank farm that was so badly eaten up with gullies that the bank couldn't get anybody else to stay on it.

And right there, in that dilapidated shack, and being eaten up by the erosion of helplessness as rapidly as the land was by water erosion, that family remained until the Rehabilitation Administration, having bought the Federal Land Bank holdings, became its landlord. Since then, under the supervision of Shorty McArthur, FSA supervisor in Coffee County, that land and that family have come back until they now present the best example of the joint rebuilding of soil and souls that I encountered anywhere. When McArthur went to work on that farm and that family both were wrecks.

In 1928 a road ran down the west line of that farm. In that year a rain started a trickle down the wheel ruts which nobody had the energy to stop. Today that road is a gully ten feet wide and twenty deep for a distance of perhaps a hundred yards; then it suddenly transforms itself into a chasm fifty feet deep and a hundred wide and maintains those proportions for the rest of its length of a quarter of a mile. Naturally the first thing attended to was this gully. Its growth was stopped, as it could have been when it was quite small, by sloping its sides and planting them with kudzu; then 140 acres of the rest of the farm, some of it cut up with gullies five feet deep, so I was told, were terraced and put in shape for cultivation, with the FSA providing the brains and the terracing equipment, and the old man and his sons furnishing the labor.

"I'm just looking" WILLIAM SAKREN

This entire job cost very little, but look at the profit that has come of it! Not counting the human values that have derived from it, one hundred and forty acres of land that in a few years would have been utterly worthless are right now producing heavy crops of cotton, peanuts, sweet potatoes and corn, to say nothing of garden truck, some six hundred quarts of which I saw stored away for winter use. Thus this family, which without supervision was practically destitute, has been able, with supervision and working the same land, to provide itself and its livestock with an abundance of food, and also to pay off not only its loan from the FSA but also rent for the land.

On several hundred other farms in Coffee County, 180 of which are owned by the FSA, the tenants on the whole are doing just about as well as the two cases I have mentioned.

In fact, everywhere in Alabama and Georgia that I went I found that farm families that were quite hopeless three years ago are now, under FSA guidance, getting along very nicely. But what of it? Except that it demonstrates the value of supervision, what does it prove?

A Problem We Can't Neglect

I put that question up to a number of men who have been studying the problems of the South for a long time, and this, in substance, is their answer:

The biggest truth that the success of rehabilitation on a large scale has thus far brought out is that tenancy is not a basic evil. On the contrary, tenancy—and in that share-cropping can be included—is the only thing that ninety per cent of the present generation of one- and two-mule farmers of the South are fitted for. They don't know enough about farm management to operate farms successfully, nor for that matter about home management to make homes what they ought to be. And therefore, in spite of the public clamor for more farm owners and fewer renters, the problem of ownership is one that must be approached slowly enough and deliberately enough to enable that class which will pass from tenancy into ownership to acquire the education and social adjustment necessary to its new status. That change cannot be fully accomplished in less than fifty years. It is clear, however, to everyone who is familiar with the conditions that exist in the cotton belt that it is up to the nation to make that fifty-year effort. It is on our *must* list.

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Shooting Pains

Continued from page 20

but it meant very little to us as we worked anyway. Used a mixed act of lions—about twenty males and females, coming out of a burning tent. Strangely enough, they weren't at all afraid of the fire. One old fellow sat down in some burning canvas and seemed surprised by the subsequent sensation.

The spaciousness of their surroundings impressed the lions with the idea of liberty and they started leaping to the top of the fence. Our powder man, Barney, standing on top of a wagon cage with a smoke pot in his hand, found himself confronting a lioness who had just made the top of the fence. With great presence of mind he punched her in the nose and told her to get back inside.

I had on so many clothes that I didn't think I could move faster than a walk until at the height of the excitement some wag yelled "She's out—she's out!" I made the top of a thirty-foot parallel in nothing flat.

The nights are bitterly cold and when we started working outside it was almost impossible to keep warm. I started out with long woolen underwear, slacks, three sweaters, top coat and scarf, gloves and cap.

As the cold increased, the wardrobe man came to my rescue with an extra pair of flannel pants and a windbreaker. These helped for a while, then he gave me a pair of firemen's pants made of wool-lined canvas and fastened with a harness buckle. From the rear it was difficult to tell me and the elephants apart.

December 12th: We are still working at the studio—doing shots with a lion named "Willie." He works with the actors and if Buster and Frances aren't afraid I guess I'm not. Willie's trainer brings him on the set on a leash—doesn't even put him in a cage between shots. He comes over and rubs against us and we scratch him back of the ears. (After the picture was finished his trainer took him on a vaudeville tour. During a performance Willie reverted to type and badly chewed his trainer. His reputation for gentleness gone, Willie's motion-picture career ended. He is now just one of the "has-beens.")

The Advantage of Large Feet

December 16th: Went to San Pedro today to do a few scenes on the deck of a freighter and of the leading man swimming to shore. He is an ex-Olympic champion and has been waiting all through the picture for these scenes. The water was icy and we did many scenes of him diving from the deck of the boat and swimming toward shore. The only time he complained was when the pickup boat accidentally ran over him and almost scalped him.

December 19th: Today, much to my surprise I took a ride on Willie. Like most of the great moments of life, the beginning is shrouded in mist and I don't quite remember what led up to this daring exploit of mine. It probably started as a dare. A lion is not a comfortable thing to ride and I did not enjoy myself—possibly because I was unable to relax properly. However, this should make a good story to tell my grandchildren.

December 22d: Back again to our night work at the circus. We have done fires and stampedes and panics until we're all goofy.

Ever since the picture started I have been impressed by the size of our first cameraman's feet—they are really terrific. Tonight I realize that nothing is put into this world without a purpose—not even big feet. I was sitting in the camera cage with the first cameraman and the director—on top of our cage rested a box which contained a tiger. At a signal the box was to be opened, the tiger was to spring down in front of our cage, run to the background and disappear under the wall of the tent. The cameraman was sitting in front of me on a small box. The signal was given that we were ready and the tiger's box was opened.

"Hey, Chief! This window is locked!"

JAY IRVING

We waited but nothing happened—we continued to wait, and suddenly the cat, instead of springing clear of our cage, dropped to the ground directly in front of us. Our trap door was lowered but she was so close that it dropped outside of her, pinning her against our window. She stood looking into our cage as though deciding whether to come in. With great presence of mind our cameraman swung his feet up and placed them, soles out, in the opening. Whatever the cat had in mind, this formidable blockade discouraged her and she trotted away so that the trap door could fall into place. Since then my admiration for large feet is unlimited.

Perils of Civilization

December 23d: More work with tigers. Our principal shot was of a tiger running along the tops of some circus wagons. Everything went wrong and we weren't ready to shoot until midnight, then decided to wait until after we had eaten. We came back from dinner and started to do the scene. The animal men let Pasha out of his cage and started him along the tops of the wagons—suddenly there was a yell and a startled roustabout sat up on top of one of the wagons directly in Pasha's path. He had been a little bit drunk and had gone to sleep while we were at dinner. The roustabout and the tiger discovered each other simultaneously and were equally startled—each left in an opposite direction.

December 27th: Left the studio at 7 A. M. for our Pasadena location. As usual on a street location the curious sight-seers presented a problem. They moved in faster than the police could push them back and crowded so close around us that we could hardly move. They were particularly attracted by the leading man's leopard-skin costume and made jeering remarks. To add to his troubles it was bitterly cold and as he swung from limb to limb a prop branch broke and he had quite a fall. Altogether he is an embittered man and says he'd rather work with twenty lions than go through that again.

December 29th: Out to the circus ground for what we fondly hope is the last time. About eleven o'clock a monstrous dust- and windstorm blew up from the desert. We were working in the big top and it was truly terrifying to see the rigging strain and pull at its moorings. Old-timers among the circus people told us to get out when the center pole started swaying. It was too noisy and dusty for us to work so we sat and watched the pole. When it did start its rhythmic swaying the sounds of destruction were so ominous that we didn't need a second warning—director, cast and crew all scrammed with little dignity. We stood in the dust-filled air, dodging flying papers and tumbleweeds, and watched the tent literally blown to shreds.

The wind and the elements have temporarily beaten us and the picture officially closed today. The director and film editor will make a first rough cut to see what else is needed; then it will reopen. In the meantime I shall go home and sleep for three days; hope I don't dream of lions and tigers chasing me.

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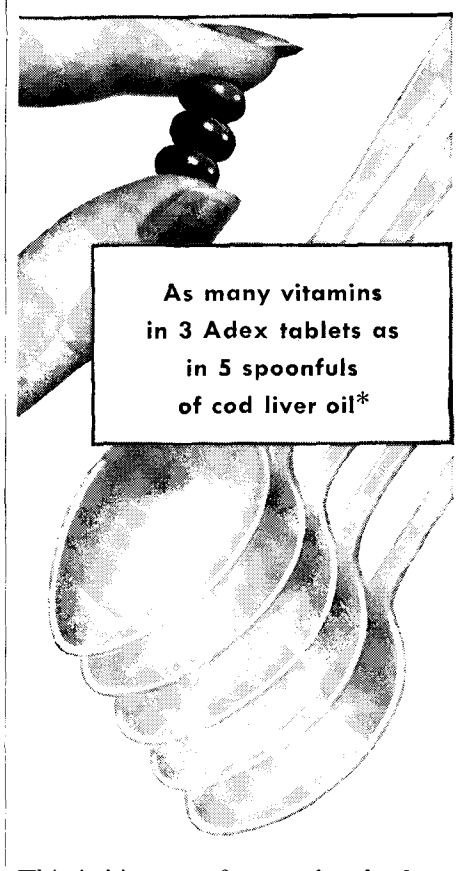

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Jumping the Broom

Continued from page 28

of him. Pa always bragged a lot on him. Just felt proud of him. Pa always points him out to people when they come here to visit us."

He didn't look much like a preacher to me. I never said anything. Then we come to a big woman with her hair done up on the back of her head like a haydoodle. "My aunt Effie," says Beamy. "Had twenty children. Seventeen boys and three girls." And I says: "That's a litter of youngins." And I wondered if they hadn't helped the Powells kill the Tacketts. It made my blood bile. I just didn't like anybody with Powell blood in 'em but Beamy.

"And who is this?" I says. "This young man in a uniform?"

"He's my brother Houndshell," says Beamy. "He used to be in the army. He's out now. He's out at the barn."

There he stood in that picture. Straps across his shoulders and a cap with a pretty bill on it. Stripes on his sleeves. Looked like some kind of a big general. He looked right at me every way I turned. Well, Beamy held to my hand. She says: "Honey, let's go over here and set down on the sofa." And I says: "Just as you say, Honey."

Well, we hadn't any more than set down until I heard a powerful lambasting at the door. Beamy got up and walked across the room to the door. She opened the door. "Where is he?" says the fellow I'd just seen in the uniform. "Where is he, Beamy—that Tackett? I could smell him from the barn. A Tackett in a Powell's house." And he started to pull his pistil. If the Lord ever did give me a talent it is on pulling a pistil from my hip and leveling it quicker than a gnat can bat its eye. I pulled old Hulda and pulled her quick. "A Tackett," I says, "I'll turn your liver over if you move. Hands up to the loft." And he put 'em up and dropped his gun. I heard a big scuffling out in the dogtrot and a lot of hollering and squalling. Here come old Tootle and Beamy's Ma a-hanging onto his arm and all the children follering.

"COME on," I says. "Remember, I'll get my part of you." I had old Hulda leveled and I'd 'a' got old Tootle and young Houndshell if they'd 'a' come another inch.

I says: "You're fooling with Tackett blood now. You are not fooling with the dead Tacketts on the Big Sandy. You are fooling with a live Tackett and one pizen as a striped snake." I was showing my teeth, I guess, and my lips had begin to curl up around the edges. I'm like a snarling hound dog when I get mad. I was backed to the wall but was going to shoot my way out.

Beamy looked at her people. Then she looked at me. And she run right up to me. She says: "Drop that gun, Honey."

I says: "All right." Old Hulda fell on the pine-board floor. And all her people stood with their mouths apart and their eyes open as wide as they could get them.

She says: "Pa, what do you think about a Powell a-marrying a Tackett?"

And old Tootle just says: "It'll be a disgrace we can't outlive."

And I says: "It'll be a disgrace to the Tacketts too. The old Hoss-Pistil Tacketts will turn over in their graves up on the Big Sandy but they can just turn over. Here is my wife—this little Beamy Powell right here in my arms. I met her on the hill today when I was huckleberrying for Ma. What will my people think—will they let me bring her home? I doubt it—what'll Ma think, me going out to get her some huckleberries and finding a big huckleberry—a big pretty one like Beamy? I'll take this little huckleberry home, won't I, Honey?"

And Beamy says: "Yes, I'll go with you. I'll go any place with you."

I just squeezed her up hard as I could. Old Hulda had been my best friend. Didn't need her any more. Left her at my feet on the floor.

I says: "Houndshell, I don't like you much, but you can have that pistil if you'll take us to the nearest preacher where we can jump the broom."

And old Houndshell sorty grinned. He says: "I'll do it for a good pistil."

Outside the moon was shining as I driv in the buggy with that little blazed-face mare of old Tootle Powell's. That's how I got the sweetest woman in the world by huckleberrying on the hill. Our people don't gun for one another now. But when I close my eyes I can see so many graves on the old poor hills along the Big Sandy. And I can just look at them a little while and Beamy just comes right up beside a grave and stands there until I open my eyes. I tell you that a woman when she is one of God's pretty angels can bring families together. They'd 'a' been a lot more killings if it hadn't 'a' been for us jumping the broom.

Traveler's Aid

Continued from page 30

Americans who go to France are fond, as a rule, of strawberries and whipped cream. French dairies are not perfect; the cream may be infected and if this is true in well-ordered France you may imagine the situation elsewhere. Not only may the cream be under suspicion, but the strawberries themselves may have been fertilized with human excreta. In Europe and particularly in the East you should not touch low-growing garden truck in its raw state—even French salads are risky.

Fruit that has a protective skin offers little danger of cholera or dysentery, but an increasing hazard is the almost universal practice of spraying with lead arsenate or other toxic chemicals. On our Pacific Coast seven million pounds of these have been used annually for the past twenty years, and perhaps fifty thousand tons of lead arsenate have accumulated, a quantity so terrific that it has affected the soil itself. Fruitgrowers used to believe the residue would be washed away by the rains; more recent research indicates that much of it remains. Therefore, all sprayed fruit should be well washed, preferably with a hydrochloric acid solution, before being eaten.

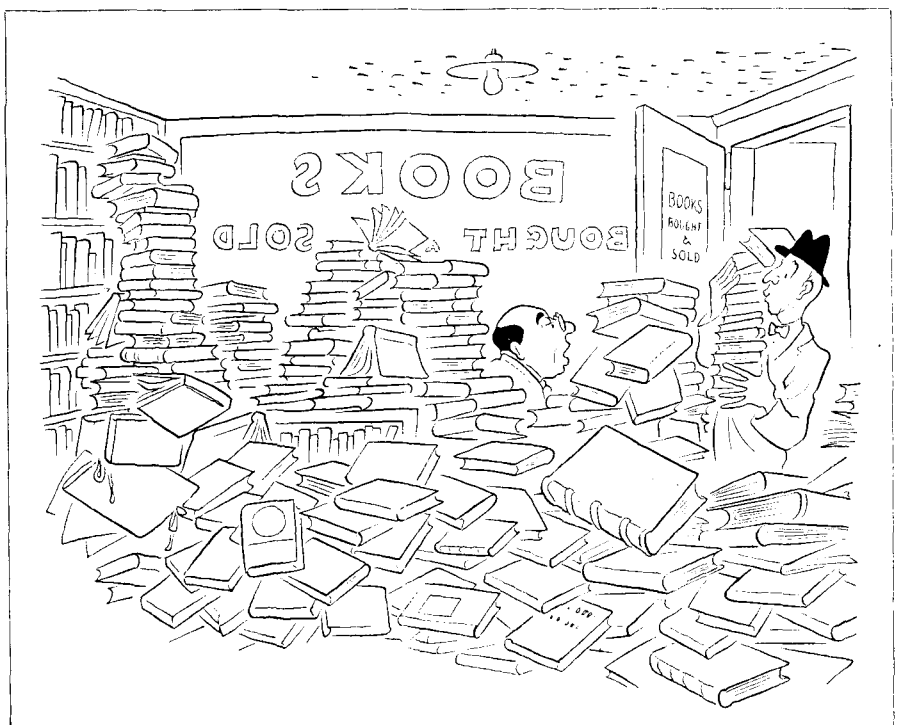
People who travel generally overeat; a change of locale means a change of food and a stimulated appetite. Nothing between meals is the safest policy but it requires a will power firmer than the average, especially on ocean steamers where the fresh sea air is invigorating and the quantity of nourishment unlimited. Hardly is breakfast over when biscuits and broth are served, then lunch is closely followed by tea, cocktails, dinner, and a midnight lunch rich in proteids. The poor old stomach never finds a chance to get its work done and rest.

One of the amazing sights of America is to watch the food habits of travelers to Coney Island or similar amusement places. They eat as no rational individual ever eats at home, and the damage to their digestions must be incalculable. The separate foods are not bad in themselves, but the proportions are almost incredible—hot dogs, hamburgers, potato chips, doughnuts, peanuts, popcorn (plain, carameled, or cheesed), pickles, dill and otherwise, ice cream in cones, on sticks, concealed under layers of chocolate; soft drinks—ginger ale, sarsaparilla, root beer, pop, coffee—and sundaes of infinite variety, candy bars of every size and description, children crowning their holiday with all-day suckers—total result: clogged intestines, inertia, headache, sleeplessness, bad breath and a tired feeling that may last for days.

When you go to the seashore—to Maine, Nantucket, Cape Ann, Cape Cod—you expect to eat lobsters, crabs and clams. Over the course of many years I have noted the curious phenomenon that those who use butter sauce on their lobster rarely have indigestion.

An Elizabethan Formula

People expose themselves to food risks when traveling. On holidays restaurants and trains are likely to be overcrowded, and under such conditions it is difficult for the kitchen staff to maintain the precautions observed at other times. Decaying food is not necessarily poisonous in itself, but offers an ideal medium in which harmful bacteria may flourish. Science has now identified more than fifty types of food poisoning, the symptoms of which are much the same.



"I'm sorry, sir. For the moment we are interested only in selling them"

ALAIN

President Taft was most dutiful in his attendance at banquets. He loved food and when in the Philippines continued his regular habit of eating and drinking what was set before him. I remember well his saying to me, "Doctor, I've just been examined, and I've got the finest zoological garden inside me that you ever heard of." He had acquired almost the whole range of intestinal parasites and bacteria, and they downed him, big as he was, and forced him to his bed.

If you are traveling and you have cramps or stomach pains, the thing to do is call a doctor without waiting too long. A few years ago a purgative was generally advised under such conditions. Yet now we know that if the pain should prove to be due to appendicitis nothing could do greater harm. The mortality among those who have taken purgatives in such cases is much greater than among those who called in a physician.

A Northern friend of mine went on a visit to the tropics with a younger companion. They took their evening meal in a restaurant and at midnight both were taken with terrific cramps and diarrhea. In a few days the younger man began to mend. His companion, obviously very ill, was taken to a hospital, the family was sent for, blood transfusions were given, artificial respiration administered in the hope that he could be kept going until he had established an immunity. At first it had not been recognized that he was suffering from a serious form of dysentery.

One of the truest rules of biology is that there is no one hundred per cent; you yourself may be an exception to any of the accepted conclusions. You might profitably recall in your travels the dictum of Francis Bacon, which holds good now as well as in Elizabethan days: "A man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. But it is a safer conclusion to say: This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it, than this: I find no offense of this, therefore I may use it."

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Pull-Out

Continued from page 13

"Nothing," I said, "nothing important. I'll call you, Sally. Goodby, Sally."

"Goodby, Steve." I wiped the receiver off before I hung it up; that was wet too. There was a bar up the street and I went in and had a straight whisky. I got only about half of it though, the way my hand was shaking.

SALLY had been working in a show on Broadway when I borrowed that dough from her a year ago. I had what looked like a good chance to go in with a company that was to manufacture small cheap planes and—well, Sally and I were going around together then. I guess we had ideas about getting married or something, even though we didn't talk about them. But I got myself plastered one night and lost the whole wad in a crap game. Naturally I couldn't go back and tell her that. Oh, nobody had to tell me what a sap I was! After she had come out to California it had been easier not seeing her. But I kept thinking about it and drinking to try to forget about it, and I guess that didn't help my flying any. Well, it was too late for anything else, but at least I could square up the money I owed her. I could square it up if that plane stayed all in one piece.

I was out at the field early in the morning and took the ship up. She handled nicely. When I came down on the water and taxied in, I saw Maxwell down by the hangar with some little brown men in uniforms. While the mechanics were checking the ship I went over and he introduced me. They grinned and chattered in Spanish and shook hands. I gathered they were wishing me luck. I needed it.

"All right," I said to Maxwell. "I'll start the dives now."

He nodded and I climbed back in and took her up. I mean up, too. I went to fifteen thousand. If anything went wrong I wanted plenty of room. Then I turned her over in a half-roll and pointed her nose down.

She could go, all right. At ten thousand the air-speed needle was passing three-eighty and the wind was screaming by like all the sinners in hell. I looked out at the wings and hoped they were as husky as they looked. Then I came back on the stick easy and leveled off. Smooth as silk. I felt a little better. Of course the pull-outs would come tomorrow and they were what counted. But there wasn't any use worrying about them now.

IN THE morning, before I went up, I called Sally again. I told her I'd see her that night. And going up for the first dive, I wasn't thinking of anything but what I could say to her. That is, what I could say to her after I had given her the dough.

I did the first pull-out at three-eighty. But it had been three years since I'd done any tough ones and I almost knocked myself out. My head was bent right down to my knees and it felt like an enormous vise was trying to squash me into the size of a baseball. I couldn't see the instruments; I couldn't see anything but a red haze and just before I went out cold I must have had enough sense to let go the stick for I suddenly found myself flying level. I looked at the accelerometer and found out I'd done five and a half *g*'s. Then I brought the ship down and taxied in. I wanted some strong black coffee.

Around noon I was ready for the seven-*g* dive. I was a little nervous about it, for on the last one I did I thought I had noticed a little flutter in the wings. Of course under that strain I couldn't be too sure. But I knew I'd be glad enough when it was over.

I dove her to four-ten and yanked the stick right back in my lap. By this time I was a little more used to the strain and I could keep my eye on the accelerometer even though the pressure on me forced me over like a bent bow. Dizzy as I was, I felt that flutter in the wings. The needle read seven and a half *g*'s and I was glad enough to ease her out of it. I sure was happy I didn't have to do any more.

The mechanics rolled her in the hangar and the South Americans started examining the instruments to make sure I'd done what I said I had. It was all there on the vee-gee recorder. I walked up to the office to see Maxwell. I was anxious to see that check.

He was all alone in his office. "Okay, Mr. Maxwell," I said. "Finished."

He looked at me, dead-pan. "Have you done the nine-*g* dive?" he said.

"What nine-*g* dive? You said seven."

"Oh, no. Nine." He didn't bat an eye. "The contract you signed calls for the work to be completed to my satisfaction—otherwise you get paid at the rate of a hundred a day." He pulled over a checkbook and started writing.

"I get it," I said. "You're hard to please, aren't you, Mr. Maxwell? Maybe that makes you a successful businessman."

He stood up and handed me the check. "Here," he said. "With your reputation, you ought to be glad I gave you a job."

I didn't have to be doing any pull-out to get blood in my eyes this time. "All right," I said, "you fat slob." He tried to duck when he saw it coming but he was too slow. I picked up the check and walked out.

PIRONA was sitting in the same chair when I walked in; he looked like he'd been there ever since. Or as if he had been expecting me.

"Well," I said, "give me some details, Pirona. What's the plot?"

He lit a cigarette and grinned at me. "There's a boat coming from the islands—she's due in tonight. My brother's on her. If I can change places with him before she docks—that accounts for my time the past couple weeks—see what I mean?"

"I fly you out and bring your brother back so you have an alibi for something, is that it, Pirona? What's going to make the boat stop so you can change places so conveniently?"

"That's all fixed—the captain, I got him right here." Pirona dug his thumbnail into his first finger. "I just need a pilot that can find the ship. I got one, but—well, he's not so good, maybe. One grand, Steve—okay?"

"Okay," I told him. "You got a seaplane?"

"Sure." He got up and went toward the rooms in back. "Wait and I make sure everything's right."

I sat down and had another drink. But when Pirona came back it didn't look like everything was very right. He let out a string of curses that must have meant something high-class in Italian. The motor in his ship had a cracked cylinder and there wasn't time to get hold of another one. The boat was only fifty miles out. It looked like the deal was off.

I had to see Sally that night. I had to get that dough.

"I'll get you a plane, Pirona," I said.

When we got out to the field I left Pirona outside and went into the hangar. There were only a couple of the mechanics there.

"Run her out, will you?" I said. "I want to get in a couple more dives this afternoon."

"Sure, Steve." They put her on the runways. "Tanks are full."

"That's fine," I said. I went out and got Pirona. The boys looked when he climbed in but they didn't say anything. I guess they figured if he was crazy enough to want to break his neck it wasn't any of their business. I took off without waiting to warm up much. I didn't want Maxwell to come wandering around.

It didn't take me long to find the ship. I circled around her twice and she hove to and I saw them swinging a boat out. I came down on the water and taxied over to her.

PIRONA was in the rear cockpit and he lifted his goggles from his eyes and leaned forward. The boat was coming up close and there was a guy standing in the bow.

"Steve," he said, "just keep your mouth shut—see what I mean?"

"Sure," I said. The guy in the bow of the boat had hold of the wing. He looked a little like Pirona at that.

"Right on the button, Pirona," he said. He lifted two suitcases and swung them up to me. I took them without thinking where I was going to put them. None of it made any sense.

"Go on," I said to Pirona, "and take these with you. I haven't got any place for luggage."

He took them, grinning, and got them in the cockpit with him somehow. I looked back at the boat. They were rowing away.

"Hey!" I said, "nothing doing, Pirona! What's in those suitcases?"

"Shut up," he said. I always knew he could get tough if he wanted to and this time he wanted to. "Get back to L. A."

"Not with those bags," I said. I might have known better. He had a gun in his hand and it was pointed right at my back.

"Take it up," he said.

I took it up but I wasn't feeling very happy about it. I had a pretty good idea what was in those bags. And they have a nice long rap for running narcotics.

There was a fog coming in and I went up high. I wasn't worried about landing—at least as far as the ship was concerned. But I was plenty worried about what we were landing with. I kept climbing and then I got an idea.

At five thousand I looked around at Pirona and he was making faces under his goggles and waving the end of the gun at me. I pointed at the fog below us and shook my head. He wouldn't know any better. I kept climbing. At twelve thousand he was going nuts but there wasn't much he could do about it.

Then at fifteen thousand, I rolled over and dived. I had her all the way open, and it almost got me this time. When the red mist cleared out of my eyes and I had leveled her off, I turned around. Pirona was slumped forward with his head resting on the crash pad. He was cold as a turkey. I kept the ship level with my knees on the stick and unhooked my safety belt. Then I managed to reach back and take the gun out of his fingers. I dropped it overboard. I had a tough time with the suitcases, jammed in as they were, but I got them over the side too. I leaned out and watched them spinning down, turning over and over.

Then I headed for the Maxwell hangars. I didn't turn to look at Pirona again until I was right over them. He was awake and looking at me but I

To Start The New Year Happily!

Bring your ship safely past a whirlpool of unpaid bills!

THIS month I want to talk to the girls, the women who aren't as happy as they should be just because they haven't enough money to meet their expenses. Are you one of them? Perhaps you are at this moment worried about left-over 1937 bills, wondering how you'll pay them.

"Picture ahead!" If you do not have money worries at the present time, suppose you needed $50 or $100 for some emergency: could you get it? Isn't it better to be prepared? Not one of us knows when she is going to need extra dollars for something. Women and girls by the thousands write to me each month saying they must earn money. They do earn it when they join the Pin Money Club!

They have money ahead, now, and when daughter needs a permanent, mother helps. When dollars are necessary to a son away at college mother comes to the rescue. When taxes must be paid mother's earnings often pay them. They are independent and happier than they have been in years—thanks to the Club.

A New Jersey member writes: "The $40 I earned are a blessing in these days when everything costs more."

A California member earned $56.07 and gave her family a happy Christmas. You can imagine her pride.

A girl who goes to business every day wrote that the $90.15 earned in spare moments brought joy to herself and her family.

WE HAVE about ten thousand members, busy girls and women, and I wish I could tell you more about them here, but I cannot do so. I hope, however, that you will send for our free booklet, *An Adventure in Dollars and Cents*. It tells how to rid yourself of money worries and will help you to get started making money too. *Write for it today, sending just a card or a letter to*

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 42
250 Park Avenue New York City

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couldn't make out from his expression what he was thinking about. Probably some nice way to murder me.

I had just beaten the fog in and I landed and headed for the runways. The mechanics were waiting. So was Maxwell and the little brown men, though what they were doing there so late I wouldn't know. Maybe he was selling them a dirigible.

Maxwell was kind of excited.

"I'll have you pinched for this, Stevens!" he yelled.

"Why?" I asked him as innocently as I could. I was helping Pirona out. He looked like he wouldn't have much to say.

"You didn't tell me I couldn't take a passenger along on a test, Mr. Maxwell," I said. "That's what I was doing, you know, finishing those tests."

He was glaring at me, red as the sun sinking in back of him. I had a hunch.

"Take a look at the vee-gee recorder if you don't believe me," I said, "it's all there."

The little brown men were all around the ship and one of the mechanics came over to us.

"That's it," he said, "he did it, Mr. Maxwell. The vee-gee says nine and a half *g*'s." He looked at me and shook his head. "When you do it, you certainly do it, Steve," he said. For some reason, I wasn't even surprised. But when I looked at Pirona I had a hard job not laughing. He certainly was bewildered.

THE little brown men came up all smiles and handshakes. I turned around to Maxwell.

"Well," I said, "everything's okay then, I guess. If it isn't too much trouble, could I have the rest of my dough now?" I held out the check for two hundred and Maxwell took it without a word. We all waited while he wrote me a new one for a grand and a half.

Pirona walked outside with me. We went over to his car and I stopped and looked at him.

"Well?" I said.

"Get in." He opened the door and waited. He sounded pretty tough.

"What are you going to do, Pirona?" I asked him, "take me for a ride? Or is that old-fashioned?" I tried to look as if I wasn't worried and got in. He started the motor.

"No," he said, "you're okay, Steve. You could have turned me in if you'd wanted to. Maybe the whole thing was my fault for not leveling with you—see what I mean?"

"Maybe it was," I said.

"What I can't figure out," he said, "say, do you do that stuff for a living, Steve?"

"When I can get it," I told him. I looked at my watch. It was after seven. "Will you drop me in Beverly, Pirona?"

"Yeah." I gave him the address. He looked as if something was bothering him all the way to the house. When I got out, he looked at me with a funny expression.

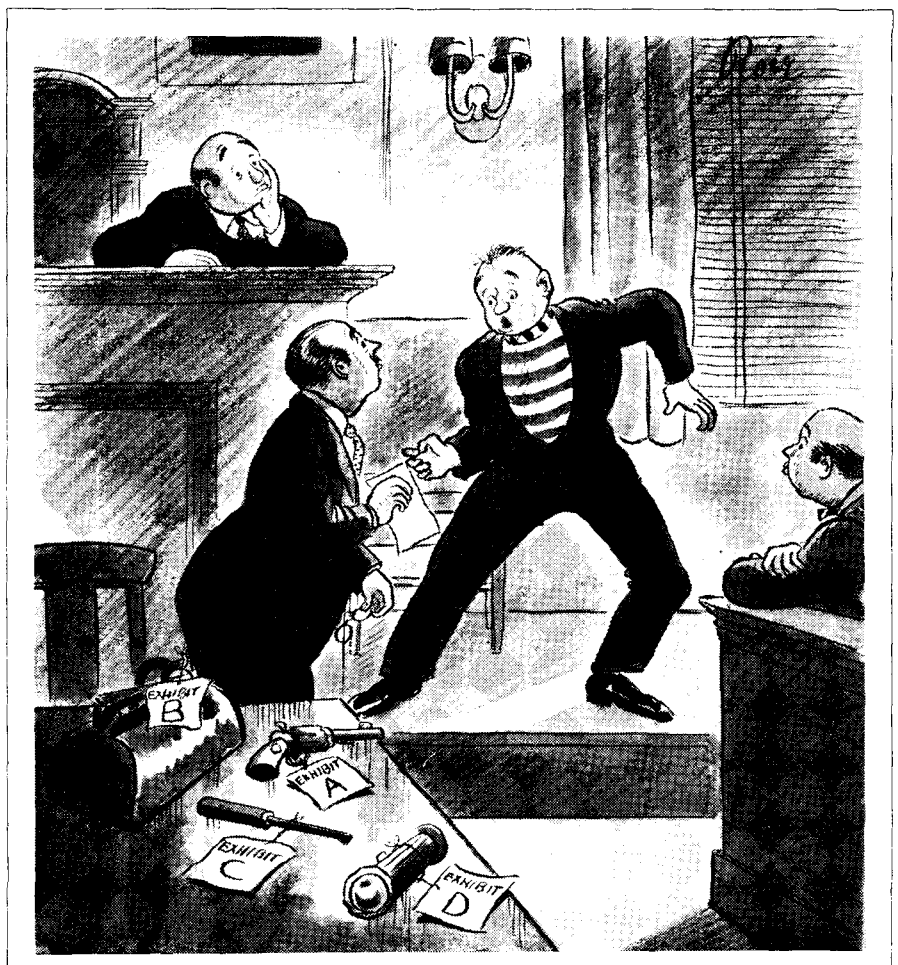
"And you're afraid of coppers!" He shook his head wonderingly. "You beat me, Steve."

"Sure," I said, "sometimes I beat myself." I looked at the house. It was a very elegant house; I had an idea there was probably a swimming pool in back. "So long, Pirona," I said.

The maid answered the door and I found I was right about the swimming pool. She told me to go on through. I walked outside in the garden and I saw Sally just as she was climbing out of the water. She stood on the edge of the pool with the water dripping from her, and I'd never seen her look lovelier than she looked then. I couldn't say a word.

"Steve," she said. She picked up a towel and dried her hands as she came over to me. "It's been a long time," she said.

"Yes," I said, "a long time." We were looking at each other without moving. "You look great, Sally," I said.



"So I drops Exhibit C and pokes 'im in d' ribs wit Exhibit A!" I. ROIR

"Thank you, Steve." She dropped the towel on the ground. Then she turned her eyes away. "Shall we go in and have a drink?"

"That would be fine," I said. Neither one of us started for the house. She was looking down at the towel.

I had my hand in my coat pocket, fingering Maxwell's check. "Sally," I said. She looked up and I handed it to her. "You can give me the change some other time," I said.

"Oh." She looked down at it as if there were something funny about it. "Was this it, Steve?" she said. "Was this why you didn't see me any more?"

"What did you suppose?" I asked her. "Don't you think I've got any pride, Sally?"

"Pride," she said. She turned then and started toward the house. I followed along.

JUST before she got to the door, I took her arm. I hadn't known I could feel so low.

"Oh, Sally," I said, "you don't have to tell me I've been a fool. I couldn't come back to you and tell you I'd thrown the dough out the window."

"You could," she said, "you could, Steve. Didn't you know that?"

"No," I said.

I had let go of her arm but she took both mine in her hands. "Steve," she said, "I've heard—everybody's said you were doing the craziest things. I worried about you."

"Yeah," I said, "I guess I have. I didn't care much whether I broke my neck or not."

"Look at me, Steve," she said. She was still holding my arms. I looked down in her face. There were drops on her long eyelashes but it might have been the water.

"You better go inside, Sally," I said, "you're so cold now you're shaking." The sun was all the way down and it was quite dark. It gets cold when it's dark in California.

"Oh," she said, "you big idiot, Steve! Why don't you put your arms around me? Or don't you want to?"

"I want to, all right," I said. Her wet cheek was cold against mine but I found her lips weren't. "Oh, Sally," I said. "Sally." Then I pushed her inside the house. "Get some clothes on," I told her. "I've got a funny story to tell you. I met a gangster while I was out here, Sally. And today I took him for a ride."

His Young Wife

Continued from page 22

like other people. I want to live like you. I'm crazy about you. I think about you all the time; when I'm reading, when I'm walking, when I'm riding. . . ."

Then he began to talk about his marriage and the divorce. The experience had left him so embittered, he said, that he hadn't thought he could fall in love again until he met Sue. Then he talked about how tired he was of living in hotels and other people's houses and following the horses up and down the country. He was so absorbed in his talk that he hardly rose to watch the race, as if he already knew it were lost, and when his horse came in third he laughed and went on talking sadly about himself.

John was gone a long time. She was facing the track so she couldn't see him when he returned but she knew he was coming because Rickey took his hand off hers.

"Did you put it on the nose?" Rickey asked.

"I didn't put it on War-Bridge at all. I had a hunch and put it on Jamboree. And you won." Taking some bills out of his pocket, he counted them onto the table. "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred . . ."

"But it's not my money," Rickey said.

"Sure it's your money," John said quietly, "I never bet."

"You mean it's mine?"

"It's yours."

"Oh, let me at 'em," Rickey said, pushing his chair back; "let me at 'em."

He doubled his money on the next race and he cleared a little more on the next. It was the first time he had won in several weeks and the change in his nature was complete. His absorption in his good luck was so great that he seemed to notice neither John nor Sue and he even seemed to show some contempt for their qualities of respectability that he had been coveting an hour earlier. He refused their invitation to dinner and he kept waving to people whose acquaintance he seemed to have rediscovered with his winnings. After the races were over and while they were walking across the lawns to the parking space, all he could talk about was Saratoga. Then he saw some more people he knew and he left John and Sue to talk with them. He kept them waiting a long time before he turned and called: "Don't bother to wait for me. I'll go back with someone else. And, oh," he said, as if he had just remembered something, "in case I don't see you again, thanks a thousand times for everything. You've been awfully kind. I'm going up to Saratoga on Thursday. I'll see you in the fall. I'll be back here in the fall." Then he went back to talking with the people he knew.

DRIVING back into the city the traffic was heavy and John and Sue said very little. John left Sue at the door and put the car away and when he came into their apartment he found her in the kitchen, mixing herself a drink. "Got a terrible chill at the races," she was telling the cook. "Got a terrible chill." When she saw John she looked up to him with something that seemed like fear. "Kick me," she said, when they were alone in the living room. "It's your prerogative, darling, to kick me."

"I don't want to kick you," he said.

She sat down and sighed and tasted her drink.

"It's lucky Rickey won that money," she said. "Do you know how lucky it is Rickey won that money?"

"Sure," he said. "I know how lucky it is Rickey won that money. Because he didn't win it. I gave it to him. Out of my own pocket. And I would have let him think he'd won a lot more if he needed any more to make him forget you. I figured I'd rather have you than any amount of money."

She put down her drink and walked over to where he was standing and when he took her in his arms she began to cry. Her sobbing was hard and quick like the breathing of a person who is tired. But it didn't hurt him because he knew she wasn't crying out of longing or fear or regret or pain or any of those things that would have hurt him if they had been the cause of her tears. She stayed in his arms for a long time, crying like a young kid over the rediscovery of her own immense happiness.

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A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 15

"She made a nice profit."

"Say!" O'Rourke sat up. "Where's your money? The Eye is probably . . ."

"Don't get excited." Crane fumbled with his beach robe. "I'm taking no chances." He held up the packet of nine one-thousand-dollar bills.

"You better stick that in a bank."

"Maybe I will."

"How are you going to spend it?"

Crane thought for a moment. "I think I'll go on a bender."

"I'd like to know what you've been doing for the last six years."

"Just warming up."

O'Rourke pondered this bit of information, then said, "I wish I could see you when you get going."

"You're invited to come along."

"No, thanks. I've been in jail."

There were voices in the direction of the house. Coming toward them across the sand were Major Eastcomb, Essex and Tony Lamphier. They all wore white suits. Essex's face was haggard.

Lamphier asked, "Have you heard about Tortoni?"

Worry had aged him, had somehow improved his appearance. His face had lost its bland arrogance.

"Yes, a couple of hours ago," Crane said.

"The afternoon papers say his death is connected with the kidnaping," said Lamphier.

"What do you think?" asked Essex.

"I think that they're wrong," Crane said.

O'Rourke said, "We think he got it for trying to muscle into the slot-machine racket."

"That's so," said Essex. "One of his men was killed a week ago."

Perspiration had wilted Major Eastcomb's collar. "You think he had nothing to do with the kidnapin'?" His skin was brick red.

"I don't know about that," Crane said. "I think he was killed because of slot machines."

"There's no news about the girl?" asked O'Rourke.

Essex said, "We took a plane and flew down the keys. No luck. It was just an outside chance, anyway."

"We thought we might see something suspicious," Lamphier said.

"We were only one of about fifteen planes," said the major. "Whole country's in the hunt."

CRANE stood up and looped his beach robe over his arm. "I hope they find her." He made sure his money was in the pocket.

"Besides lying on the sand, what have you been doing all day?" asked Major Eastcomb.

"I can't think why I'm telling you," said Crane, "but we saw di Gregario."

"You did?" Essex's voice was eager. "What did you get from him?"

"Nothing of any value."

"You turned the beggar over to the police?" asked the major.

"No."

"You didn't even tell them where he was?"

"They didn't ask me."

"They requested me especially to order you to co-operate with them."

"And did you?" Crane inquired.

The major eyed him angrily.

O'Rourke got up. "How are your *two* punches on the nose, Major?" he asked.

"I'm tired," said Essex. "I think I'll go up to the house. Coming, Major? Coming, Tony?"

"I'll be along in a minute," said Lamphier.

Essex and Major Eastcomb walked toward the house. Slowly, the others followed.

"You ought to be easier on the major," said Lamphier. "He really means well. It's just . . ."

"Yeah, I know. His manner is unfortunate."

Lamphier tried to smile, but he wasn't very successful. He really was quite nice-looking. He had a fine length of bone; the long legs of a hurdler; the sloping shoulders of a man good at fast games; sensitive hands. His crew-cut hair disclosed a well-shaped head.

"He does mean well," he said. "Despite his dislike of the idea, he arranged to have the fifty thousand ready for the ransom."

"That's nice of him, especially as it isn't his money."

"I know, but he could have held things up."

O'Rourke asked, "Has he got it with him?"

"No. It's at the bank."

"Maybe I ought to lay off him," said Crane.

"He does mean well."

"I don't like him anyway."

LAMPHIER'S eyes wrinkled at the corners. "Neither do I." They entered the patio. "But I didn't mean to talk about him."

"No?"

"I just wanted to say . . ." He hesitated, looking embarrassed. ". . . if anything comes up . . . if you ever need help . . . I wish you'd call on me."

"Why, sure," said Crane. "We will."

"I was pretty sour in the chase last night, but . . ."

"Who wouldn't be, with a sock like that on the head?" said O'Rourke.

"No, I was pretty sour."

"We were all pretty sour," said Crane.

"Well, if anything does come up . . ."

"We'll call on you."

"You know, I feel terrible about this," said Lamphier. "I feel so darned impotent."

"You just have to wait."

"If there was only something we could do."

"There isn't, though."

"It's a terrible feeling."

"Sure."

"But you will call on me?"

"Absolutely."

Tony Lamphier went into the house. The sun was still hot and the blue water in the pool looked cool and inviting. They put down their robes and dove in and at once the lazy feeling caused by their sun bath disappeared. While Crane swam under water for rubber bricks at the deep end, O'Rourke tried jackknives from the board. He got plenty of spring, and he was able to touch his toes, but his trajectory was wrong. Crane had heard that a good diver was supposed to go very high in the air and come down very close to the board. O'Rourke went out toward the center of the pool, like a broad-jumper.

Once, on his way back to the brass ladder, he paused beside Crane.

"I feel bad about that girl myself," he said.

He resumed his diving and Crane admired his build. He thought O'Rourke would have made a wonderful boxer. He had long arms, powerful shoulders, a deep chest, narrow hips and a flat stomach. His legs were possibly too slender for maximum durability, but they would have a lot of speed. He had the blue-gray eyes of a marksman, too.

After a time they put on their beach robes and went up to their room and started to dress for dinner. They both felt fine. The liquor they had drunk before and at lunch had mostly been eliminated by the sun and the water and the swimming and all that was left was a mild desire for more liquor.

SOFT dusk had seeped into the room when Crane woke. He would have liked to sleep longer, but he saw it was time for dinner. The air was filled with the melancholy sizzle of the surf. He swung his bare feet over the side of the bed and sat there for some time. He thought about Camelia Essex. It was a hell of a note, but what could you do? If you were too smart the kidnaper would become frightened and kill the girl. It didn't make much difference as the penalty for kidnaping and murder is the same. It was best to hold back until the ransom had been paid. Not that he had anything to hold back on.

There was still another difference between a murder and a kidnaping case. At least for a detective. In a murder case a detective could take an impersonal attitude. Most of the time he hadn't known the corpse and the chase after the murderer was like a nice game of chess. In kidnaping the victim was a living being, not a corpse.

He combed his hair and bathed in cold water and then dressed. The swelling on his lip had come down a little. He took a flashlight out of his suitcase and went out into the hall. Except for the murmur of the sea there was no noise. Quietly he walked along the carpet past the stairs, hearing briefly the sound of voices below, and entered the left wing of the house. The door at the end of the hall he opened a crack, saw it was dark inside, slid into the room. Tall gray rectangles on three sides of the room were French windows. He pulled the heavy drapes across these windows and pressed the button on his flashlight.

It was a very large, very beautiful room. The walls were of rosewood, rubbed with oil until the surface glowed like satin, and the floor, of polished yellow pine, bore Cossack scatter rugs, barbaric with primary colors. The furniture was slip-covered in brick red.

HE SWUNG his light around, feeling pretty sure he was in the rooms occupied by Essex. The French windows to the right, he was certain, led to the balcony from which the guard had watched him on the first night. Where was the bedroom? He turned his back on the fireplace and saw there was another door to the room. He started for it, but a glass-topped desk with a telephone on it caught his eye. He sat down on a red leather chair and pulled a drawer in the rounded lacquered pillar supporting one end of the glass top. He examined the letters inside, carelessly jumbled advertisements, bills, invitations. He had a feeling Essex was holding some information from him, some clue to the identity of The Eye. If The Eye was really a crank with a grudge wouldn't he have tried to reach Essex in some way before writing those mysterious notes? He thought so. He goggled at a bill for two dozen voile shirts: $312. There was another—thirty cravats: $225. A tailor, on bond paper, called Mr. Essex's attention to two small items: three suitings amounting to $600, one top coating at $275.

He was amazed at how much it cost to be rich. He closed the drawer and went through the other two. In one he found a left-hand golf glove and eight new balls; in the other a fountain pen, envelopes, monogrammed paper and a bottle of ink. He held his flashlight to

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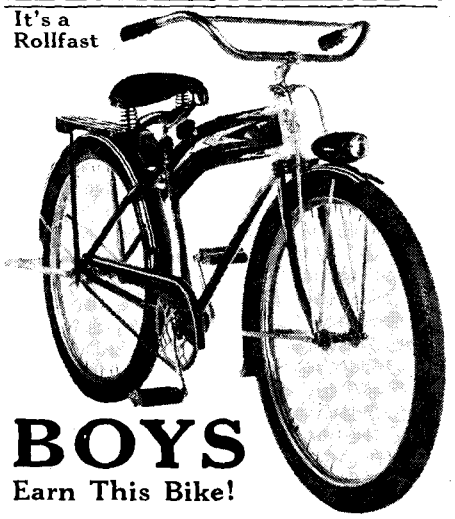

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the ink. It was royal blue. He got up and opened the second door.

His light was dazzling on white structural-glass walls, on blue and white porcelain, on silver mirrors, on blue and scarlet tile. It was the bathroom. He went on through a small dressing room with drawers built into the wall two thirds of the way to the ceiling. The bedroom was quite large and there were French windows along one side. He saw a double bed of carved walnut, a white marble fireplace, some books on a table beside the bed. On it were also a green thermos decanter and two glasses. His feet sank into the thick green-gray rug as he crossed the room to the door on the other side. He opened it and flashed his light into the room thus exposed and breathed through his half-opened lips, "Ah!"

THE room belonged to the early, fluffy Jean Harlow period. Everything was in white except the black composition floor. The walls were ivory, the ceiling was chalk-white, the furniture cream with white leather. On the bed, on a lazy comforter, was a white teddy bear. Long-haired white rugs, scattered about the composition floor, looked like blobs of whipped cream on a blackberry tart.

This was really all he wanted to know; that Miss Day had access to Essex's bedroom. But he went on into the room. The eyes of the teddy bear followed him as he went to a white writing desk, examined the drawers. He found only one letter, addressed to Dawn Day and signed by a Rudolph Ginsberg. Would Miss Day be interested, Mr. Ginsberg inquired, in a nice spot at the Boulevard Yacht Club in Chicago? The salary would be a hundred and fifty per on a ten-week contract. Apparently Miss Day would not, since the letter was dated March 3. Nearly a month ago. Crane wondered if Miss Day had been with Essex then. Here was a possible explanation of the mystery of the notes.

He wondered what he would have done if he had caught Miss Day placing his note on his pillow last night. Shout for O'Rourke? Like hell!

Grinning in the dark, he remembered that he was supposed to be at dinner. He went back through Essex's room, carefully closing the connecting door, and entered the small dressing room. His light, going up the high row of built-in drawers, disclosed a cream-colored ceiling. Lines on one corner of the ceiling marked off a square with sides three feet long—a hatch leading to some sort of an attic. He didn't know houses had attics any more. He crossed the bathroom and was about to enter the big study when a noise made him halt. He drew back just as the lights were switched on.

A man came into the room and walked to the glass-topped table. He was a thick-set man in a dark suit and he walked with a sailorlike roll. He bent in front of the desk, pulled open the third drawer, thrust an object in it. When he came back to the door Crane saw that his nose had been broken and badly set. His face was sullen and there was a white scar over his left eye. He turned off the light and closed the door.

Crane waited for a full minute before going into the study. The man, he imagined, was Brown, Essex's bodyguard. He went to the desk, flashed his light into the drawer. Besides the fountain pen, envelopes and monogrammed paper there were two bottles. He held one to the light. It was the bottle of royal blue ink. He held the other to the light. It was a bottle of red ink.

BY THE time Camembert and toasted crackers and brandy were served most of the early tension had gone. This was partly due to the cocktails and the Rhine wine with the dinner and partly to Essex. While they were drinking tomato juice in tall, ice-surrounded glasses he urged them to discuss the kidnaping.

"Somebody might get an idea," he said.

He looked quite ill, but he pretended to eat. His thin face was pale and his eyes were red from lack of sleep. When anyone spoke, his eyes fixed on that person hopefully.

Crane and O'Rourke ate prodigiously. Crane discovered that crawfish, eaten with melted butter and lime juice, tasted like New England lobster. The shell was yellow instead of red and perhaps the meat was tougher, but it tasted like New England lobster. He was disturbed about Camelia, too, but that didn't affect his appetite. That didn't affect his drinking, either.

"What are we going to do tomorrow?" asked Tony Lamphier.

All through the dinner he had persistently brought the conversation around to the kidnaping. He was slightly dramatic in his agitation, clenching and unclenching his hands, running a palm over his close-cut black hair, nervously drumming the table with long fingers, but Crane thought his emotion genuine. He liked the way the guy was standing up. It was a tough blow to anyone who loved Camelia, but the guy was ready to fight. The only trouble was finding something to fight.

"What can we do?" Crane asked.

"You should know," Major Eastcomb said. "You're supposed to be a detective."

"I am," Crane said. "I can prove it with a certificate."

The major scowled at him. He had been sullen all evening, had hardly spoken a word. Instead of the hock, he had drunk three whiskies with water during the meal.

"It seems funny, us eating and drinking," Miss Day said, "and Camelia out somewhere—"

"It does," Crane agreed. "But that's the way people act."

Boucher finished his brandy, placed the inhaler on the table. "What have the police been doing?" he asked. His dark face, the hooked nose giving it a Levantine cast, was cunning. Below the sleeves of his dinner jacket his wrists showed, black with hair.

"They've been checking up on the servants," said Major Eastcomb. "Going over their references."

"Why?" Mrs. Boucher asked.

For a long pull, Crane thought, she'd be the best of the women in the dining room. Her skin was good, her shoulders were athletic, yet feminine, her oval face was aristocratic, her brown eyes were wise. He said, "Maybe the chief of police needs a butler." He wondered why she had married Boucher. Money, maybe.

MAJOR EASTCOMB answered Mrs. Boucher. "They think possibly someone inside the house is connected with the kidnap gang. Particularly in view of the notes."

"I think they're right," said Lamphier.

"That's just what I said," exclaimed Miss Day. "Do you remember, Penn?" At the very bottom of the V in front of her black satin evening gown her skin changed from golden brown to white. "I told you that when you got the first note . . . at the Walpern in New York."

Nervously, Penn Essex daubed at his lips with his napkin. "That's right," he said, and added, "I told you the day after I received it, didn't I?"

"Why . . ." Miss Day's blue eyes widened for a second. ". . . why, yes, I guess you did."

O'Rourke glanced at Crane. Both were recalling Essex's denial that anyone was with him in New York at the Walpern. Of course, possibly Miss Day wasn't with him. But Essex had stressed "day after." Naturally he'd want to protect Miss Day. But if she *had* been at the Walpern it didn't look so good for her. That would make her the only person who had been constantly with Essex during the time he had been receiving the notes. The fighter, "Buster" Brown, had been in New York at the time, but he was driving down to Miami when the second note came.

With what he had seen upstairs, Crane thought it very likely Miss Day had been at the Walpern. O'Rourke, although he didn't know about the connecting rooms, came to the same conclusion. They both decided with satisfaction they'd better spend a little time on her.

Imago Paraguay had been listening to Miss Langley recount her English triumphs, relate what Tree said of her Juliet, of her Lady Macbeth, confide what Ellen Terry had told her of G. B. S., describe the mannerisms of the divine Sarah. Now Imago turned to Crane and asked, "Do you think I will be involved in the death of Roland Tortoni?"

"How do you mean?"

"The check. Do you remember the check I cashed?"

Crane remembered, all right, but he didn't want to appear too bright. "The check?"

"When you ca-ame to Mr. Tortoni's office."

"Oh, sure. For a thousand dollars." He finished his brandy. "The police may ask you about it, but all you have to tell them is that he cashed it so you could gamble."

"They will not arrest me?"

"Of course not. This isn't Cuba."

Imago Paraguay smiled. "I am glad." Her teeth were very small and very white and even. "I was quite frightened when that funny ma-an was telling us of Tortoni's death." Her sloe eyes lingered on his face. "Did you not notice?"

She was contemptuously beautiful, like a temple mask. The lids of her eyes were a faint violet-green and they had the luster of worn silk and her brows, jet black, were arched like bamboo trees in a wind. Her lips matched the scarlet of her gown, drawn tight over her small, firm breasts and fastened over the left shoulder with an emerald-eyed serpent of twisted gold.

"Yes, I noticed," he said.

THE ladies left the room first and he watched the dancer's back. He felt strongly attracted to her, but at the same time she frightened him. She was as slender as a boy and her hips moved very little when she walked, but there was a great deal of appeal. It was a perverse appeal, perhaps because she was so contemptuous of it. He wondered if there was passion under that contempt. He wondered about her needle-sharp dagger.

He and O'Rourke and the major had whisky. The others had more coffee. Tony Lamphier said, "I'm never going to get drunk again."

"Why not?" asked O'Rourke.

"If we'd all been sober last night they'd never have been able to take Camelia."

"Sure they would," said Crane. "If we'd been sober we wouldn't have put up as much of a fight as we did."

Boucher examined Crane. "How much of a fight did you put up?"

"I didn't put this on with a paint brush." Crane showed him the bruise on his jaw.

"Junior didn't lose much time getting into that chemistry set, did he?"

GEORGE PRICE

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"You're a poor excuse for a detective, anyway," said Major Eastcomb. He looked at Essex. "If I'd my way they'd have been fired long ago."

"They're doing what they can," said Essex. His tone was defensive.

Crane grinned at the major. "You haven't got your way," he said.

O'Rourke said, "While we're talking, Major, suppose you explain now how you happened to get hit on the nose twice in the same place."

"And maybe the brave Mr. Boucher will explain why he didn't take part in the struggle," Crane said.

Boucher made a twitching movement with his shoulders, pulled his white shirt cuffs from under the sleeves of his dinner jacket. "I didn't get there in time." He frowned at Crane. "You know that."

"I know you weren't there," said Crane.

"Let's don't have a dog fight," said Tony Lamphier.

Crane said, "I'd like to know just what Boucher's position is here. Whose guest is he?"

"My wife is a close friend of Camelia," said Boucher.

"And what are you?"

Eyes narrowed, jaw thrust out, Major Eastcomb was looking at Boucher. "He'd like to be a close friend, too," he said.

"This doesn't do any good," said Tony Lamphier.

"Doesn't it?" The major leaned toward Boucher. "Why have you been payin' so much attention to Cam?"

Boucher looked worried. "I've been polite to her, that's all."

"You think it polite to dance with her all evening at Tortoni's?"

"She's a very good dancer."

"How is she at kissing?"

Both Lamphier and Boucher stood up. Boucher said, "What do you mean?"

"I saw you on the balcony two nights ago." The major was out of his chair, his palms on the table. "She had to fight to get away from you."

Boucher glanced apprehensively at Essex. "I lost my head for a second."

"You rat," said Tony Lamphier.

O'Rourke grinned at Crane.

"You lost your head!" Major Eastcomb grunted. "Not your head for figures. You know how much Camelia is worth to a penny. You'd like to marry her. You could divorce Eve and live comfortably then, couldn't you?"

"He's insane," said Boucher.

"I was insane enough to have an investigation made of your financial rating." The major turned triumphantly to the others. "What do you think it was?"

"Zero," said Crane.

"Worse. He has to have thirty-five thousand by the end of this month or the Baltimore banks will dispose of the Boucher estate in Virginia."

BOUCHER looked as though he would like to hit the major, but didn't dare. He looked frightened. His mouth was compressed into thin lines below his hooked nose. He pulled at his cuffs.

The major slapped the table. "The hunters put up at auction for the nouveau riche at Warrenton. The house where the Bouchers entertained LaFayette sold to some slick moneybags. No wonder he'd like to get Camelia!"

"Is this true, Greg?" asked Penn Essex.

"I am a little hard pressed." He had to swallow before he could go on talking. "But I swear I never had a thought of marrying Camelia . . . You don't think I'd . . . I'd want to throw over Eve?" When he pulled down his cuffs the black hair on his wrists squirmed like eels.

"I don't know," said Essex. "I don't know what to think."

"I know," said Tony Lamphier.

"I swear I'm not trying to marry her," Boucher said.

"You swear!" said Tony Lamphier.

"I did want some money," Boucher said. "I admit that." He rotated his shoulders, making a wrinkle run across the back of his dinner jacket. "I was trying to get Camelia to make me a loan."

"Why didn't you come to me?" Essex asked.

"You never have any money."

"Has Camelia thirty-five thousand?" Crane asked.

"Close to that," said Major Eastcomb. "She's been saving part of her income."

"Mother left her some money, too," Essex said.

"I could give her good security," said Boucher. "I don't see anything unreasonable in that."

"Why did you kiss her?" demanded Tony Lamphier.

"I told you. She's attractive. I lost my head."

"Married men have tried to kiss girls before," Crane told Lamphier.

The major said, "But even a kiss didn't get him the money."

"She said she'd consider it," said Boucher.

"But you didn't wait," said the major.

Crane blinked at Boucher, noted that he was pale.

MAJOR EASTCOMB went on: "A fifty-thousand-dollar ransom would help, wouldn't it, Boucher?"

With a swift, underhand jerk, Boucher sent a water glass into the major's face. The glass struck his jaw, fell to the table, smashed a coffee cup, rolled from the table and shattered on the floor. Coffee dregs made a mahogany stain on a white napkin.

The major came around the table. He held himself like a football lineman, in a half crouch with his arms dangling.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Penn Essex was hammering the table.

O'Rourke moved in front of the major, blocked his way. He hoped the major would get tough. For two days he had been wanting to hit him.

"Let him come," said Boucher.

"No," said Essex.

"He can't accuse me of kidnaping Camelia," said Boucher.

"He didn't," said Crane. "He said fifty thousand might be a help to you."

"The implication was . . ."

"Hell," said O'Rourke. "Fifty thousand would be a help to anyone." He had one elbow against Major Eastcomb's chest.

"Let's drop it," said Tony Lamphier.

The major looked around O'Rourke. "I'll see you later, Boucher."

"Why not now?" Boucher asked.

"Come on; let's drop it," said Lamphier.

Boucher no longer seemed afraid. He was angry. He acted as though he could take care of himself. Crane wondered if what he had been afraid of was the revelation that he was in need of money.

"I'll see you later, Boucher," the major repeated. He stopped pressing against O'Rourke.

"I wish you would both forget it," said Essex.

"You can't forget it when a man hits you," said the major. He fingered his jaw.

Craig, the butler, came into the dining room. He had a Miami paper in his hand. "The reporters outside would like to ask you about this," he said. He handed the paper to Essex.

Essex examined the paper, said, "Tell them I'll be out in a minute, Craig." He gave the paper to Crane, pointed a finger at a classified advertisement in the personal column.

It read:

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(To be continued next week)

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COLLIER'S

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Labor's Good Name

WHATEVER his occupation, a man is as good as his word. And no better. If his word is not to be believed or his promise not to be performed, any sort of relationship with him is intolerably difficult.

It has taken the human race a long time to discover that honesty is the best policy. As individuals we have to learn to tell the truth and to be faithful to our plighted word. Honor has to be acquired.

Most children discover lying as their imagination develops. Some are amazed and delighted with the discovery. Until someone more experienced tells them differently, lying seems to children to be a marvelous refuge from unpleasant consequences. As they mature, lying is found to cost more than it is worth. So most of us learn to tell the truth about important matters.

In Wall Street, which has been the national scapegoat for so long, a broker's word on the floor is his bond or he is tossed out of the Exchange. In fact, a broker need not even speak to make a promise which he must redeem if he is to remain in business. A mere nod of the head, a gesture with a finger, may say "yes" or "no" to his associates. On these understood signals agreements are based. The promise given must be performed, or else—

Some of the new labor unions are just beginning to master this essential lesson. Unions in the automotive industry were quite childish in their assumption that inconvenient promises need not be kept.

The irresponsible sit-down strikes which occurred after contracts were made with the motor manufacturers were the products of this philosophy of irresponsibility. Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, soon learned what his superior in the C.I.O., John L. Lewis, had long before learned as a representative of the miners.

Mr. Martin has in recent months endeavored to prevent the capricious sit-down strikes started by some of his less intelligent followers. The task of establishing discipline in new organizations of any sort is plainly not an easy one.

The leaders most popular in the excitement of organizing may be wholly ineffectual in directing the activities of a collective bargaining agency. They may be persuasive speakers but stupid. Some very famous orators in other occupations have had little mind and less character.

But if these unions are to become useful agencies of the workers they represent, they will have to learn the essential wisdom of keeping their agreements. To accomplish this they must muster, somehow, the art of discipline. A union in which the least responsible are able to do as they please regardless of consequences won't and ought not to endure.

Experienced labor leaders understand this well enough. The unions which have lasted honor their obligations. Some of those counted as allies of the new unions appear to be much less mature.

The policy of the federal relief agencies has been to ignore strikes of any sort in considering the needs of applicants for aid. The fact that a man was unemployed because he was striking was not held to be a reason for refusing to feed him. By this device the burden of supporting strikes was in part transferred to the taxpayers.

Certainly the continuance of a policy of feeding strikers will be hard to justify when the stoppage of work is in violation of a union agreement. If the federal relief agencies are to support even in part those who are unemployed because of a strike, surely some discrimination must be exercised.

If the government is to adopt the policy of supporting strikes by feeding strikers, it might, in all reason, restrict its support to those whose cases have been considered and approved by the government's own labor boards. For the others, St. Paul's rule: "If any would not work, neither should he eat," is still common sense and good public policy.

These are not trivial matters. The issues with which we have to deal are inherently difficult enough. We need not complicate them by irresponsibility in meeting obligations or by unthinking sentimentality in supporting those who impatiently repudiate their promises.

We have been passing through deep readjustments and shifts of political and economic power during these past few years. We have not learned the answers to all the problems. We do know a few things surely.

We know beyond all question that in any field mutual trust is the basis of any variety of satisfactory human intercourse. If the spoken or written word cannot be believed, no relationship can be happy.

More than that, we know that as a people we cannot produce the goods essential to maintaining any standard of living without disciplined organization. Our work is so interrelated that an irresponsible few can put a stop to the efforts of the responsible many. A handful of reckless men at some key process can throw thousands of other workers into confusion and idleness.

Public opinion will not long be indulgent to activities of this sort. If universal experience teaches anything, it tells us that irresponsibility, whether liberal, radical or reactionary, invites and gets a stern retribution. Only an enemy of labor can support or condone irresponsible stoppages of work.

At this time, especially, when our productive energies have been slowed down by vague uncertainty, the well-being of the nation is not advanced by broken agreements or capricious interruptions of work. The best contribution which organized labor can make to a renewed prosperity is by keeping its agreements to the letter. This effort of the responsible leaders should least of all be hampered by sentimental public officials too eager to dispense charity to inquire into the merits of a controversy.

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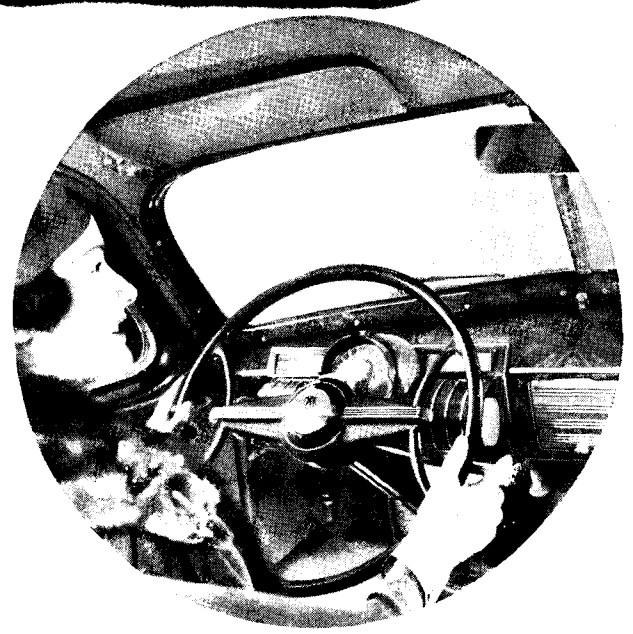

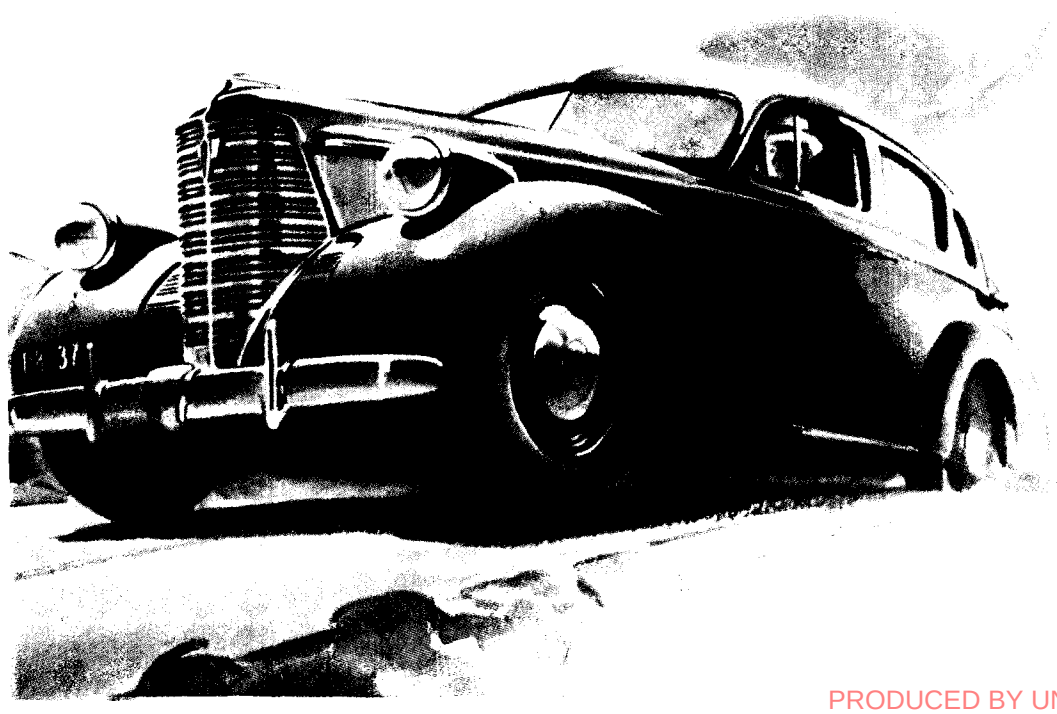

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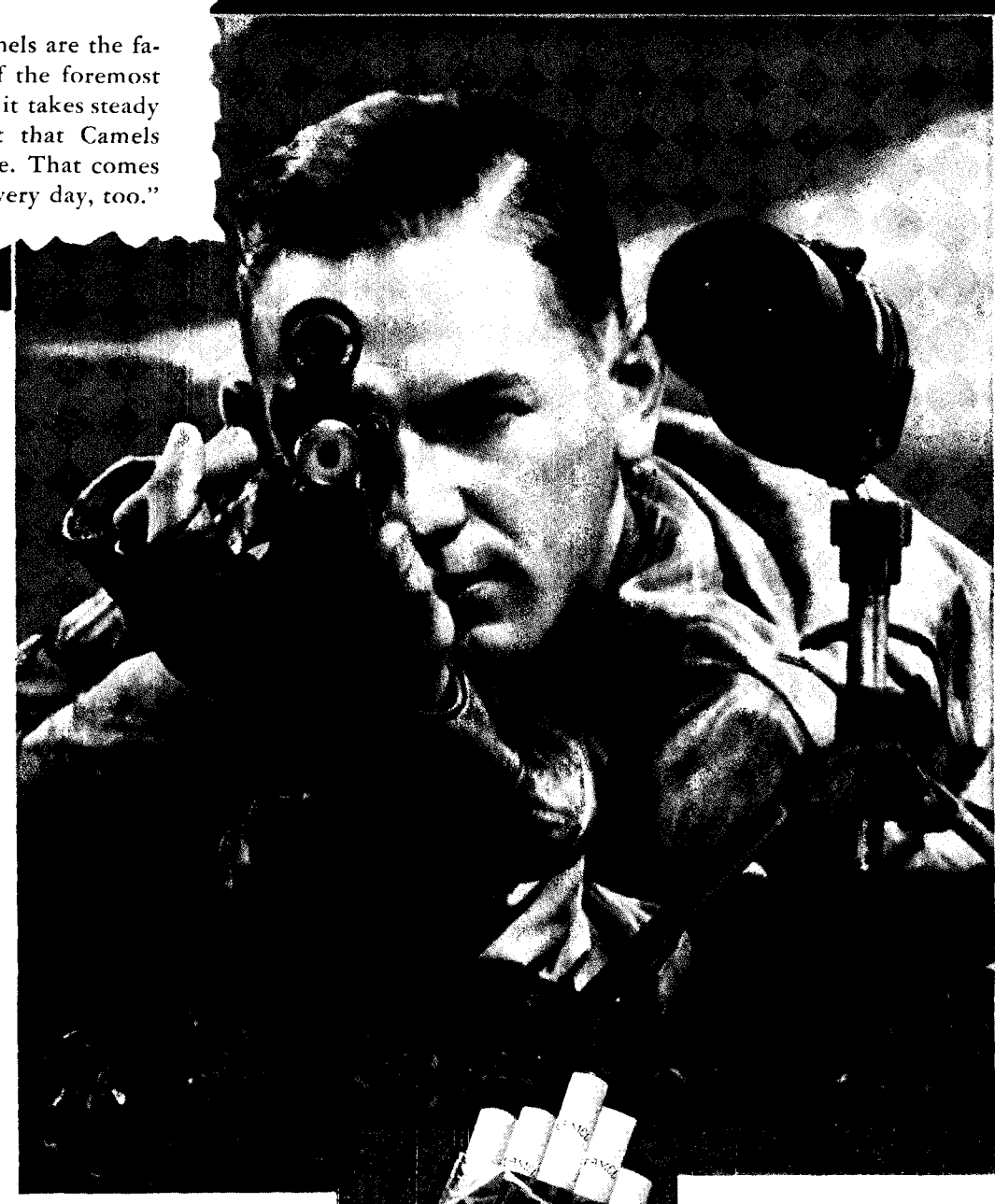
DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots—Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs,* one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. That comes from a man who smokes plenty of Camels every day, too."



And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America

"EVERY CAMEL I smoke seems tastier than the last one," says *I. Gorkun,* watchmaker. "That's honest-to-goodness natural flavor in Camels — the kind I don't get fed up on — ever. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

TAKING X-RAYS is a delicate job — and a tiring one too. But as Miss *Myrtle Sawler,* X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel quickly refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

A HINT from *Elizabeth May,* home economist: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,'" she says. "I smoke Camels myself at mealtimes and after."

"I'M HANDLING money by the thousands," says bank teller, *John McMahon.* "Jittery nerves just don't fit in with this kind of work. So it's Camels for me. Camels are mild!"

FRANK EAMON, New York ambulance driver, says: "I smoke a good many Camels. I know I can count on Camels. They don't jangle my nerves. And without healthy nerves I'd never be able to hold down this job."

(ABOVE) Head-on view of Ransford Triggs on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.

Camel pays millions more for COSTLIER TOBACCOS! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.

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CAMELS — THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

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